THE SWORD AND THE SCEPTRE

(A collection of writings on Iqbal, dealing mainly with his life and poetical work)

Collected and Edited

by

Dr. RIFAT HASSAN

National Committee for Birth Centenary Celebrations
of Allama Muhammad Iqbal

IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN
LAHORE

THE SWORD AND THE SCEPTRE

(A collection of writings on Iqbal, dealing mainly with his life and poetical works)

Collected and Edited

by

RIFFAT HASSAN
B.A. Hons. (Dunelm,) Ph. D. (Dunelm)

National Committee for Birth Centenary Celebrations
of Allama Muhammad Iqbal

IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN
LAHORE

(Copy Right Reserved)

1st Edition : 1977

Price : Rs. 40/-

5/-

Printer : M. K. Usmani

Press : Technical Printers
Koocha Haji Usmani
I. I. Chundrigar Road,
Karachi-1.

Publisher : **Dr. M. Moizuddin,**
Director, Iqbal Academy Pakistan
90/B-2, Gulberg III, Lahore.

Number of Copies : **1100**

To my brothers

SYED PERVAIZ SALEEM HASSAN

(August 24, 1936—February 22, 1974)

and

SYED VIQAR MUEEN HASSAN

(August 1, 1945—April 10, 1974)

this labour of love

dedicated

not only because their love remains for me a boon beyond measure, but also because they realised in their highly significant though short lives the vision that Iqbal presents of human life made holy by unselfish striving, the heroic will-to-live, unfaltering faith and the courage and wisdom of a loving and compassionate heart.

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

(In the Name of Allah, the Merciful and the Compassionate)

INTRODUCTION

As every research student knows, the collection of relevant material precedes any attempt to make a scientific or critical study of any specific area of thought or problem. When, in 1964, as a Ph. D student at the University of Durham, England, I began my doctoral study on Iqbal, I also embarked on the customary task of finding whatever significant material I could on various aspects of Iqbal's life and work. It is difficult to tell at what point this "routine" quest became a passion. Perhaps it was when I realised how much valuable material lay buried in old journals or obscure places, completely inaccessible to most students of Iqbal. The finding of this material became so important to me that I spent many hours, and sometimes even weeks and months, tracing references (often incomplete or incorrect) to meaningful writings on Iqbal. By the time I was awarded my degree, my "Iqbal Anthology" had grown into several volumes.

The enormous output of work which has been done on Iqbal *in recent years, particularly in Pakistan, is enough to deter* any prospective Editor from trying to publish yet another book of writings (or readings) on Iqbal. This brings us to a rather obvious question: Is there a need for another anthology on Iqbal, and if so, what is the purpose which this particular collection hopes to fulfil?

As a researcher with several years of experience in the field of Iqbal Studies, I feel strongly that *The Sword and the Sceptre* is required to fill an important gap in this area of study. I make this assertion not only because this volume contains a number of articles which are regarded as "classic" by Iqbal scholars, but also, because the discovery of articles. such, as the one by Lowes Dickinson, is bound to make Iqbal's responses to these writings a good deal more comprehensible

and meaningful. Iqbal took serious note of writings which made a critical appraisal of his work, and, generally, took pains to clarify his meaning or to answer objections. Most of his words have been preserved for us but most students of Iqbal have not had access to the writings or comments which prompted his responses and, therefore, have been unable to advance very far in understanding or evaluating what Iqbal said.

I remember how, years ago, I received a letter from Syed 'Abdul Vahid, Vice-Chairman of the Iqbal Academy in Pakistan, and a scholar who had devoted his entire life to a study of Iqbal, asking me to persist in my search for these "missing" articles because they were of vital significance in the field of Iqbal Studies. This volume presents a number of writings cited by Iqbal in his writings, which Iqbal scholars, especially in India and Pakistan, have never seen, and I am hopeful that once this material is placed in the hands of Iqbal's many dedicated students, Iqbal Studies will enter into a new and more exciting phase of life.

The Sword and the Sceptre, the first of my four-part Iqbal Anthology, contains a reference to two of Iqbal's most cherished and profound symbols. For the benefit of those readers who are unfamiliar with this symbolism, I would like to say a few words about what these symbols mean to me.

The "sword" may bring to the minds of some readers (particularly in the West) the idea of warfare and violence since the myth that Islam is a religion which spread by the sword still persists in many places. Undoubtedly, to Iqbal—a devout Muslim—the "word" represents the spirit of "Jihad" but he interprets "Jihad" in its classical sense as "striving or exerting" for the sake of perfecting one's Self so that one can be a worthy Servant of God. To him, the "sword" is symbolic of heroic action or, to use a Nietzschean term, "the will-to-power." Iqbal's Perfect Man is never passive but always an actor in the drama of life in this world and beyond. He is constantly at war against all that is not—God so that the meaning of "Tauhid" ("There is no God but God")—the core of Islam—may be realized within himself and without. The "sword" is also associated with the stark spirit of the Arabian desert (which Iqbal often refers to as "Hijaz") from which early Islam, with its moral and physical strength and discipline, drew

its suck. (In this context, the "sword", as a symbol of Hijaz, is often contrasted with musical instruments and other objects of sensual appeal which are associated with the hedonistic, languorous spirit of 'Ajam or Iran).

The "sceptre" referred to by Iqbal is almost always the one belonging to Moses. It represents the might of God by means of which, Moses—a Prophet of God—could perform miracles. Iqbal believed that by internalizing the revelations sent by God (including the Qor'an) Man could come to possess the same kind of power that Moses' sceptre represents. Moses is, also, for Iqbal a supreme lover of God who insisted upon having a vision of the Beloved. Thus, in the mystic vein, the "sceptre" would be symbolic not only of omnipotence but also of the highest Love—both human and divine—which is the ground as well as the goal of all seeking.

In my opinion, the two symbols—the "sword" and the "sceptre"—sum up the essence of Iqbal's vision of human life. I, therefore, consider *The Sword and the Sceptre* to be an appropriate title for a volume that is devoted to bringing aspects of his life and his understanding of total Reality to light.

This volume contains thirty-six articles written by twenty-nine writers who come from many different countries: the United Kingdom, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Canada, Pakistan and India. The dates on which these articles were originally published range from 1920 to 1967. These facts, amongst others, indicate the scope of this anthology in terms of space and time.

The Sword and the Sceptre is divided into two unequal parts. The first, and shorter, of the two parts is titled "Iqbal—The Man" and has two sub-sections. The first sub-section presents three articles on the subject of Iqbal's date of birth and the second contains six articles introducing us to personal aspects of Iqbal's life. A few words about each of these two sub-sections may make their purpose clearer.

Today, the registering of the birth of a child is something that is taken for granted, especially in the Western world. However, a century ago, this was not the case in many parts of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent, and despite his enormous importance in recent Islamic

history, students of Iqbal were not definite about his date of birth. Different scholars gave different dates of birth in their biographical accounts of Iqbal's life and one could hardly escape the feeling that, in many instances, a date was given more or less on the basis of conjecture rather than accurate knowledge. It is usual for a great man to be remembered on the day of his birth. However, Iqbal Day was celebrated in Pakistan and in other countries, not on the day of his birth (since this had not been determined precisely) but on the day of his death—April 21.

Despite this rather strange lack of clarity and consensus on this very significant point, the question of Iqbal's date of birth was not discussed seriously until the appearance of an article entitled, "The Date of Muhammad Iqbal's Birth" in *Archiv Orientalni*, in 1958, in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The author of this article was a Czech Professor Jan Marek (whom I had the pleasure of meeting several years ago in Lahore). Jan Marek reviewed the significant biographical accounts of Iqbal's life and highlighted the confusion which existed on the question of his date of birth. He, then, went on to examine Iqbal's autobiographical statements and came to the conclusion that an error had been made when Iqbal had assumed that the 3rd of Dhu Qa'd 1294, A. H. (which Iqbal believed to be his date of birth according to the Islamic calendar) could be equated with 1876 according to the Christian calendar. In fact, this date corresponded with November 9, 1877, which Jan Marek on the basis of his study, believed to be the correct date of Iqbal's birth.

Faqir Syed Wahid-ud-din and Syed 'Abdul Vahid, two very prominent biographers of Iqbal, painstakingly followed the lead provided by Professor Marek. Since they were in the privileged position of being personally acquainted with many of Iqbal's family members and relatives, they were able to bring together much valuable evidence derived from memory as well as family records that had not been available to Professor Marek. Their conclusion, however, was the same as that reached by Professor Marek. Thanks to the dedicated efforts of these three scholars, November 9, 1877, has now been officially accepted by the Government of Pakistan as the date of Iqbal's birth and it was on the strength of these researches that Iqbal's Centennial celebrations were postponed to 1977.

These three articles, then, in the sub-section on "The Date of Birth" sum up the entire controversy on this important question and offer evidence which may be accepted as conclusive.

The second sub-section of Part One, entitled "Reminiscences" contains six articles presenting the memories that six different people had of Iqbal. The first two—Sir William Rothenstein and Sir Malcolm Darling—were eminent British friends who valued Iqbal for his literary and philosophical talent and enjoyed his sense of humour and his novel interpretation of ideas and events. It is interesting to note that a proud man like Iqbal who disdained any kind of condescension or patronage and rejected with utter scorn the offers made by a would-be benefactor from his own country, saying

غیرت فقر مگر کر نہ سکی اس کو قبول
جب کہا اس نے یہ میری خدائی کی زکوات

(Armaghan-e-Hijaz, p. 278).

could turn for sympathy and encouragement to a British friend and patron-of-arts, Sir William Rothenstein, and mention to his "sympathetic mind" his personal frustrations and disappointments.

The recollections of Mumtaz Hasan and Faqir Syed Wahid-uddin are those of two students who remembered Iqbal through the hero-worshipping eyes of youth. The fact that he could converse with equal ease and earnestness with people of all ages is remarkable as is also the fact of his great accessibility, simplicity, and cordiality. It is not surprising that the insights he confided in his young hearers were cherished till they became the heritage of another generation.

Iqbal's last visitor was his German friend, Baron, Hans-Hasso Von Veltheim, who wrote an account of his final meeting with Iqbal. This account is memorable not only because it is indicative of Iqbal's warmth, courage and faith as he lay dying, but also because it shows him talking with animation and perception about diverse matters just a few hours before his death. From first to last, Iqbal remained a man vibrantly alive, who was passionately involved with matters of this world whilst he never lost sight of what lay beyond this world.

---

*1 (But) the pride of "faqr" (poverty) could not accept—when claiming almightiness, he offered alms.

The last article in this sub-section consists of a question-and-answer dialogue between Mumtaz Hasan and Mian 'Ali Bakhsh, Iqbal's personal attendant for several decades. It brings to light many day-to-day dils of Iqbal's life as fondly remembered by a man who loved and served Iqbal longer than anyone else, and who, as a consequence of unfailing devotion and loyalty to his legendary employer, has also become immortal.

It is hoped that the sub-section on "Reminiscences" containing as it does, the remembrances of people of different ages and backgrounds, will provide the reader with some insights into the character, personality and life-style of Iqbal. In some ways Iqbal was a remarkably simple man but any one who has tried to form a clear picture of the man behind all the legends that sprang up around him, knows that coming to know Iqbal is like exploring a vast, new country—there is so much to see, so much to know, so much to understand. But as Iqbal's first translator observes in his article ("Iqbal's 'Message of the East'"): "It is worthwhile to become acquainted with Iqbal's rich and forceful personality. Granted that the difficulties are great, so is the reward."

Part Two of *The Sword and the Sceptre* is titled "Iqbal—The Poet", and contains twenty-seven articles concentrating mainly on Iqbal's poetry. (It is important to remember, however, that it is not possible to separate Iqbal's poetry from his philosophy, or vice versa). A detailed analysis of each article is outside the scope of this Introduction but brief observations, both descriptive and critical, are offered on each article in order to give the readers some idea about the content of each article and also to draw their attention to what seems, in my opinion, to be the significance or special merit (or weakness) of any article. I have also added comments or explanations regarding the background or implication of some statement, or article, when I have felt that such a comment or explanation would (hopefully) help the reader gain a wider perspective or better understanding of the point or matter under consideration. Sometimes remarks on gaps in Iqbal Studies and suggestions as to future directions which may be pursued in this field, are also given.

Part Two, like Part One, is divided into two sub-sections. The first contains seventeen articles which deal, in general or in part, with the

form or content of Iqbal's poetry. Since a number of articles contain references to details of Iqbal's life and his poetic career, the reader is unavoidably subjected to some repetitions. No two articles, however, cover the same ground or represent the same approach. Each article has, in my opinion, something different to offer and adds to the reader's total comprehension of Iqbal's poetical writings.

The first article in this part of the volume is entitled, "Sir Muhammad Iqbal" and was written by the distinguished Urdu scholar, Moulvi 'Abdul Haq. This article, published in 1925, gives a survey of Iqbal's life and outlines the "three stages in the development of Iqbal's poetic mind", a classification which seems to have been accepted by most students of Iqbal's poetry. Moulvi 'Abdul Haq pays homage to Iqbal not only for his versatility as a poet, i. e., for his ability to write on a variety of subjects in a variety of forms ("Mussaddas", "Ruba'iyat", "Masnavi", "Qit'a" "Ghazal") but also for the "spiritual insight" which he possesses as a philosopher.

It is of interest to note that having described Iqbal as an "out-and-out nationalist", Moulvi 'Abdul Haq goes on to say that Iqbal's poems also "sound a pan-Islamic note", and then, that Iqbal is " an inspired messenger to all the nations." Could Iqbal have been a nationalist, a pan-Islamist and a universalist at the same time? This author does not look into the philosophical or practical implications of this question but in a number of other articles this question is debated and often with considerable passion.

This part of *The Sword and the Sceptre* contains two articles by Sir 'Abdul Qadir, the eminent Editor of *Makhzan*, and Iqbal's close personal friend (who at one critical time in Iqbal's early life prevented him from abandoning his poetic career). In the first article entitled, " Dr Sir Muhammad Iqbal – The Great Poet of Islam ", Sir Abdul Qadir begins by giving a brief summary of Iqbal's life and poetical writings. Next, he raises the question of Iqbal's tremendous popularity both at home and abroad. The only other instance of such fame, he says, is Sir Rabindranath Tagore, The Bengali poet. The brief comparison which this author makes between the two poets touches on some very important points and reflects the astuteness of his critical judgment. He goes on to discuss the question of Nietzsche's influence

on Iqbal, particularly with reference to his theory of the Self. Sir 'Abdul Qadir seems, *in general, to be supportive of the opinion of* Khalifa 'Abdul Hakim, another important philosopher whom he cites, who believed that Iqbal owed the inspiration for his concept of the Perfect Man mostly to an old and familiar Islamic tradition. He is, however, less able to "dispose of the striking resemblance between the thought of Nietzsche and Iqbal" even though he admits that "whatever may have been the impressions left on the mind of Iqbal by his study of Nietzsche, they were radically modified by his study of the religious philosophy of Islam." Students of Iqbal may be interested to know that in recent years a number of writers have discussed the similarities and differences between Nietzsche and Iqbal, but, in my opinion, this subject merits a full-scale study which has yet to be undertaken.

Sir 'Abdul Qadir passes on to discuss a question raised earlier in relation to Iqbal's political views. In his opinion, Iqbal's earliest sympathies were local and provincial, then came a feeling for his country and last of all, a feeling for humanity as a whole. (I have expressed a different opinion – endeavouring to show that despite the apparent "changes" that took place in Iqbal's views, his ideal was universal throughout his life—in my article entitled "The Development of Political Philosophy", published in *Iqbal, Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan*, edited by Dr. Hafeez Malik, Columbia University Press, 1971).

In the last part of his article, Sir 'Abdul Qadir refers to several matters which are of interest to students of Iqbal. He mentions how Iqbal overcame the prejudice against him which existed amongst the Urdu-speaking people who accused him of introducing Punjabi and Persian expressions into the Urdu language. He also notes the great impact which Iqbal's criticism of capitalism, imperialism and democracy had on the masses of India.

It is interesting to note that in the opinion of Sir 'Abdul Qadir, Iqbal "by his temperament and constitution...was not much suited to politics". He goes on, however, to describe Iqbal's participation in Indian politics, in particular his advocacy of two separate administrative areas, one for the Hindus and the other for the Muslims. (It is largely on account of Iqbal's idea of a "Muslim India within India"

and his statement that "the formation of a consolidated North-West Indian Muslim State appears to me to be the final destiny of the Muslims, at least of North-West India", which he presented in his Presidential Address delivered at the Annual Session of the All-India Muslim League at Allahabad on December 29, 1930, that he is regarded as the "spiritual" founder of Pakistan).

Sir 'Abdul Qadir concludes his article by giving an account of Iqbal's activity in the field of education, emphasizing the value of the ideals of education which Iqbal presented in his poems, and by narrating the interesting story of the rather strange (and ironic) way in which Iqbal came to be nominated for knighthood.

Sir 'Abdul Qadir's other contribution in this volume consists of his summary of the principal themes which are to be found in Iqbal's poetry. This brief extract provides a useful introduction to the thought-content of Iqbal's poetical writings.

Part Two of *The Sword and the Sceptre* includes four significant articles by Hindu scholars from India who were inspired by Iqbal's writings. Today, Iqbal's name has become so closely associated with Pakistan that it is sometimes forgotten that he was, in fact, an Indian. The young Iqbal who had written the "Tarana-e-Hind" ("The Indian Anthem") and said

مذہب نہیں سکھاتا آپس میں بیر رکھنا

ہندی ہیں ہم وطن ہے ہندوستاں ہمارا

(Bang-e-Dara, p.80)

was, undoubtedly, the poet of all India, loved by Muslims and Hindus alike. It was the tragedy of Iqbal's youth that the India-mother-of-all ideal which meant so much to him was shattered before the children who sang his songs grew to manhood. Disillusionment came, as it must, when the fragile, starry-eyed idealism, of youth is touched by the coldness of concrete reality. Iqbal's melody changed in tone as his singing became laden with experience and the burden of prophecy.

In the minds of most Muslims and Hindus, Iqbal became identified with the Muslim cause in India even though he continued to insist (and with truth, in my opinion) that his philosophy was not

exclusive and that he had become the Poet of Islam not because he *was a communalist but because Islam, to him, was universal in its* essence. His efforts to secure "cultural autonomy" for the Muslims of India embittered a number of Hindu admirers. There were, however, some who continued to remain faithful to the truth that they perceived in his words. It is also important to note that right to the present day Iqbal's poems are recited by Hindu India just as Tagore's are by Muslim Bangla Desh. He occupies a special place in Indian thought and literature and to say that he is no more than the Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan is to do him an injustice.

The first of these four articles entitled "Iqbal—India's Muslim Poet" was written by Amiya Chakravarty, a distinguished scholar of English Literature (who studied at Shantiniketan and Oxford and made a special study of post-war poetry) This article was published in *1938—the year of Iqbal's death—and contains the insightful memo-*riam of one to whom Iqbal had confided the sad truth: "Spiritual life begins with loneliness".

To Amiya Chakravarty, Iqbal's poetry reveals "the struggle of modernism in the East." By modern, Amiya Chakravarty seems to imply an humanistic outlook which, whilst acknowledging its ties with the East and the West, *yet transcends them both. Iqbal strives* to achieve a balance between Eastern and Western standards by attacking wrongs on both sides. Amiya Chakravarty points out how, like G. B. Shaw, Iqbal "reveled in attacking the wrong side of things and exposing aberration, injustice, intolerance and special claims, by methods calculated to meet extremism on its own ground", yet how both men conserved "their judgment on fundamentals".

Amiya Chakravarty does not deny that Iqbal had a religious preference or that his political views had a partisan colouring. His evaluation of Iqbal, however, remains unaffected by these considerations and his conclusion is as follows : "Passionate faith in Islam and artistic skill gave a striking power to his verse: it goes to the head and heart and young Islam knows why. If some notes are strident, and even lack an all-India appeal, they will be forgotten; the ultimate evocative power lies in his profound humanity."

Amiya Chakravarty's article is not only thought-provoking and stimulating but also reveals an understanding of Iqbal which is deeper than that of many Muslim scholars who are prevented by their religious zeal from appreciating the elusive nature of his artistic soul or grasping the fact that, like all true artists, Iqbal possesses what John Keats has described as "Negative Capability", "that is when man is capable of being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason"[1] Dogmatists insist on circumscribing Iqbal's vision and categorizing his thought not realizing that genius cannot be thus confined. Amiya Chakravarty's article is, to me, like a breath of fresh air because it is so far removed from the stereotyped or conventional appraisals of Iqbal which are so painfully abundant in the field of Iqbal Studies.

"Iqbal—The Poet", by Hira Lall Chopra, contains a summary of the poet's message. Again, whilst acknowledging that Iqbal belonged to the "Muslim tradition" and employed the "Muslim technique" in his poetry, the author maintains that "Poets, like prophets belong to the whole humanity" and that Iqbal has opened "new vistas of thought" for all the peoples of India. This article is mainly descriptive as is "The Background of Iqbal's Poetry" by N. B. Roy which provides the political background to much of Iqbal's poetry. N. B. Roy analyses the three stages of Iqbal's poetic development and concludes with a description of Iqbal's journey through the Spheres as depicted in *Javid Nama*. These two articles are useful as surveys and as introductions to Iqbal's poetry.

In "The Poetry of Sir Muhammad Iqbal", an article published in 1931, Mulk Raj Anand, a well-known author and novelist, reviews Iqbal's first four volumes of verse describing the various phases through which his Muse passed. He also points out how Iqbal strove both "to enrich the poor vocabulary of Urdu by introducing into it the touching metaphors and the tender images of Persian as well as of Punjabi and other Indian dialects", and "to mould Urdu into shape, to modernize it beeause he dreams of a national India possessing a national language." As students of Urdu know, the controversy over what kind of impact or influence Iqbal had on the Urdu language has been a long, and at times a bitter, one. Even now the "purists"

*1 Page, F. (Ed) *Selected Letters of John Keats*, O. U. P., 1954, p. 53

react strongly to Iqbal's provincialisms though his Persianing tendency does not excite much debate any longer. There are others, however, who maintain that whilst Iqbal enriched and "sweetened" Urdu by the introduction of the Persian element, he also added a new "boldness" (in pre-feminist days one would say "manliness") to the Urdu language by using not only Punjabi expressions but also the open and aggressive Punjabi temper and tone.

Mulk Raj Anand considers Iqbal to be one of the "foremost champions" of a renaissance movement in the East and an important spokesman in the East-West dialogue. He cites Herbert Read's review of *Asrar-e-Khudi* in which the latter said that the only living poet to whose work Walt Whitman's ideal of pragmatism could be applied was Iqbal since his poetry "crystallizes in its beauty the most essential phases of modern philosophy, making a unity of faith out of its multiplicity of ideas, an universal aspiration out of the esoteric logic of the schools."

Erudite and enthusiastic as his article is, in looking back at it years later, Mulk Raj Anand felt rather critical of it. In a letter to me, written in 1966, he said: "My article, or lecture... is inadequate and unworthy of the subtlety of Iqbal's thought. Perhaps you can publish it with the two lines above as preface." In a Postscript added to the article in the same year, he acknowledged his debt to Iqbal and said, "Later, I hope to do homage to him at length."

It may be of interest to students of Iqbal to know that as a young man, Mulk Raj Anand had learned much from Iqbal and it had been on Iqbal's advice that he had gone to England in 1925 to study Philosophy but also "in search of myself." It was unfortunate that the political strife which tore India apart also cast its shahow on the relationship that existed between the older and the younger artist. Time seems, however, to have proven that the good that had been, remained, and came through at the end. Mulk Raj Anand wrote to me a year after he visited Lahore:"...I met the poet (Iqbal) three or four times (after my return from abroad) "...and inspite of minor differences, I shared with him many of his hunches, until he was compelled by events to take sides with ideas and bitternesses such as were not incipient in his earlier poetry. All the same one of the first

things I did last year was to go to his grave and bow before him" One can scarcely find a more moving testimony to the deep feelings of affection and respect that Iqbal inspired even in those whom circumstances caused to become alienated from him, than is contained in the last-quoted sentence from Mulk Raj Anand's letter.

"A Note on Iqbal", by Sadath Ali Khan is significant not only because of its sensitive appreciation of Iqbal's lyricism but also because the author drives a wedge between the poet and the philosopher. Whilst Sadath Ali Khan cares passionately for Iqbal's poetry, he does not hesitate to question "the wisdom of his philosophy or his politics." He denies to Iqbal any originality of thought and asserts: "What the poet says is of less importance than how he says it". With this last statement, Iqbal himself would, certainly, not have agreed. He believed that the true poet had a prophet-like mission to accomplish and regarded as "decadent", art which had no meaning

نغمه گر معنی ندارد مرده ایست
سوز او از آتش افسرده ایست

An observation made by Iqbal Singh (in his article in this collection) is also pertinent here: "Poetry perishes without lyricism, but it cannot live long on lyricism alone. To endure, it must acquire a viable bone structure of thought".

Most students of Iqbal would ardently dispute Sadath Ali Khan's contention that Iqbal had "nothing new" to say, but some may agree with him when he says, "The fact is that Iqbal was his greatest when he silently mused over life, than when he expounded his political and philosophical theories with the vehemence that was characteristic of him in later days." The controversy over the respective merits of "functional" or "commited" art as opposed to "universal art continues and students of Iqbal's aesthetics are, by no means, unanimous about what constitutes his highest art.

Reference has been made earlier to the rather mixed feelings which Indian Hindus have towards Iqbal. The same applies to those

---

*1 Dead is a melody if it has no meaning,
its heat comes from a fire that is dying.

Muslims who opted to stay behind in India after the creation of Pakistan. Like Mahatma Gandhi, these Muslims felt that the partition of India had been a tragedy not a triumph, and some blamed Iqbal for the role that he played in the Muslims' struggle for independence. It is interesting to note that none of the Hindu writers represented in this volume register such a negative response to Iqbal's politics or philosophy as does this Muslim writer who later became India's Ambassador to Turkey. One wonders if the author (like "the lady" in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*) "doth protest too much" and if his reaction does not betray an inner vulnerability to Iqbal's ideas and not merely to the magic of his words.

Part Two of this collection contains three articles by Professor M. D Taseer, a well-known critic and writer. The first of these articles serves as an introduction to V. G. Kiernan's translation of Iqbal's poems (*Poems from Iqbal*, Bombay, 1947) and contains an interesting analysis (in terms of "modern psychology") of the development of Iqbal's poetic art. In M. D. Taseer's opinion, Iqbal progressed from self-love to love of the homeland, then to love of Islam and, finally to love of mankind. Although the correspondence that the author sees between the stages of Man's growth (as perceived by "modern psychologists") and the phases of Iqbal's poetic career, stimulates interest and reflection, yet it does not, in my opinion, offer an adequate explanation of the nature or development of Iqbal's poetic inspiration or vision.

M. D. Taseer is right, in my opinion, in denying that Iqbal was "communalist" or that he was "religious" or a "mystic" in the conventional sense of these words. (It needs to be pointed out, however, that in another sense, Iqbal was deeply religious and also a true mystic). This author sees Iqbal primarily as "an activist" or as a "practical philosopher" who aimed to translate his abstract vision into concrete reality. Politically, M. D. Taseer observes, Iqbal was a Muslim Socialist who had said a number of times that if he were the "dictator" of a Muslim state, he would first make it a socialist state.

Here, it may be of interest to readers to know that in recent years, Iqbal's attitude to socialism has been the subject of much debate and discussion. Undoubtedly, Iqbal was sympathetic to the socialist

movement. The origin of his sympathy lies in his passionate dislike for injustice, despotism and exploitation. Economic imperialism had starved and deprived the body while religious autocracy had shackled the spirit. Lenin speaks with Iqbal's own resonant voice when he *protests against the ills of Western civilization in the presence of God*

ظاہر میں تجارت ہے حقیقت میں جوا ہے
سود ایک کا لاکھوں کے لئے مرگ مفاجات !

یہ علم یہ حکمت یہ تدبر یہ حکومت !
پیتے ہیں لہو دیتے ہیں تعلیم مساوات !

بیکاری و عریانی و میخواری و افلاس
کیا کم ہیں فرنگی مدنیت کے فتوحات؟

[1] (Bal - e - Jibril, p. 146)

Being a devout believer, Iqbal could not, naturally, be a supporter of "Atheistic Socialism" such as existed in Russia. To him, however, "*Bolshevism plus God is almost identical with God*"[2] and he believed that "the present negative state of Russian mind will not last indefinitely, for no system of society can rest on an atheist basis".[3]

For Iqbal, original Islam had been a socialistic movement. *In a letter to Muhammad 'Ali Jinnah, he wrote,* "*If Hinduism accepts* social democracy, it must necessarily cease to be Hinduism. For Islam the aeceptance of social democracy in some suitable form is not a revolution but a return to the original purity of Islam".[4] Iqbal's socialism is obviously not the "dialectical materialism" of Engels and Lenin but from this it may not be inferred that Iqbal did not know

---

*1 What they call commerce is a game of dice :
For one, profit, for millions swooping death.
There science, philosophy, scholarship, government,
Preach man's equality and drink men's blood ;
Naked debauch, and want, and unemployment—
Are these mean triumphs of the Frankish arts !
(Translation by Kiernan, V. G. *Poems from Iqbal*, London, 1955, pp. 42-43)

*2. "Shamloo" (Ed) *Speeches and Statements of Iqbal*, Lahore, 1948, p. 167

*3. *Ibid.*

*4. Jinnah, M. A. (Ed) *Letters of Iqbal to Jinnah*, Lahore, 1963, p. 19

what socialism was, as is sometimes alleged (e.g. by W. C. Smith in *Modren Islam in India*, London, 1946, p. 114). Socialism is a very wide concept, it is not "a concomitant of modern industrialism nor is it, as Nietzsche and some of his reactionary followers contend, simply the resentment of the hungry and the oppressed, a kind of slave uprising against the natural privileges of the superman. There has been a remarkable continuity in the socialist movement, which is derived from a deep common stock of ideas and emotions. It is not bound to any form of social or economic organization, but arises everywhere and at all times when this common inheritance of human nature is offended."[1]

It is worth noting that during these recent years of great political turmoil and trauma in Pakistan, there has been a massive campaign for the establishment of "Islamic Socialism" in the country. It is not surprising that most of the parties and people claim to have received their inspiration from Iqbal's revolutionary writings vehemently denouncing all kinds of bondage and injustice and urging the enslaved, the oppressed and the exploited to resist all the "isms" (e. g. feudalism, capitalism, imperialism) which have led their degradation and deprivation. It is unfortunate, however, that many of these so-called "followers" of Iqbal either do not know, or forget all too easily, that for all his revolutionary spirit, Iqbal always remembered "the limits set by God" and never advocated any transgression of the Law of God. He believed in a disciplined and responsible struggle for the establishment of the "Kingdom of God" on earth and not in a blind upsurge of violence, anarchy and destructiveness, nor would he have thought self-seeking politicians and propagandists capable of being God's Vicegerents on earth.

Returning to M. D. Taseer's introduction to Iqbal, we note that the author pays homage to Iqbal for "being the bridge between the East and the West" and for his contributions to world-thought. However, in his opinion, "it is as a poet that Iqbal stands or falls, ultimately". This last point has been debated for decades and yet continues to excite discussion.

•1. Seligman, E. R. and Johnson, A. (Eds) *The Encyclopaedia of Social Sciences*, New York, 1957, Volume XIV, p. 209

M. D. Taseer's second article entitled "Iqbal's theory of Art and Literature" is an important contribution in the area of Iqbal's Aesthetics. The author mentions several points of interest : Iqbal's stress on the "purposiveness" of art and his rejection of the idea of "art for art's sake" ; Iqbal's conception of ' inspiration" ; and Iqbal's postulate of equilibrium between "Beauty" ("Jamal") and "power" ("Jalal").

M. D. Taseer speaks of Iqbal as an "inspired" poet, then goes on to mention the "didacticism" of his poetry. Shelley would deny vehemently that an "inspired" poet could ever write didactic poetry ("Didactic poetry is my abhorrence") Croce, too, would assert that art is an autonomous activity free from ethics. For some students of Iqbal, the *juxtaposition of inspiration* and didactic *writing* would, therefore, raise a philosophical question even though M. D. Taseer does not seem to be aware of this possibility. The question is: how is the poet's conscious purpose (or his didacticism) reconcilable with the fact that he is inspired and that inspiration comes "unsolicited"? The answer to this question which may be inferred from Iqbal's own writings would be along these lines : the fact that a poet is inspired means that he is being guided in his work not by reason or the discursive faculties, but by his intuition, or through his heart. Intuition, as Iqbal conceives it, is a "higher kind of intellect" and not a blind force. Therefore, in view of Iqbal's total philosophy of art, it is possible to imagine a poet who is "inspired" and who yet has a conscious purpose in mind.

M. D. Taseer's judgment, "Iqbal's personality-ethics saves him from the entanglements of sectarian didactics," refers back to one of Iqbal's best-known and most significant statements:

> "The idea of personality gives us a standard of value: it settles the problem of good and evil. That which fortifies personality is good, that which weakens it is bad. Art, religion, and ethics must be judged from the stand-point of personality."[1]

Here, it is important to make an observation. By common consensus of opinion Iqbal is acknowledged to be the most outstanding thinker of

---

*1 Iqbal quoted by Nicholson, R. A. in the Introduction to *The Secrets of the Self*, Lahore, 1950, p. xv.

modern Islam. One would imagine, therefore, that a thorough and complete examination has been made at least of his major writings and statements. This, however, is not the case. Iqbal's words are quoted profusely, by experts and laymen alike, but they are seen mainly as words of wisdom and inspiration (or as "poetic" expressions) and not as philosophical statements inviting serious, scientific analysis. His above-quoted statement, for instance, raises numerous questions, some of them very controversial and intricate. I believe that a genuine comprehension, appreciation or evaluation of Iqbal as a philosopher (particularly as the West understands the term) is not possible until the profound implications of his philosophical statements have been worked out. This remains a major task and challenge for future critical scholarship in the field of Iqbal Studies and the importance of this exercise cannot be over-emphasised.

In his last article entitled "Iqbal and the Ghazal", M. D. Taseer analyses Iqbal's use of the "Ghazal" which is the most popular verse-form in the literature of Urdu and Persian. He points out how Iqbal revitalized the old symbols and gave new dimensions of meaning to the rose and the nightingale, the tavern and the cup-bearer, the hunter and the gazelle. His conclusion that no one ever used the "Ghazal" as did Iqbal, the revolutionary poet, would be readily accepted by most students of Iqbal.

In his second article in this collection, S. A. Vahid tells us that his "brief survey" entitled "Iqbal and His Poetry" is "not intended... to attempt a critical study of Iqbal's poetry. All that will be attempted is an enumeration of the main characteristics of the important kinds of poetry left by him. "Besides containing a descriptive analysis of Iqbal's poetical writings, S. A. Vahid also points out the changes which took place in the poet's thought (e.g.he outgrew his pantheism), the affinities he had with other poets (e. g. Wordsworth, Byron), and the distinctive contribution he made to lyric, philosophic, epic, metaphysical, descriptive and satiric poetry This article presents a good overview of Iqbal's verse.

An article of special interest in this volume is "The Wisdom of Muhammad Iqbal—Some Considerations of Form and Content," written by John A. Haywood, Reader in Arabic at the School of

Oriental Studies, University of Durham, England. (I had the good fortune to have Professor Haywood as my advisor during the period of my doctoral study).

J. A. Haywood's statement that "the last way to think of Iqbal is as a Pakistani poet" is likely to shock and outrage the Pakistanis but there is much substance in the author's thesis that Iqbal belongs "in the long line of Classical Islamic poets" and that "he is perhaps the last great Classical poet".

J. A. Haywood begins by analysing the well-defined canons of criticism for Classical poetry which are mentioned, for instance, in Ibn Qutayba's *The Book of Poetry and Poets*. Then, by a scholarly examination of the formal aspect of Iqbal's poetry, he endeavours to establish that Iqbal had much more in common with the Classical Islamic tradition which aimed at producing verses embodying gnomic wisdom or "hikma", than he had with "the direct didacticism and plain speaking of the 'Aligarh movement, epitomised by Hali." J. A. Haywood pays high tribute to Iqbal's *Javid Nama* which he considers to be "a triumph in form as well as in content" and which contains a large proportion of verses which "are truly gnomic poetry—'hikma', wisdom, in the highest sense of the word." This wisdom, he further points out, is "not wisdom only to Muslims, or to Orientals, but to men of every creed and race."

Needless to say, J.A. Haywood has opened a whole new field of enquiry for students of Iqbal. Astonishingly little has been written about the formal aspect of Iqbal's poetry or about the influence which different literary traditions (including the Classical Islamic) had on the form and content of his writing. This area of study certainly needs, in my opinion, to be developed and J. A. Haywood's article suggests useful leads.

Part Two of *The Sword and the Sceptre* contains an article entitled "Iqbal" taken from *Musa Pervagans*, a collection of lyric verse by H. T. Sorley. H. T. Sorley's anthology includes his translation of twelve poems from Iqbal's *Bang-e-Dara* (where, in his opinion, "Iqbal is at his freshest and most natural") and a brief appraisal of Iqbal's life and work.

With the major exceptions of V. G. Kiernan and A. J. Arberry, few Western scholars have expressed an interest in translating Iqbal's Urdu poetry. H. T. Sorley's entry into this area of scholarship is, therefore, welcome. Given the truth of a statement made by Professor A. J Arberry in his preface to *The Mysteries of Selflessness* that he knows of "no oriental poet who confronts the translator with problems so various and so stubborn" as does Iqbal, H. T. Sorley's translation are a good attempt.

Short as H. T. Sorley's introduction to Iqbal is, it makes several points which provoke a comment. He begins by saying that Iqbal is is being judged (in Pakistan) not "by standards of literary excellence" but "by standards of national hero-worship", then goes on to express "acute psychological curiosity" that Iqbal should have become the centre of a "cult" such as exists in Pakistan since he had "in fact very little to do" with securing the independence of the Muslims. Observing how Iqbal Societies have mushroomed in Pakistan (like the Browning Societies in England), H. T. Sorley consoles himself with the thought: "Time usually deals hardly with these ebullitions. Iqbal is likely to fare in much the same way as Browning fared." So far H. T. Sorley's predictions (or expectations) have not come true. The 'Iqbal cult" is stronger today than ever before.

In evaluating Iqbal's merit as a poet, H. T. Sorley makes what seem, in my opinion, to be inconsistent if not rather strange, statements. He describes Iqbal as "a competent poet within his limitations", but adds "he is no more than a minor poet with a narrow range of ideas and of expression." "Occasionally", H.T. Sorley continues, Iqbal is able to "touch the heights of lyric excellence and some of his earlier poems.. are worthy of being included in a collection like the present, where the lyrical genius of the centuries is being traced over a great period of time.". If H. T. Sorley is right in his assessment of Iqbal, surely the question arises: how can a "minor poet," limited both in ideas and in expression, be capable of writing "lyrical gems" such as "The Firefly" or "Withered Rose" which H. T. Sorley himself judges to be "worthy of inclusion in a world collection of the best lyric verse"? Earlier, H. T. Sorley had implied that Iqbal had become the object of so much hero-worship not on account of what he was, or what he did, but simply because "he lived and died just about

the time when he could be made easily the centre of a cult". In other words, H, T. Sorley thinks that Iqbal owed his position of eminence only to fortuitous circumstances. Is he implying now that Iqbal "who sat in a study polishing words" wrote these immortal lyrics also by accident?

H. T. Sorley points out that Iqbal led a "completely uneventful life." He was a "poet of the study" who had no interest in many momentous events taking place in the outside world. According to this author, it was because Iqbal "did not live dangerously like Catallus or Ibn Zaidun, or adventurously as Tyrtaeus and Solon, or Seneca or the Cavalier Poets, or even romantically like Byron and Hugo," that Iqbal could not hope "to scale the utmost peaks of poetic achievement". In H. T. Sorley's opinion, "Iqbal would have been a better poet if he had the spirit to climb Everest."

An answer is provided to the above comments by Iqbal Singh whose article follows H. T. Sorley's. Whilst admitting that Iqbal had a "deficit" in experience and lived in "a very narrow orbit," Iqbal Singh maintains that "the ability to swim the Hellespont or climb the Everest" is not "a relevant test of the depth and compass of a poet's work" since "whether or not doctors of literature know it, there are other seas to explore than those marked on the map."

H. T. Sorley concludes his appraisal of Iqbal by pointing out the limitations of Urdu as a poetic medium and by expressing regret that Iqbal had not broken the bounds of conventionality of form. In response to the first point one need only say that as if the literary tradition of Urdu poetry could produce a Ghalib, a Hali and an Iqbal, then the language could not be as "limited" as this author suggests. In answer to the second point, I would like to quote Iqbal Singh once again: "He (Iqbal) has written...strictly within the limits of established poetic conventions, employing all the familiar resources of symbol and imagery of the Classical Persian and Urdu poetry. Yet in his hand they have become charged with new meanings directly related to contemporary experience" It is also pertinent to point out to H.T. Sorley that some of the world's greatest art (e. g. the art of Classical Greece, the art of Shakespeare) has been produced within the limitations imposed by conventional forms. What is so remarkable about Iqbal is that

despite his adherence to conventional forms he was able not only to give a new signification to images and symbols, but also that he could use these "conventional" forms as a vehicle for his most "unconventional message."

"Muhammad Iqbal—Study in a Paradox" is an article by Iqbal Singh, a Sikh scholar from India residing in England, who is the author of Iqbal's biography, *The Ardent Pilgrim* (which, in my opinion, is the best book written about Iqbal's life so far, even though I do not agree with some of the biographer's attitudes, opinions and interpretations). Describing Iqbal's life as "a great and continuing paradox. "Iqbal Singh substantiates his statement by means of illustrations from Iqbal's personal life and his career as a poet, a philosopher and as a socio-political figure.

With his exceptional sensitivity of perception, Iqbal Singh makes a number of penetrating observations. For instance, he says : "Thus we have the strange, but merciful, irony that the man whose writings have been so persistently and passionately invoked at once as the inspiration and rationale for the severance of the Indian sub-continent, today serves as one of the remaining intangible bridges across a widening gulf of tragic estrangement." Iqbal Singh also points out: "Paradoxically enough, the greatest poet and thinker of contemporary Islam made scarcely any discernible impact on the Islamic World *stretching from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Southern Seas*".

It is difficult for anyone who is not familiar with the field of Iqbal Studies to know how Iqbal the man has suffered at the hands of both admirers and detractors. The former, over-zealous to canonize him, are unable to grant him his "human-ness;" the latter, equally anxious to knock him off the pedestal, are reluctant to admit even his obvious merits. I know from my own experience in Pakistan that though Iqbal's picture is hung in a golden frame in public places and a tremendous fuss is made of his "greatness", yet there are very few, even amongst the select circle of Iqbal scholars, who are able and willing to see Iqbal without the aura of legend surrounding him. In the midst of ostentatious Iqbal Day celebrations, one gets the curious feeling that Iqbal's spirit is lost, wandering in the wilderness of eternity, far away from the crowds who idolize him but do not understand the inner depths of his soul.

Iqbal Singh's outstanding quality as a biographer is that he brings Iqbal the man—with his strengths and weaknesses, his ambitions and frustrations, his hopes and fears, his commitments and inconsistencies—to life. He has the wisdom to know that paradox contradictions and ironies are the stuff that life is made of, and does not succumb to the temptation of trying to simplify Iqbal's "complex and enigmatic" personality. Iqbal Singh does not speak of Iqbal in terms of uncritical adulation as do many of his Muslim admirers, hut one comes away from his work feeling not only that he has a much deeper understanding of the essential Iqbal but also that he loves Iqbal more profoundly than do those who seek to make an idol out of one of the world's greatest iconoclasts. Iqbal Singh has certainly received the message contained in Iqbal's immortal lines

متاع بے بہاے درد و سوز آرزو مندی مقام بندگی دیکر نہ لوں شان خداوندی

(Bal-e-Jibril, p. 21)

"Muhammad Iqbal—A Study in a Paradox" is a valuable addition to Iqbal's biographical literature and deserves serious attention.

"Iqbal's Persian Poetry" has been written by A. A. Haidri, a Persian scholar who taught at the School of African and Oriental Studies, University of London, England. A. A. Haidri points out certain striking characteristics of Iqbal's Persian poetry and says that "among the Indian poets who wrote in Persian, Iqbal is the only important one who abandoned the traditional 'Sebk-e-Hindi' (the Indian Style) of Classical Persian Poetry."

With reference to Iqbal's Persian poetry, H. T. Sorley had observed in his article: "The writing of Persian verse by persons who are not Persians can never be anything but an interesting literary tour de force. A poet must use his own language or none at all". By way of comparison, it is interesting to see how A. A. Haidri, an Iranian scholar whose native language is Persian, responds to Iqbal's Persian writings. He says: "The language of Iqbal in these poems is the Classical language of Persian Poetry and with the exception of occasional lapses, here and there, it is almost entirely free from alien

*1 The pang and agony of yearning is a priceless thing—my place as Man, for Godhead's glory, I would not exchange.

expressions or even idioms unfamiliar to a Persian ear. Iqbal's choice of words and compounds is felicitous and in keeping with his general style."

A. A. Haidri mentions how well-known Iranian scholars such as Dai-al-Islam and Malik al-Shoara Bahar had admired Iqbal (Bahar's tribute to Iqbal is given in Appendix "A") and ends by saying: "We Persians are greatly indebted to Iqbal for his outstanding contribution to Persian Poetry. I am confident that profound Persian poems of Iqbal will live as long as the Persian language lives." This article is useful in that it makes significant remarks about Iqbal's Persian poetry and also because it gives the reader some idea of the Iranian appreciation of Iqbal.

The last article in this sub-section of Part Two of *The Sword and the Sceptre*, entitled "Iqbal's Poetic Achievement" by Kamal Mohammad Habib, a Pakistani scholar, gives a fairly detailed analysis of certain aspects of Iqbal's Urdu poetry. By examining the imagery of Iqbal's poems, the author points to the places where an advance seems visible (e.g. where audio-visual images have given way to symbols) and shows how Iqbal moves towards mystical and allegorical writing. This article is useful not only as a review but also because it illustrates the value of an analysis of imagery and symbolism in elucidating the variety and levels of meaning in Iqbal's poetical writings, and in determining the changes which took place during his writing career. Students of Iqbal need to do further, concentrated work in this direction.

Part Two, sub-section one, of *The Sword and the Sceptre* is entitled "Poetical Works" and contains ten articles on specific works of poetry. There are five articles on *Asrar-e-Khudi*, one on *Payam-e-Mashriq*, three on *Javid Nama* and one on "Masjid-e-Qurtaba" ("The Mosque of Cordoba") in *Bal-e-Jibril*. Obviously not all of Iqbal's poetical works are represented in this section, but some of the articles in this section are amongst the most significant ever written on Iqbal.

This part of the volume includes two articles by Professor R. A. Nicholson who taught at the University of Cambridge, England, and is acknowledged to be one of the world's great authorities on

Persian Literature and Mysticism. The name of Professor Nicholson is known to all students of Iqbal not only because he was the first translator of *Asrar-e-Khudi* but also because it was largely through his recognition of Iqbal's talent as a poet and philosopher, and his efforts to transmit Iqbal's ideas, that Iqbal came to be known in the Western world. There is no doubt that Iqbal greatly appreciated the interest which Professor Nicholson took in his work. How concerned he was that Professor Nicholson should understand his philosophy can be seen from the fact that his letters to the learned scholar constitute one of the most valuable sources of information and elucidation regarding his philosophical ideas.

In the first article entitled "*The Secrets of the Self* : A Moslem Poet's Interpretation of Vitalism," R. A. Nicholson analyses the contents of *Asrar-e-Khudi*, Iqbal's first major philosophical poem written in Persian, published in 1915. Although the poem "does not set forth a philosophical system" as R. A. Nicholson says, yet in it Iqbal laid the foundations of a new philosophy of life. This new philosophy—most commonly called the Philosophy of the Self or Ego ("Khudi")—shows the influence of many sources, Eastern and Western. Some of these sources are very important and the author points out that Iqbal's philosophy "owes much to Nietzsche and Bergson." However, in response to Iqbal's denial that he has been influenced by Nietzsche, R. A. Nicholson is willing to admit that the points of resemblance between Iqbal's Perfect Man and Nietzsche's Superman are "only superficial" since Iqbal acknowledges the authority of God whilst Nietzsche ignores everything except the Will-to-Power.

Here an observation seems to be in order. In view of the attitude which Iqbal exhibits towards Nietzsche (whom he calls "a Hallaj without a cross" and a "majzub"—one who receives illumination in his heart without any endeavour on his part) in his poetry, I find it curious that he should be so adamant in denying Nietzsche's influence on his philosophy. Perhaps he was reacting (or over-reacting to those who saw his philosophy as a mere echo of Nietzsche's and denied him any originality of thought. Decidedly, there are fundamental differences between Iqbal's and Nietzsche's philosophy which in a sense, are more important than the similarities. However, the term "influence" can have many connotations and nuances. In my

opinion what matters more than the actual similarities and differences in their views, is the fact that Iqbal learned much from Nietzsche and that a study of Nietzsche reinforced some of his basic ideas and traits. The fact that Aristotle's philosophy differs substantially from his teacher Plato's, does not mean that Plato had no "influence" on Aristotle. The fact that it was quite impossible for the ideas of Iqbal, a passionate believer, to be identical to the ideas of Nietzsche, an equally passionate non-believer, does not prove that Nietzsche played no significant role in Iqbal's life and thought. To deny that Nietzsche had any influence on Iqbal seems, to me, to take as extreme a position as to say that Iqbal's philosophy was nothing but a rehashing of Nietzsche's ideas. The truth lies, as is often the case, somewhere in between the two extremes, and students of Iqbal may, in my opinion, be more profitably employed making a serious search for it than in repeating what has been said many times by many people.

Coming back to R. A. Nicholson's article, we note that the author sees the *Asrar-e-Khudi* as "an attempt to rejuvenate Islam with the spirit of Vitalism". Whilst he can understand Iqbal's denunciation of the "self-negation" preached by the followers of Plato (the idealistic philosophers) and Hafiz (the "pseudo" mystics) and appreciate the moral basis of Iqbal's Kingdom of God on earth, R. A. Nicholson discerns the dangerous eonsequences to which the doctrine of the Self could lead if it became a tool in the hands of those who lacked Iqbal's strong sense of religious and ethical values. There is a prophetic ring to these words of R. A. Nicholson : "The *Asrar-i-Khudi* will certainly be drawn into the service of intellectual and political movement, whose leaders do not agree with Iqbal when he declares that the Moslem's heart has no country except Islam" (R. A. Nicholson wrote this article in 1920, and, in retrospect, his foresight, and insight, seems truly remarkable. What happened in Nazi Germany during the Second World War substantiates his belief that a philosophy which concentrated on the Ego, "the doctrine of hardness", and the "will-to-power", could so easily become an instrument of Fascist oppression).

Before concluding the article, R. A. Nicholson touches upon certain points of interest in Iqbal's poem, in particular his concept of

(spatialised and pure) Time and expresses the hope that "such a bold and original thinker will find time to give us a full statement of his philosophical views in English prose." R. A. Nicholson is right in focussing attention on Iqbal's concept of time since this is one of the central and most significant concepts in his philosophy.

R. A. Nicholson's second article entitled 'Iqbal's Message of the East," contains the translation of a number of important poems and passages from *Payam-e-Mashriq* (which Iqbal wrote as a response to Goethe's *West-Oestlicher Divan*, as well as a brief introduction to Iqbal's philosophy.

In this article, R. A. Nicholson does not wish to stress Iqbal's affinities with Nietzsche and Bergson, but confesses to being somewhat puzzled by Iqbal's identification of his ideal society with Islam and wonders why membership of this society should be a privilege reserved for Muslims. The auhor feels that "here the religious enthusiast seems to have knocked out the philosopher—a result which is logically wrong but poetically right." R. A. Nicholson's words have been echoed by many non-Muslim scholars who consider Iqbal's commitment to Islam an obstacle in the way of achieving a universal ideal. It is to be noted, however, that Iqbal strenuously denied the charge that his philosophy was exclusive and always maintained that there was no conflict between Islam and the universal ideal of human brotherhood because the two, in essence, were identical. As Iqbal Singh has pointed out in his article, Iqbal's picture of Islamic polity and history is "highly idealised", but then one must remember that Iqbal believed that the poet was a visionary whose task was to acquaint others not with what "is" but with what "ought to be" in order to inspire them to achieve their higher destiny. Both articles by R. A. Nicholson are highly significant not only because of the author's high-quality translations and probing observations but also because of the historic role they played in introducing Iqbal to the West.

In his article on "The Secrets of the Self, E. M. Forster, the renowned novelist and author, reviews the salient ideas in *Asrar-i-Khudi* and makes a number of thought-provoking comments both on the context in which Iqbal wrote and on the nature of his writing.

E. M. Forster recognises, regretfully, that "Poets in India cannot

be parted from politics," and observes that politics in India is triangular involving the British, the Hindus and the Muslims. The Hindus and the Muslims sometimes unite against the British but the socio-cultural and religious tensions between the two communities inevitably cause them to separate. Poets, like everyone also, are forced to take sides but since "they decide by emotion rather than arithmetic, their attitude if often unstable and vexes the politician." In E. M. Forster's opinion "Iqbal is a case in point" and he predicts that Iqbal would continue to hesitate between "the alternatives that Destiny is now offering to India."

E. M. Forster interprets "Naya Shiwala" ("The New Temple")—one of the most significant poems of the earliest phase of Iqbal's poetic development—as being indicative of Iqbal's desire to unify the two faiths—Hinduism and Islam, and observes : "Weary of the narrowness of Muslim divines, the poet ealls to the Brahman priest to turn from his narrowness, and to join him in building a temple more lofty than any the world has yet seen, the Temple of India. The glory of the Courtyard from Mecca shall inhabit that temple ; the image in its shrine shall be gold, shall be inscribed Hindustan, shall wear both the Brahman thread and the Moslem rosary, and the Mu'ezzin shall call worshippers to prayer upon a horn."

In my opinion, E. M. Forster has misunderstood the nature of Iqbal's vision as bodied forth in the symbol of the Temple. The New Temple is in India but it is not of India. Nor is it conceived by Iqbal as being emblematic of a faith composed of elements taken from different faiths for such a faith would not be an organic unity, yet it would destroy the distinctness of either faith. The Temple is raised not to Hindustan but to universal Love which transcends the image in which it is expressed.

E. M. Forster believes that *Asrar-e-Khudi* is addressed to Muslims only, is philosophic, separatist." Iqbal would, I believe, deny the first and last of these assertions, as he (and a number of his students) probably also would E. M. Forster's statement that Iqbal's reputation rests on his Urdu poems (though this may have been true in 1920 when this article was written).

E. M. Forster is impressed by Iqbal's ability to evolve a unified

philosophy from such divergent sources as the Qor'an and Nietzsche. He observes: "What is so interesting is the connection that he (Iqbal) has effected between Nietzsche and the Koran, It is not or arbitrary or fantastic connection ; make Nietzsche believe in God, and a bridge can be thrown. Most Indians, when they turn to the philosophy of the West, do not know what will be useful to them. Iqbal has a surer eye." This and other perceptive remarks make this article by E. M. Forster of interest and value to students of Iqbal (even though I do not, personally, agree with some of his interpretations of Iqbal's philosophy).

The next article on *The Secrets of the Self* is by Professor L. Dickinson who, like R. A. Nicholson, E. M. Forster, and E. G. Browne, taught at the University of Cambridge where Iqbal had once been a student. For decades, Iqbal scholars have been searching for this article but could not discover it because the sole bibliographic reference to it in Iqbal's work was not only incomplete but also incorrect. One reason why Iqbal scholars were so keen to find this article was because it was in response to it that Iqbal made some of his most important statements on the nature of his ideal society and the universality of his philosophic vision.

L. Dickinson admires Iqbal "who is hailed enthusiastically as a great national poet by young Moslem India" and observes that "even through the English Medium, it is clear that we are in contact with a poet, and perhaps a great one." Not only does "brilliance, condensation, beautiful and appropriate imagery" come through, but also the thought "which may well arrest the attention of European readers."

In L. Dickinson's opinion, even though Iqbal's ideas are absorbing, they would be of interest "only to philosophers, and therefore not to any Englishman" if it were not for the fact that they possess "a political significance and a political force. This author is distributed by the thought that the East seems not only to be catching up with the West but may actually have designs to overpower it. In this context, the poet Iqbal, "a passionate Moslemite," who was "formed by the most radical thinkers" becomes a potential threat. *Asrar-e-Khudi*, a poem containing his philosophy of action and selfhood, appears to L. Dickinson to be "something of a portent."

This author apprehends that by his fiery proclamation Iqbal may arouse the Muslims to war and that "*if the East once gets going to* recover by arms a free and united Islam, it will not stop till it has either conquered the world or failed in that attempt."

In a letter to *Professor Nicholson (given in Appendix "B")*, Iqbal recorded the response he made to L. Dickinson with regards to the above point. He said:

> "Mr. Dickinson thinks, as I understand from his private letter to me that I have defied physical force in the poem. *I am afraid he is mistaken in his view.* I believe in the power of the spirit, not brute force. When a people is called to a *righteous war, it is, according to my belief,* their duty to obey the call, but I condemn all wars of conquest . . . . . Mr. Dickinson, however, is *quite right* when he says that war is destructive whether it is waged in the interests of Truth and Justice, or in the interests of conquest and exploitation. It must be put an end to in any case. We have seen, however, that Treaties, Leagues, Arbitrations and Conferences cannot put an end to it. Even if we secure these in a more effective manner than *before, ambitious nations will substitute more* peaceful forms of the exploitation of races supposed to be less favoured or less civilised. *The truth is that we stand in* need of a living personality to solve our social problems, to settle our disputes, and to place international morality on a surer basis."

In a world that has seen the destructiveness of war as well as the futility of "Treaties, Leagues, Arbitrations, and Conferences," where faced with the inexorable selfishness of men and nations neither war nor peace seem viable alternatives, the sad truth of Iqbal's words can hardly be questioned. He is surely also right, I think, in believing that the only hope for a better world lies in the inner transformation of *individuals and communities.*

Perhaps the most publicised charge which L. Dickinson levelled at Iqbal was that while his "philosophy is universal, his application of it is particular and exclusive. Only Moslems are worthy of the

kingdom. The rest of the world is either to be absorbed or excluded." *In fact, this author is stating in a more explicit and forthright manner* what has been said, perhaps with less emphasis, by the other British *scholars represented in this volume. Explaining his position on this* point, Iqbal made his "famous" reply (also recorded in the aforementioned letter to Professor Nicholson):

> "The humanitarian ideal is always universal in poetry and philosophy, but if you make it an effective ideal and work it out in actual life you must start, not with poets and philosophers, but with a society exelusive in the sense of having a creed and well-defined culture, but ever enlarging its limits by example and persuasion. Such a society according to my belief is Islam. This society has so far proved itself á more successful opponent of the race-idea which is probably the hardest barrier in the way of the humanitarian ideal . . . it is in view of practical and not patriotic considerations . . . that I was compelled to start with a specific society (e.g. Islam), which, among the societies of the world, happens to be the only one suitable to my purpose. All men and not Muslims alone, are meant for the Kingdom of God on earth, provided they say goodbye to their idols of race and nationality and treat one another as personalities. The object of my Persian poems is not to make out a case for Islam; my aim is simply to discover a universal social reconstruction, and in this endeavour, I find it philosophically impossible to ignore a social system which exists with the express object of doing away with all the distinctions of caste, rank and race."

L. Dickinson's article possesses an historic importance not only because it expressed his own views and apprehensions, but also because it articulated the thoughts and feelings of many of his contemporaries.

Professor E. G. Browne, author of the classic *A Literary History of Persia*, and an Orientalist of great stature, *begins his short review of The Secrets of the Self* by stating: "It is a sufficient testimony to the originality of the surprising philosophical doctrine embodied in this

poem that Dr. Nicholson, the greatest living authority on the Sufi mysticism to which it stands in such violent antagonism, should have deemed it worth translating and explaining." Here, it may be relevant to point out that though Iqbal launched a bitter attack on Hafiz and his followers, he—by no means—either renounced or denounced the mystic experience itself, nor did he deny the important contribution which "Higher Sufism" (as he describes it) made to Islam. It is also important to note that Iqbal's greatest acknowledged teacher was Rumi, the great Persian mystic poet. Despite his pungent criticism of what he considered to the negative aspects of a world-and-life-denying type of mysticism, in my opinion, Iqbal was, without any doubt, a mystic at heart as the spirit of mysticism permeates all his writings. To say that he is in "violent antagonism" to "Sufi mysticism", without qualifying the statement in any way, is, therefore, misleading. (At this point I would like to observe that though there are writings about the mystical element in Iqbal's various poems, no detailed, scholarly attempt has been made, so far as I am aware, to present Iqbal's Mysticism as a Philosophy of Life or to analyse its special features and significance. Such a study is greatly needed, I believe, for a "deeper" understanding of Iqbal's life and thoughts).

Whilst recognising the influence which Western philosophers such as Nietzsche and Bergson have had on Iqbal. in the opinion of E. G. Browne, Iqbal's philosophy is "by no means a Western philosophy", but it is rather 'a philosophical Pan-Islamism, designed to cure the ills of quietism, self-suppression and pantheism" which have (according to Iqbal) "emasculated the adherents of the once virile doctrine of the Arabian Prophet."

E. G. Browne, whilst praising the "grace and felicity" of the translation, does not think that the poem is "remarkable in itself". He agrees with R. A. Nicholson, however, in thinking that the poem may "have far-reaching effects on Muslim thought and character." This short review is important in that it indicates that even as a young man and poet Iqbal had begun to attract the attention of eminent men of letters like Professor Browne.

The last article on *Asrar-e-Khudi* by N. Naimur Rahman, an Indian Scholar, is concerned mainly with reviewing R. A. Nicholson's

translation of the second edition of the poem. While the author is "boundlessly thankful" to R. A. Nicholson for having rendered a great service to the Muslims in general, and the Indian Muslims in particular, by translating *Asrar-e-Khudi*, and goes so far as to say that "none but he (Professor Nicholson) or the renowned Dr. Browne could do full justice to the poem," in respect of translation, he finds it necessary to point out certain omissions and inaccuracies in the translation.

M. Naimur Rahman draws attention to R. A. Nicholson's omission of some verses from Iqbal's dedicatory poem to Sir Syed Ali Imam (given in Appendix "C") and observes: "However much I tried I could not understand why Dr. Nicholson left out these two very significant and important sets of verses. I cannot help thinking that a translation of these verses would certainly have added much to the clear understanding of the poem by the readers."

This author refers to the places in R. A. Nicholson's translation where the translator becomes "too literal to be tolerated" or where he "misjudges" the poet's arrangement of words or lines. M. Naimur Rahman goes on to enumerate what he considers to be instances of "sorry rendering" by the translator. He also expresses strong dis-agreement with R. A. Nicholson's note to the translation of lines 925-928 which read as follows

از قم او خیزد اندر گورتن مرده جانها چون صنوبر در چمن

ذات او توجیه ذات عالم است از جلال او نجات عالم است

(Asrar-e-Khudi, p. 50)

According to R. A Nicholson, "These four lines may allude to Jesus, regarded as the type of the Perfect Man." In response to this statement, M. Naimur Rahman says, "The poet is a Muslim by faith and believes Muhammad and not Christ (never so) to be the most perfect man that was or will ever be born on the surface on the Earth. It is quite ultra vires for me to understand how that great student of Arabic and Islam could be led to make such a note."

---

*1 At his cry, "Arise," the dead spirits
Rise in their bodily tomb, like pines in the field.
His person is an atonement for all the world,
By his grandeur the world is saved.
(Translation by Nicholson, R. A. *The Secrets of the Self*, Lahore, 1950. p.47)

An examination of the lines in question and the context in which they occur shows that neither Professor Nicholson nor M. Naimur Rahman is completely right. The lines have been taken from a section entitled "Divine Vicegerency" which Iqbal considers to be the final stage of man's moral evolution. When human beings attain the station of Divine Vicegerency they become embodiments of what Iqbal calls the ideal of the Perfect Man. In this section of the poem, Iqbal is speaking of the Perfect Man as an abstract ideal, and also as a concrete reality. Since the Prophets of God have exemplified the ideal of moral excellence in human history, Iqbal refers to them and their achievements as he points to the unlimited possibilities that exist for man when he becomes God's deputy on earth. He refers to Adam and his ability to "name" things (i.e. to form concepts), to Moses and the miracles of his "White Hand" and staff, to Muhammad and his Ascension to Heaven, and to Jesus and his miracle of restoring the dead to life.

It seems clear from the context, therefore, that in the first two lines Iqbal is, in fact, alluding to Jesus (A. R. Tariq, another Iqbal scholar of note, also thinks so in his translation of the poem, entitled *Secrets of Ego*, Lahore 1977, p 142) and thus far Professor Nicholson appears to be right (and M. Naimur Rahman wrong). In the next two lines, however, Iqbal once more takes the poem (from a concrete) to an abstract level and speaks of the Perfect Man not as any historic personage but as an ideal constant through the ages. Since these two lines contain a reference to the idea of atonement and redemption, Professor Nicholson assumed that they too pertain to Jesus and the Christian belief that as the saviour, Jesus atoned for the sins of the world. Islam puts heavy stress on personal accountability for one's actions and Iqbal has pointed out in his Lectures on *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* that "the Qur'an in its simple, forceful manner emphasises the individuality and uniqueness of man" and that, as a consequence of this view, Islam rejects the idea of redemption according to which one individual can bear the sins and burdens of others.[1] Since Iqbal believed that each human being was a centre of moral autonomy and stated clearly that each man's salvation "is his own business. There is no mediator between God and man,"[2] the

*1 *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, Lahore, 1962, p. 95
*2 *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 38

lines under consideration may not be interpreted as being supportive of an article of Christian belief, but rather as a metaphoric or poetic reference to an abstract ideal.

Turning once more to M. Naimur Rahman's article, it is of significance to note the emphasis that this author puts on the fact that Iqbal is a Muslim, and his insistence that nothing can be "dearer to him (Iqbal) than his own nation", that "his (Iqbal's) message is . . . . meant chiefly for the Muslims" and that Iqbal's Perfect Man can be no other than the Prophet of Islam. The mistaken idea (or such it is in my estimation) that Iqbal is a Muslim interested exclusively in the *Muslims and upholding the chosenness or special status* of the Islamic community has been given circulation not only by non-Muslim writers but also by Muslim writers such the author of this article. In their efforts to "monopolise" Iqbal they commit the grave wrong of trying to limit him to categories which reflect narrowmindedness and bigotry. That Iqbal speaks and writes always from a standpoint within Islam is undeniable; that he sees in the Prophet of Islam the Ideal Man, and in the Prophet's conception of Islam the Ideal Society, is also true. But it is obvious that a Muslim poet who could say

کافر بیدار دل پیش صنم به ز دیندارے که خفت اندر حرم

(Javid Nama, p. 40)

differs very widely in his interpretation of Islam from the average Muslim who gives a narrow exclusive meaning to his creed. For Iqbal *the difference between a Muslim and a non-Muslim* is not merely a theological difference—it is a difference of the fundamental attitude to life and he does not tire of saying that he who does not love or does not participate in creative activity is not a Muslim. It is important to remember, therefore, that though a devout Muslim, there is, in Iqbal's words (despite the proclamations of some non-Muslim Orientalists and Muslim "monopolists") a message even for those who do not share his religious beliefs.

To make one final comment on M. Naimur Rahman's article, one must note that though some of his observations reflect a rather

---

*1 The infidel with a wakeful heart praying to an idol is better than a religious man asleep in the sanctuary (Translation by Arberry, A. J. *Javid Nama*, London, 1966, p. 42)

limited understanding of Iqbal's philosophic vision, yet this attempt to analyse the text of R. A. Nicholson's translation deserves appreciation because it helps to elucid ate obscurities, ambiguities, varieties of meaning and the like. Sostrong is the tradition of respect for *"authority" in the East that it would take uncommon courage* and confidence to attempt to pointout the shortcomings of a work done by one as eminent in his field as Professor Nicholson. M. Naimur Rahman, therefore, deserves the credit that is due to a writer who is not overawed by authority or eminence and who, while retaining an attitude of reverence, has the boldness to disagree.

The next three articles in this section of *The Sword and the Scetre* relate to Iqbal's *Javid Nama.* The first of these entitled "The Divine Comedy of Modern India", by Abdul Ghaffar, an Indian scholar, is, in the main, a descriptive account of Iqbal's poem. The author also points out the impact which *The Divine Comedy* of Dante had on Iqbal and that recent researches by Professor Asin Palacios of Madrid have shown, how Dante, in turn was influenced by the Muslim traditions of the Ascension of the Prophet and the writings of Ibn 'Arabi. This article is useful as an introduction to *Javid Nama.*

A few words about the Ascension ("me'raj") or Night-Journey of the Prophet of Islam and its symbolic significance, may be of interest to the readers. According to Muslim belief, during this journey, the Prophet of Islam, guided by the Archangel Gabriel, ascended from the first heaven (where he met Adam) to the seventh (where he met Abraham) and then entered the Divine Presence. The motif of the Ascension was so rich in implication that it captured the imagination of mediaeval Europe and also became the prototype of the spiritual journeys of the mystics beginning from Bayazid of Bistam to Ibn Sina, Suhrawardi, Ibn 'Arabi and Jili. It is also one of the central themes of Iqbal's poetry.

The motif of the Ascension may be interpreted in a cosmological or in a psychological sense, as A. M. Schimmel has pointed out.[1] It can indicate the fact that in the moment of ecstasy the spirit can see *and comprehend the attributes of the created universe before reaching*

*1. Schimmel, A. M. *Garbriel's Wing*, Leiden, 1962, p. 302

the Essence beyond, or it can refer to the different stages of spiritual discipline through which the faithful must pass (as he must pass through the seven spheres) before he can be granted a vision of God.[1] For Rumi, the Ascension is a psychological experience and therefore Iqbal is justified in making Rumi speak of Ascension in terms of the "new birth" in *Javid Nama*. For Iqbal, the Ascension is also the supreme test of personality. It is symbolic of the ideal of self-integration. Only a perfectly-integrated Self can withstand disintegration in the Presence of God. Ascension, then, is an experience as intense and dangerous as it is sublime. It is the confirmation of the perfection of the Self, but if there be any weakness in the Self it can then lose its being in the celestial Light.

The next article entitled "Dante and Iqbal" by Alessandro Bausani, the noteworthy Italian Iqbal scholar, makes a very illuminating comparison between Dante and Iqbal, and cites references from *The Divine Comedy* and *Javid Nama* in order to illustrate the author's observations. Without trying to gainsay the "vital differences" between the two poets such as the difference between Dante's well-ordered, Aristotelian universe and Iqbal's "modern" world or the difference in their religious beliefs, A. Bausani points out the fundamental similarities between Dante and Iqbal.

Dante and Iqbal, according to this author, had different objects in view when they undertook their journeys. Dante's main aim was to "purify himself" whereas Iqbal wished to obliterate all that stood between him and God. Yet, observes the author, "if we look deeper into the matter, we find that the difference is not so great after all, since Iqbal's voyage of conquest could only have been undertaken after Dante's return from his own self-chastening journey."

As A. Bausani points out, Iqbal does not re-attempt Dante's journey, he does not visit Hell or dwell too much on sin as did Dante. However, both poets exhibit the same magnanimity and courage of heart and depth of vision—Dante the devout Catholic, puts pagan spirits Trajan and Rypheus in Jove's Heaven; Iqbal, in his turn, not only puts the heretics ("more courageously even than Dante, since it is often more difficult for a religious man to sympathise with an heretic

[1] *Ibid*

than with a pagan") Hallaj, Ghalib and Tahira in Paradise but also lifts Nietzsche who was "so heartily detested by hypocrites of all denominations" into "heaven at last" and even "beyond the spheres."

Analysing a very important distinction which Iqbal makes between "mystic" consciousness (which concentrates on union with the Ultimate) and "prophetic" consciousness (which aims to transform the mystic's experience of God into a living world-force), A. Bausani emphasises the "prophetic" nature of Dante's and Iqbal's message. He does not compare Dante and Iqbal as artists for, in his opinion, "Art bears no comparison."

A. Bausani's article is of value not only because of his deep comprehension of the work of Dante and Iqbal, but also because he projects the hope that the vision of these two truly religious poets will enable others to rise to the plane where the great minds of all times meet despite the difference of environment and circumstance which separate them otherwise and "together praise the one and only God in the sublime words of the Qur'an (xxiv: 35): "God is the light of the heavens and the earth; His light resembling a niche, in which there is a lamp, and the lamp is within a crystal-shade similar to a bright star; and the lamp is fed by oil from a hallowed tree, an olive tree not of the East and not of the West, whose oil burns even though untouched by fire being Light on Light."

The last article on *Javid Nama*, entitled "The Javidname in the Light of the Comparative History of Religions", by A.M. Schimmel, the German scholar of note who has written profusely on Iqbal, is a scholarly article which may roughly be divided into two parts. In the first, the author seeks to show that some of the central ideas and symbols found in *Javid Nama* (e.g. the idea of Ascension to heaven; the symbol of running water) have several precedents in the history of religious thought and poetry. In the second, she analyses the figures from World Religion who are depicted by Iqbal in this poem.

A. M. Schimmel points out some of the similarities which exist between Iqbal's own ideas and those of some of his figures. For instance, she refers to Zoroaster's idea that man must be God's ally in fighting the agencies of evil, and observes that Iqbal too "lays stress upon the fact that man has to be co-worker with God, developing all

his good qualities in struggle with the satanic forces." Like many other scholars, she also considers "very ingenious" Iqbal's portrayal of *Ahriman's attempted seduction of Zoroaster* (who represents "prophetic" consciousness) by means of a world-renouncing mysticism. This author is, however, somewhat puzzled by Iqbal's portrayal of Sarosh (another divinity from the Zoroastrian religion) as a fallen angel and observes,"Until now I cannot explain for what reason he (Iqbal) has chosen this divinity in this connection, but I am sure that it has not been a blind accident". It is hoped that this point of *interest will not be left unexplored by future students of Iqbal.*

A. M Schimmel points to the difference between the traditional image of the Buddha as "*the pessimistic philosopher*" *and* "*Iqbal's* presentation of him as "a defender of active and dynamic ideas," and says, "But that is not as strange as it seems. Buddhism has always laid stress upon the act, the deed: for it is by action that the 'karma' for the next birth is prepared". She supports Iqbal's perception that compassion also plays a very important role in Buddhism, but goes on to remark that in one way, Iqbal "has changed the idea of the Buddha". *The reference here is to the Buddhist concept of* "anatta" or "no-soul". The early Buddhists insisted that the phenomenal personality was in a constant state of flux and that there was no eternal soul in the individual. Iqbal, however, 'makes the Buddha say in *Javid Nama.*

از خود اندیش و ازیں بادیه ترساں مگزر

که تو هستی و وجود دوجهاں چیزے نیست

(Javid Nama p. 49)

A. M. Schimmel believes that Iqbal "changed" *the Buddha's idea* "*in* order to throw more light upon the idea of active personality as the only surviving power in the world".

In my opinion, A. M. Schimmel's comment that Iqbal "changed" the Buddha's concept of the Self, is subject to question. As every student of Buddhism knows, it is extremely difficult to make

*1 Think upon Self, and pass not fearfully through this desert, for you are, while the substance of both worlds is nothing (Translation by Arberry, A. J. *Javid Nama*, p. 46)

very definite statements about the content or implication of many Buddhist concepts (since Buddhism is a religion whose ambiguities and paradoxes would drive a logician crazy!) The numerous differences in the interpretation of even basic concepts that exist between the schools of Theravada and Mahayana Buddhism alone, point to the lack of unanimity amongst the followers of the Buddha. It seems to me quite possible that instead of "changing" the Buddha's idea, as A. M. Schimmel maintains, Iqbal simply gave it his own interpretation.

It is outside the scope of this introduction to enter into a detailed discussion on the above point but a few observations on Iqbal's own philosophy may be relevant here. As A. M. Schimmel points out, Iqbal was "deeply indebted" to Henri Bergson. Like Bergson then, Iqbal believed that an analysis of our inner experience revealed constant flux and change. In his celebrated *Creative Evolution*, Bergson observes: "I pass from state to state. I am warm or cold, I am merry or sad, I work or I do nothing. Sensations, feelings, volitions, ideas—such are the changes into which my existence is divided and which colour it in turns. I change, then, without ceasing".[1] Bergson's words are curiously reminiscent of the way in which the Buddhists speak of the Self. A study of Iqbal's philosophical ideas in *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* shows that Iqbal, too, does not suggest that the ego is something outside the "mutually penetrating multiplicity" called experience but wishes to stress the unity and continuity of the ego which is appreciated "in the act of perceiving, judging and willing"[2].

Attention may also be drawn to a very interesting distinction that Iqbal makes between the Qor'anic concepts of "Khalq" and "Amr." "Khalq" is creation, "Amr" is direction. The Qor'an uses "Khalq" to indicate the relation of the Universe of matter to God, and "Amr" to indicate the relation of the human self to the Divine Self.[3] Iqbal points out that according to the Qor'an the essential nature of the soul is directive as it proceeds from the directive energy of God (Sura 17:87), and says, "you cannot perceive me like a thing in space, or a

---

1. Bergson, H. *Creative Evolution*, (translated by Mitchell, A) London, 1911, p. 1

*2. *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, p. 102

*3. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 113

set of experiences in temporal order; you must interpret, understand and appreciate me in my judgments, in my will-attitudes, aims and aspirations".[1] Even though Buddhism differs fundamentally from Islam in that it denies a creator God, yet it would be interesting to see if Iqbal's interpretation of the soul as directive energy could apply in any sense to the Buddhist concept of the Self.

Returning to A. M. Schimmel's article, we note that the author finds Iqbal's conceptions of the gods of the ancient peoples "very interesting" and of relevance in contemporary times, since like the "idolators" of today (worshipping "money, science or imperialism") all the old gods and their worshippers deny the possibility of worshipping an invisible God. She also draws attention to the figure of Vishvamitra-Jahandost representing the experience of the yogi par excellence and Bhartihari, the famous poet who stressed the significance of Karma, and observes, "It proves the intensity with which Iqbal maintained the idea of action, that he inserted this Hindu wisdom too in his many-sided work". *Javid Nama* certainly has many sides and indicates, perhaps better than any other of Iqbal's works, his amazing open-mindedness and breadth of vision.

This article, like her other writings on Iqbal, reflects A. M. Schimmel's extensive scholarship and is useful in shedding light on some of the important links which *Javid Nama* has with the history of religious thought and symbolism, as well as on its contemporary elements.

The last article in *The Sword and the Sceptre* is entitled "The Mosque of Cordoba: Vision or Perish" and has been written by Sheila McDonough, a scholar from McGill University in Canada. In this article, the author is concerned, in the main, with showing that Iqbal was "a man with a serious purpose" and that "the seriousness of Iqbal is a measure of the sincerity of his faith." She focusses attention on one of Iqbal's best-known poems in Urdu entitled "Masjid-e-Qurtaba" ("The Mosque of Cordoba") whose message, to her, is contained in the expression "Vision or Perish".

Sheila McDonough explains that she uses the expression because it bears reference to the effect which the sight of the great Mosque (a

---

[1] *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, p. 103

splendid remnant and reminder of the Muslim rule in Spain) had on Iqbal, and also because it is taken from the famous Biblical words "where there is not vision, the people perish" (The Book of Proverbs, 29:18) which remind one of the "singleminded intensity of Semitic prophecy" which is so characteristic of Iqbal's words.

Since times immemorial the problem of Time has occupied the minds of poets and thinkers. The poet Keats haunted by the passing away of Youth and Love and the fading away of lustrous eyes found solace and strength in the "permanence" of Art symbolised by the song of a nightingale and the figures on a Grecian Urn. In the case of Iqbal, as Sheila McDonough points out, the Mosque of Cordoba "helped crystallize in his consciousness the whole of his feeling about the problem of time—that Eliade calls the terror of history".

Sheila McDonough analyses the two concepts—Time and " 'Ishq" (Love) which are of predominant significance in this poem These two concepts, as all Iqbal scholars know, are very profound and complex and much has been written about their multiple meaning. The author points out how Iqbal's image of Time as a two-coloured thread has roots both in the pre-Islamic Arab poetry and in later Sufi poetry as well as in ancient Iranian ideas. She observes with insight: "In the case of this reference to two-coloured thread, Iqbal uses the old idea of the unintelligibility of the suffering and joy meted out to man by the blind and haphazard happenings in time, but he goes further and says that it is this very ambiguity of time which is precious. This ambiguity is, in his words, the touchstone by which *man's works are measured. Most human efforts become* ultimately futile in the face of the remorseless rolling on of time But at a few points, man has been able to escape the destructive power of time by doing work whose perfection shines and speaks across time. As Iqbal sees it, the Mosque of Cordoba is one such instance of the successful response to the test."

Iqbal's concept of "'Ishq", Sheila McDonough interprets as "the power of genuine individuality" which is able to overcome "crippling fear and nervous self-consciousness." It is " 'Ishq" which has become embodied in the Mosque of Cordoba and, in my opinion, Sheila McDonough is right in observing that "the experience of seeing

the Mosque helped to crystallize his (Iqbal's) conviction that whenever the members of the Muslim community had reached a high level of disciplined faith in, and openness to, the power and beauty of God, then they had been capable of magnificent creativeness in all areas."

Sheila McDonough is also correct, I believe, in saying that Iqbal's poem does not reflect "any form of sterile sentimentalism about the Muslim past." The past is important to Iqbal only because it leads through the present to the future. The Mosque of Cordoba is presented not as an emblem of vanished glory over which Muslims should shed tears of regret and nostalgia, but as a vigorous reminder of what the Muslims are capable of achieving in the times to come.

Sheila McDonough's reaction to Iqbal "as a Western Christian" excites interest and reflection. "I hear him most clearly", she says, "precisely when he lashes out at me". Although she knows that the main objective of Iqbal's "fierce" attacks on Western civilization was not to bring "Christians to a more honest and constructive self-criticism" yet his words are meaningful to her because his "fierceness...seems usually to have been well-founded." Such an approach is refreshing and encouraging and points to a new direction in Iqbal-criticism. Sheila McDonough's article is important also because it gives a clear and perceptive analysis of some of Iqbal's most significant ideas.

The analysis of the articles in this volume given in the foregoing pages cannot hope and is not meant, to be exhaustive. However, it is hoped that it would indicate to the readers the wide variety of opinions and approaches, attitudes and interests, represented in *The Sword and the Sceptre*. It is also hoped that the suggestions for significant subjects to be explored or for new directions to be followed in the field of Iqbal Studies, will also be of interest or use to the present and future students of Iqbal.

A few words need to be said about the references provided in this volume. In my opinion, Iqbal Studies have suffered considerably on account of the "unacademic" way in which many authors quote from or refer to the works of Iqbal. Verses or sentences are cited without any attempt being made to tell the reader where they occur in Iqbal's writings. Also, Urdu and Persian verses are frequently quoted

without an English translation being given. This causes many readers (especially Western readers) great difficulty in understanding what the author (and Iqbal) is trying to communicate. Furthermore, sometimes a reference or translation given by an author is incorrect or inadequate. In order to make this volume of greater benefit to Eastern and Western students of Iqbal by removing the above-mentioned shortcomings, an effort has been made in *The Sword and the Sceptre* to supply comprehensive footnotes. The footnotes provided by the authors of various articles are also given. In order to differentiate between the footnotes given by the authors and those given by the Editor, the later are marked with an asterisk (*).

A word also needs to be said about the unfortunate presence in this book of a number of printing errors. The circumstance mainly responsible for this occurrence was the shifting of the Iqbal Academy, the publishers of this book, from Karachi to Lahore whilst the book was being printed. Despite the efforts of the printers the book could not be proof-read as accurately as it should have been. On account of my residence outside of Pakistan where the book was being published, I did not have the opportunity to see any proofs until the book was almost two-thirds printed. Despite my unhappiness at this situation it was not possible at that late stage to undo what had been done. However, a comprehensive list of "Errata" was prepared and is appended at the end of the book. It is hoped that the next edition of the book, will (God willing), be error-free.

In the end I would like to extend my warm thanks to all those who helped me in the preparation and publication of this volume. I would like, in particular, to thank the following: Syed Abdul Vahid, the former Vice-Chairman of the Iqbal Academy Pakistan for his unflagging interest in my Iqbal anthology; J. A. Haywood, my research advisor at the University of Durham, England, for his encouragement; Dr. Parveen Shaukat 'Ali, my sister, and Syed Jamshed Hassan and Syed Tariq Hassan, my brothers, for their help in overseeing the last stage of this book's publication; Professor Iqbal Gill, for his active interest in the publication of this book; Munir Ahmed Sheikh, Latif Ulfat, Muhammad 'Abbas, Akhtar Sharif and Muhammad Hasan Khan, my colleagues at the Bureau of National Research and Reference,

Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Federal Government of Pakistan, for their assistance in tracing tricky references; Ikram Rabbani, U. Lun Pe and Fida Ali, family friends, and Ahmad Kamal, my cousin, for miscellaneous assistance; and Hidayatullah, Ayaz Bokhari, Ghulam Hussain and Aslam Jalil for the typing of the manuscript.

RIFFAT HASSAN

University of Louisville,
Louisville,
Kentucky,
U. S. A.
August, 1977

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editor wishes to thank the following authors for permission to reprint their writings:

Dr. Jan Marek ("The Date of Muhammad Iqbal's Birth"); F. S. Wahid-ud-din ("Iqbal's Date of Birth" and "Iqbal—A Recollection"); S. A. Vahid ("Date of Iqbal's Birth" and "Iqbal and His Poetry"), Sir Malcolm Darling "Reminiscences of Iqbal"); Mumtaz Hasan ("Iqbal—Recollections" and "A Day in the Life of Muhammad Iqbal"); Sadath Ali Khan ("A Note on Iqbal"); Mulk Raj Anand ("The Poetry of Sir Muhammad Iqbal"); John A. Haywood ("The wisdom of Muhammad Iqbal—Some Considerations of Form and Content"); H. T. Sorley ("Iqbal"); Iqbal Singh ("Muhammad Iqbal—Study in a Paradox"); A. A. Haidri ("Iqbal's Persian Poetry"); Kamal Mohammad Habib ("Iqbal's Poetic Achievement"); E. M. Forster ("The Secrets of the Self—*Asrar-i-Khudi*"); Alessandro Bausani ("Dante and Iqbal"); A. M. Schimmel ("The *Javidname* in the Light of the Comparative History of Religions"); and Sheila McDonough "The Mosque of Cordoba : Vision or Perish").

The Editor also wishes to thank the following:

Mrs. M. D. Taseer for permission to reprint Dr. M. D. Taseer's papers ("Introduction to Iqbal's Poem", "Iqbal's Theory of Art and Literature", and "Iqbal and the Ghazal"); John and Michael Rothenstein for permission to reprint an extract from Sir William Rothenstein's *Since Fifty* (*Men and Memories*, Volume 3); L. F. Rushbrook Williams for permission to reprint Sir Abdul Qadir's paper ("Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal—The Great Poet of Islam"); to Oxford University Press for permission to reprint an extract by Sir Abdul Qadir ("The Principal Theme in Iqbal's Poetry") from "Muslim Culture and Religious Thought" in *Modern India and the West*; Classen Verlag, Hamburg, to permission to reprint an extract by Hans-Hasso Von Veltheim Ostrau ("Iqbal's Last Visitor") from

Tagebuecher aus Asien; the Council of the Iran Society, Calcutta, for permission to reprint Hira Lall Chopra's paper ("Iqbal—The Poet"); The *Visva Bharati Quarterly* for permission to reprint N. B. Roy's paper ("The Background of Iqbal's Poetry"), The Royal Asiatic Society, London, for permission to reprint E. G. Browne's Book-Review ("The Secrets of the Self—*Asrar-i-Khudi*"); Vincent Stuart and John M. Walkins for permission to reprint Dr. R. A. Nicholson's paper ("The Secrets of the Self: A Moslem Poet's Interpretation of Vitalism"); Johnson Reprint Company, Ltd., London, for permission to reprint Dr. R. A. Nicholson's paper ("Iqbal's Message of the East *Payam-i-Mashriq*"); and Dr. Javid Iqbal for permission to reprint a letter by Iqbal to Dr. R. A. Nicholson ("*Asrar-i-Khudi*—The Secrets of the Self").

Thanks are also due to S. A. Vahid, Karam Hydri and Akhtar Sharif for translation work done especially for this volume.

IQBAL's BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Background and Ancestry Muhammad Iqbal was born on November 9, 1877, at Sialkot, an industrial town lying on the trade-route between Western Panjab and the Provinces of Jammu and Kashmir. Iqbal's ancestors were Brahmans of the 'Sapru' sub-caste. Sometimes at the end of the eighteenth or the beginning of the nineteenth century, either his great-grandfather or his grandfather migrated from Kashmir to Sialkot. Iqbal's forefathers had a predilection for mysticism and both his father, Nur Muhammad, and his mother, Imam Bibi, had a reputation for piety.

Education Iqbal was an outstanding student and won many distinctions througout his academic career. He started his education in a 'maktab', then went on study at the Scotch Mission School which later became an Intermediate College. Iqbal passed his F. A. examination in 1895 and moved to the Government College, Lahore. An important influence during his early life was that of his teacher Maulana (later Shama-ul-'Ulama) Mir Hasan who inculcated in Iqbal a deep sense of dedication to Islamic culture and literature.

Iqbal graduated in 1897 and obtained his M. A. degree in 1899. At the Government College, Iqbal came to know Sir Thomas Arnold, Professor of Philosophy, who had a profound impact on the young student of philosophy as well as on the young poet. On the advice of Sir Thomas Arnold, Iqbal proceeded to England, matriculating in *Cambridge University as Advanced Student of Trinity College in* October, 1905. He graduated in June 1907. While at Cambridge he concentrated on studying philosophy under McTaggart.

Iqbal was admitted to The Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in October, 1905, and he was called to the Bar in the Trinity Term 1908. He submitted a thesis on *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* at Munich University in Germany to Professor F. Hommel in November, 1907, (the residence requirement of two years being waived in his case) for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Career as an Educationist Between 1899 and 1905, Iqbal taught at the Oriental College and the Government College, Lahore. On his return from Europe in July 1905 he again served as Professor of Philosophy and English Literature at the Government College, and also began his law practice. In 1911, he gave up his teaching career because he felt that he had a message to deliver and could do it better if he adopted an independent profession like Law.

Though Iqbal gave up teaching, he never lost interest in educational programmes and problems. For many years, he was associated with the Oriental College, the Government College, and the Islamia College, in Lahore, and with the Jam'ia Millia in Delhi. During the sessions of the Round Table Conferences in London, he worked on the various committees connected with the educational reforms. In 1933, Iqbal, along with some others, was invited by the Afghanistan Government to visit the country and advise the Government and the Kabul University on educational matters.

Legal and Political Career Iqbal started his practice of law in 1908. Although he was a conscientious lawyer, it does not seem evident that he regarded his profession as a vocation. He also took interest in the working of the Muslim League but did not participate actively in politics from 1910-1923. During this period he was trying to create political consciousness and bring about an awakening of the Muslims. In 1924, he became a member of the National Liberal League of Lahore. In 1926, he was elected as a member of the Panjab Legislative Assembly. In 1930, he was elected President of the All-India Muslim League and delivered an historic address. He took part in the Second and Third Round Table Conferences, held in London, and was most disappointed with the outcome.

Literary Career Iqbal was a precocious youth and began to write poetry at a very early age. Soon after he came to Lahore, he became known through his participation in poetic symposia. As a young poet, he came under the influence of Mirza Dagh Dehalvi, one of the renowned exponents of Urdu poetry. An organization to which Iqbal was devoted all his life was the Anjuman-e-Himayat-e-Islam (Society for the Support of Islam). The annual sessions of the Anjuman fulfilled an acute emotional need of the Indian Muslims and

became national festivals. Iqbal read his poems regularly at these sessions and, in fact, his poems were the main attraction for the thousands who flocked to Lahore, almost on an errand of pilgrimage, to see and hear him. It was at an Anjuman meeting in April 1911 that Iqbal read his famous "Shikwa" ("The Complaint")—a poem which commands a unique place in Urdu literature that Iqbal's fame could rest secure on it alone. A few months later, Iqbal read his "Jawab-e-Shikwa" ("The Answer to the Complaint".) In 1912, Iqbal's "Sham'a aur Sha'ir" ("The Candle and the Poet") was published which gives quite a clear idea of the message the poet was to deliver.

The publication of *Asrar-e-Khudi* (The Secrets of the Self), in 1915, was a momentous event. Iqbal's attacks on Hafiz brought on a storm which took a long time to subside. Iqbal had undertaken to shake millions out of slumber and sloth and it was no easy task to accomplish. However, (with the publication of *Asrar-e-Khudi*, Iqbal's commitment to the philosophy of the Ego (with all that its practical application entailed) was complete. *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi* (The Mysteries of Selflessness), which dealt with the development of the communal ego, was published in 1918. In 1923, appeared *Payam-e-Mashriq* (The Message of the East), Iqbal's answer to Goethe's *West Oestlicher Divan*. In 1924, *Bang-e-Dara* (The Call of the Road), was published. It was the first collection of Iqbal's Urdu poetry and contained most poems such as "Tarana-e-Hindi" ("The Indian National Anthem"), "Tarana-e-Milli" ("The Anthem of the Muslim Community"), "Shikwa", "Jawab-e-Shikwa," and "Sham'a aur Sha'ir" which had already become a part of the literary history of Urdu poetry. In addition to these poems, *Bang-e-Dara* also contained "Khizr - e - Rah" ("Khizr the Guide), published in 1921, and "Tulu'-e-Islam" ("The Dawn of Islam"), published in 1922. These poems are amongst Iqbal's finest Urdu poetry. *Zabur-e-'Ajam* (The Persian Psalms,) was published in 1927, and was followed in 1932, by Iqbal's magnum opus, *Javid Nama* (The Pilgrimage of Eternity), modelled on Dante's *The Divine Comedy*. In 1935, *Bal-e-Jibril* (Gabriel's Wing), and in 1936, *Zarb-e-Kalim* (The Stroke of Moses), appeared. In 1934, Iqbal had published a Persian poem *Musafir* (The Traveller), an account of his visit to Afghanistan, and in 1936 appeared another Persian poem, *Pas Che Bayad Kard Ai Aqwam-e-*

Sharq? (So what should be done O Nations of the East?). *Armaghan-e-Hijaz* (The Gift of Hijaz) appeared posthumously in 1938 and contained both Persian and Urdu verse.

Besides his poetical works, Iqbal wrote three works in English. *'Ilm-ul-Iqtisad (The Study of Economics)*, which was the first book on Political Economy to be published in Urdu, appeared in 1903; Iqbal's doctoral thesis entitled *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* was published, in 1908, in London; and his lectures on *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* were first published in 1930. Iqbal also wrote numerous articles in Urdu and English in various newspapers and journals. A number of collections containing his articles, letters, speeches and statements have been published.

Marriages and Children Iqbal was married three times. His first marriage took place in 1895 when he was barely 18 years old. His first wife came from Gujrat and bore him a son (Aftab) and a daughter (Maryam who died in infancy). This marriage was not a success. Iqbal's first wife died in 1947. His second wife was from Lahore and bore him two children (Javid and Munira). She died in 1935. Iqbal's third wife was from Ludhiana. She died in 1924.

Foreign Travels Iqbal visited Europe thrice—the first time as a student and twice to attend the Round Table Conferences held in London. In 1933, he met Mussolini in Rome and Henri Bergson in Paris. During the same year, he also paid visits to Spain, Jerusalem and Afghanistan.

Knighthood Iqbal was knighted on 1 January 1923. The actual ceremony of knighting him was carried out by the Viceroy of India, on behalf of King George V, at a later date in 1923.

Illness, Death and Burial Iqbal's last years were clouded with much ill-health. In 1934, he lost his voice and it is sometimes suggested that he suffered from cancer of the throat. In 1937, he developed cataract in his eyes. Iqbal died in the early hours of April 21, 1938, in the arms of his faithful attendant, Mian 'Ali Bakhsh. Given almost a sovereign's farewell, Iqbal was buried near the gate of the Badshahi Mosque, in Lahore, with 10,000 or more people in attendance and millions in mourning.

CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION	i
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	xlvii
IQBAL'S BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	xlix

PART ONE : IQBAL — THE MAN

(I) DATE OF BIRTH

1. The Date of Mohammad Iqbal's Birth
—Jan Marek 1

2. Iqbal's Date of Birth
—F.S. Wahid-ud-din 6

3. Date of Iqbal's Birth
—S.A. Vahid 12

(II) REMINISCENCES

4. Iqbal — A Memory
—Sir William Rothenstein 23

5. Reminiscences of Iqbal
—Sir Malcolm Darling 25

6. Iqbal — Recollections
—Mumtaz Hasan 29

7. Iqbal — A Recollection
—F.S. Wahid-ud-din 35

8. Iqbal's Last Visitor
— Hans-Hasso Von Veltheim Ostrau 37

9. A Day in the Life of Muhammad Iqbal — *Mumtaz Hasan* — Page 40

PART TWO : IQBAL — THE POET

(I) POETRY IN GENERAL

10. Sir Muhammad Iqbal — *Moulvi Abdul Haq* — 47

11. Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal—The Great Poet of Islam — *Sir Abdul Qadir* — 59

12. Iqbal—India's Muslim Poet — *Amiya Chakravarty* — 73

13. A Note on Iqbal — *Sadath Ali Khan* — 89

14. Iqbal—The Poet — *Hira Lall Chopra* — 95

15. The Background of Iqbal's Poetry — *N.B. Roy* — 100

16. The Principal Themes in Iqbal's Poetry — *Sir Abdul Qadir* — 112

17. Introduction to Iqbal's Poems — *M.D. Taseer* — 114

18. The Poetry of Sir Muhammad Iqbal — *Mulk Raj Anand* — 120

19. Iqbal and His Poetry — *S.A. Vahid* — 144

20. The Wisdom of Muhammad Iqbal: Some Considerations of Form and Content — *John A. Haywood* — 162

21. Iqbal — *H.T. Sorley* — 176

22. Mohammad Iqbal—Study in a Paradox
—*Iqbal Singh* 201

23. Iqbal's Persian Poetry
—*A.A. Haidri* 209

24. Iqbal's Theory of Art and Literature
—*M.D. Taseer* 213

25. Iqbal and the "Ghazal"
—*M.D. Taseer* 217

26. Iqbal's Poetic Achievement
—*Kamal Mohammad Habib* 221

(II) POETICAL WORK

27. *The Secrets of the Self* : A Moslem Poet's Interpretation of Vitalism
—*Reynold A. Nicholson* 261

28. *The Secrets of the Self* (*Asrar-i-Khudi*)
—*E.M. Forster* 279

29. *The Secrets of the Self* (*Asrar-i-Khudi*)
—*L. Dickinson* 286

30. *The Secrets of the Self* (*Asrar-i-Khudi*)
—*E.G. Browne* 291

31. *Asrar-i-Khudi* or *The Secrets of the Self*
—*M. Naimur Rahman* 292

32. Iqbal's '*Message of the East*' (*Payam-i-Mashriq*)
—*Reynold A. Nicholson* 301

33. The Divine Comedy of Modern India
—*Abdul Ghaffar* 321

34. Dante and Iqbal
—*Alessandro Bausani* 327

35. The *Javidname* in the Light of the Comparative History of Religions
—*A.M. Schimmel* 337

36. *"The Mosque of Cordoba" : Vision or Perish*
—*Sheila McDonough* 347

APPENDICES

1. Appendix 'A' — A Tribute to an Indian Sage
—*Muhammad Taqi Bahar* 357

2. Appendix 'B' — *Asrar-i-Khudi—The Secrets of the Self*
—*Muhammad Iqbal* 361

3. Appendix 'C' — Dedicatory Poem Addressed to Sir Syed Ali Imam
—*Muhammad Iqbal* 368

BIBLIOGRAPHY 370

ERRATA 1 to 10

PART ONE

IQBAL – THE MAN

1. Date of Birth

2. Reminiscences

DATE OF BIRTH

Jan Marek

THE DATE OF MUHAMMAD IQBAL'S BIRTH

On April 21, 1958 we have commemorated the death of the great Indo-Pakistani poet and thinker Dr. Muhammad Iqbal who died twenty years ago. This anniversary was celebrated not only by the Islamic Republic of Pakistan whose leaders falsely supposed Muhammad *Iqbal to be the spiritual father of their "pure country" and its* nation, but also by European Muslims in Germany, Netherlands and England, especially at the Islamic Cultural Centre in London.

More than thirty years ago, a number of adherents of Islamic modernism met there and founded a society named after the ardent herald of the Muslim revival, Sir Muhammad Iqbal. The "Iqbal Society" in London was established in 1926, i.e. twelve years before the poet's death. The poet himself took part in its first session. The Society was engaged in public activities for eight years but then it ceased to exist owing to the lack of support. On the tenth anniversary of Iqbal's death it was resumed again by the Pakistanis residing in London so that in 1948 it was reorganized under the auspices of the first Pakistani High Commissioner to Great Britain, His Excellency Mr. Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola.[1] Since that time its activities have continued and in 1958 the well known English Iranist Professor A.J. Arberry was elected its President.

Other Iqbal Societies, called by the Persian name "Bazm-i-Iqbal", were founded in Karachi[2] and in Lahore,[3] the capital of the poet's native Punjab. The Iqbal Academy of Lahore is engaged in the studies of Iqbal's work from the philosophical and religious point of view and since 1952 it is publishing an interesting quarterly, called simply Iqbal,

1. cf *Art and Letters*, XXVII, 1953, p. 25.
2. The Iqbal Academy, Karachi.
3. Bazm-e-Iqbal, Lahore.

devoted to the study of any subject which might have interested Iqbal-philosophy, theology, literatures, and others.

These societies, as well as a number of other cultural and educational institutions, organise every April hundreds of commemorative meetings and publish special "Iqbal Number" of their magazines. The date of Iqbal's death is known all over the Islamic world and April 21 is celebrated as the "Iqbal Day".

We are accustomed to celebrate the memory of great men on the anniversary of their birthday. Why is this not the case with *Muhammad Iqbal and why is Iqbal Day celebrated on the anniversary* of his death? It is not difficult to answer; we do not know the exact date of *Muhammad Iqbal's birth. It would not be surprising were we* to ignore the date of birth of some outstanding personality who lived at least two *hundred years ago. But it is astonishing in the case of* a writer who is approximatively five years younger than our Czech poet *Otakar Brezina or ten years younger than the English novelist* John Galsworthy.

Several difficulties arise when trying to fix the correct date of his birth. First of all it is the well-known Oriental inexactness in determining time and a total lack of written records of the birth of a child, as until lately the registering of birth in registrar's office was not compulsory for non-Christians in India. In the family the date of birth of a child was usually connected and remembered with regard to some significant event or happening in the life of the family's surroundings (e.g. a week after the mayor's house was burnt down) with respect to the movable religious holidays, etc. The dating in various eras hides in itself another great trouble because it is relatively difficult and inexact to convert the dates of different eras to our time-reckoning.

We are astonished to see to what an extent the students of Iqbal's life and work differ in stating the year (not to say the day and month) of his birth. The year 1873 is being stated in most cases,[1] somewhere

1. Especially in older *Indian biographies of Iqbal, but also in several new papers,* e.g. A.M. Schimmel: "Muhammad Iqbal 1873-1938" (*Welt des Islams*, N.S. III, 1954, p. 145), Reyazul Hasan: "It poeta Musalmans indiano Mohammad Iqbal 1873-1938" *Oriente Moderno*. XX, 1940, p. 605), N.B. Roy: "The Background of Iqbal's Poetry", (*The Visvabharati Quarterly* XX, 1955, p. 321).

even the day and month is given: February 22, 1873.[1] Less often the years 1874 and 1875 are mentioned in various Indian and Pakistani sources and the year 1876 more often again (e.g. Wilfred Cantwell Smith *Modern Islam in India.* London 1946, p 101, or Helmuth von Glasenap *Die Literature Indians.* Potsdam 1929, p. 227). On the whole we can say that the year 1873 was taken over by different European and Asian scholars from Iqbal's first Indian biographers. Other Orientalists, as Smith, Glasenap and especially G. Taffarel[2] assert the later date, 1876 But Taffarel makes contradictory statements in his own paper : "On April 21 (i.e. 1938) Sir Muhammad Iqbal died in Bombay of heart ailment. In the previous January, at the occasion of his 60 anniversary conferences were held in various centres of India, especially in Bombay and in Hyderabad (Deccan) at the Osmania University and articles on his work were published with great participation on the part of Indian writers and politicians".[2]

Let us note that several learned writers assert 1877 as the year of Iqbals's birth, too. V. Kubickova in accordance with Persian sources states in her study *Novoperska literatura XX stoleti (History of Modern Persian Literature in the Twentieth Century)*[4] the dates of Iqbal in the following way : Muhammad Iqbal (1294/1877—1357/1938). (Professor J. W. Fueck[5] tried probably to convert the date of Hijra zi'lqa'da 3, 1294 as 19-11-1877). The date of Iqbal's death is given by him wrongly as 1-4-1938, but no reason for this statement is mentioned. Gottfried Simon on his *Reformbewegungen in Islam*[6] states 1877, too.

---

1. A. Bausani : *Il poema celeste* (Italian Translation of Iqbal's *Javid Nama*), Rome 1952, p. 9, Ali Nihad Tarlan : *Serktan haber* (Turkish Translation of Iqbal's *Payam-e-Mashriq*), Ankara 1956, p. xi or 121.
2. G. Taffarel : "Notizie biografiche su Mohammad Iqbal" *Oriente Moderno.* XVIII, 1938, p. 322), based on articles in *Deccan Times*, 1938.
3. "Il 21 dello scorso aprile mori a Bombay di mal di cuore Sir Mohammad Iqbal Nel precedente gennaio, in occasione del suo sessantesimo compleanno, in vari centri dall' India a specialmente a Bombay e Haiderabad del Dekkan (presso L'Universita Othmaniyah) furono tenute conference e scritti articoli sulle opera sua, con larga Partecipazione de letterati e Politici indu".
4. Jan Rypka and collaborators : *Dejiny perska a tadzicke literatury (History of Persian and Tajik Literature)* Praha. 1956, p. 305.
5. J. W. Fueck : "Muhammad Iqbal und der indomuslimische Modernismus" *Westoestliche Abhandlungen,* Rudolf Tschudi zum 70 Geburstag, Wiesbaden 1954, p. 357.
6. According to the review of this book in *The Moslem World,* XXVII, 1937, p 413.

There is one source, I suppose, on which we can base our assertion firmly enough. Iqbal himself states in his autobiography, joined to his thesis at the University of Munich, Germany.[1] I was born on the 3rd of Dhu Qa'd 1294 A. H. (1876 A. D.) at Sialkot—Punjab (India)". But the reckoning 1294 A. H. = 1876 A. D. is not correct because the year 1294 of Hijra does not begin before January 16th 1877.[2] The third day of zi'l-qa'da 1294 A.H. equals to November 9th 1877 A. D. Friday.

In his autobiography, Iqbal further describes his studies as follows :

> "A few years after I joined one of the local schools and began my University Career, passing the first Public examination of the Punjab University in 1891. In 1893 I passed the Matriculation and joined the Scotch Mission College, Sialkot, *where I studied for two years, passing the Intermediate* Examination of the Punjab University in 1879 and 1899 respectively. I passed my B.A. and M.A. from the Lahore Government College".[3]

The statements about passing examinations and about joining the High School testify that Iqbal was born in 1877 too. According to the practice of the English High Schools and Universities in India, it is much more probable that Iqbal joined the Scotch Mission College, Sialkot in his sixteenth and not as late as in his twentieth year, that he passed his B.A. at the age of twenty and not of twenty-four, that he became Master of Arts at twenty-two and not as late as twenty-six.

We have mentioned that on January 1938 celebrations were held at the occasion of the sixteenth anniversary of the poet's birth. Consequently, Iqbal could be born neither in 1873 nor in 1876, but in 1878 or at least at the close of the year 1877.

To sum up

A. I suppose that Dr. Muhammad Iqbal was born on November 9th 1877, Friday. This date is based on Iqbal's own statement

---

*1. cf. M. Iqbal: *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia*, Inaugural Dissertation der Philosophischen Fakultat Sekt. 1. (resp.II) der Ludwig-Maximilians Universitat, Munchen, London, 1908, Lebenslauf.

*2. According to F. Wustenfeld—Mahler'sche *Vergleichungstabellen der Mohammedanischen und Christlichen Zeitrechnung*, 2, Auß., Leipzig, 1926.

*3, *Development of Metaphysics* Lebenslauf.

in his autobiography (zi'l-qa'da 3rd 1294 A.H.)

B. There are some further inferior proofs that speak for the year 1877:

(1) The date of passing High School Examinations and of joining different types of schools, when considering the average age of students in English schools in India.

(2) The celebrations of Iqbal's sixtieth anniversay held between 1937 and 1938, when the poet was still alive.

(3) Some scholars assert according to various sources—as we pointed out above—the year 1877, too.

Of course we cannot avoid miscalculations owed to misprints.

(Taken from *Archiv Orientalni* Nakladatelstvi Ceskoslovenske Akademie, Praha, 1958, Vol. 26/4, pp. 617-620).

F.S. Wahid-ud-Din

IQBAL'S DATE OF BIRTH

February 22, 1873 has generally been given as Dr. Mohammad Iqbal's date of birth. Hence on the plaques marking his residential quarters in Lahore and Sialkot, the Department of Archaeology has also inscribed 1873 A.D. as the year of his birth. Similarly, in *Zikr-e-Iqbal*, published by Bazm-e-Iqbal, Lahore, the author[1] claims 24 Zi'lhaj, 1289 A.H. corresponding to February 22, 1873 A.D. as Iqbal's date of birth.

But the above-mentioned date is not Iqbal's correct date of birth; it has found currency due to a misunderstanding. As stated by Iqbal himself, his date of birth is 3 Zi'qa'd, 1294 A.H. The biggest proof of this is to be found in Iqbal's own statements. In 1908; he had submitted a dissertation entitled *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* for which he was awarded a Ph. D. by Munich University, Germany. This dissertation has been published in book-form. In a biographical note put at the beginning of the dissertation, Iqbal wrote, "I was born on 3 Zi'qa'd, 1294 A.H. (i.e. 1876 A.D).

Again, in 1931, in his application for an international passport, Iqbal gave 1876 A.D. as his date of birth. Consequently, his passport bears the same date (1876) as his year of brith. The passport is in the custody of Dr. Javed Iqbal. The writer possesses a facsimile of the page showing Iqbal's year of birth. (It is reproduced in *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Volume I).

Immediately after Iqbal's death, the daily *Inqilab*, Lahore, published in its columns a brief account of his life. In that sketch, Iqbal's elder brother, Sheikh Ata Mohammad, was quoted to have opined that he (Iqbal) was born in December 1876. Thus, the year of Iqbal's birth as stated by Sheikh Ata Mohammad coincided with that given by Iqbal himself as the year of his birth.

---

1. Abdul Majid Salik.

Yet. it was the daily *Inqilab* which first created the misunderstanding about Iqbal's date of birth by publishing the following note, entitled, "Allama Iqbal's Date of Birth", in its issue of May 7, 1938:

> *"In the life sketch of Allama Iqbal published in a previous* issue, his elder brother, Sheikh Ata Mohammad, was quoted as saying that Iqbal was born in December 1876. But new research on the subject has proved that Iqbal was born on February 22, 1873; the lunar date being 23 or 24 of Zi'lhaj 1289 A.H. These dates prove that Iqbal's age at his death was 65 years and 2 months according to the solar calender, and 67 years and 2 months according to the lunar calendar".

This note did not cite the basis or source of its "research". Nor did it quote any "proof" in support of its assertion. It seems that the *Inqilab's* claim was based on an entry in the Register of Birth maintained by the Municipal Committee of Sialkot. The similar assumption in *Zikr-e-Iqbal*, by Abdul Majid Salik is also based on the same entry. A facsimile of the attested copy of the relevant entry in the Register is given in *Rozgar-e-Faqir* (Volume I). The record shows that Iqbal's father, Sheikh Noor Mohammad, Alias Sheikh Nathu, was blessed with a son on February 22, 1873. However, it does not prove that this boy was Iqbal and none else.

On the contrary, the research carried out by the writer shows that the above-mentioned record pertains to the birth of a son born to Sheikh Noor Mohammad three or four years before Iqbal was born. This boy had died in infancy. At my request, Iqbal's nephew, Sheikh Ejaz Ahmed, has confirmed, on the authority of one of Iqbal's sisters who is still alive, that three or four years before Iqbal was born, her father was blessed with a son who had died at a very young age. She had heard this from her (and Iqbal's) mother several times.

It is sad that the above-mentioned entry in the (Municipal) Register which does not pertain to Iqbal's birth has been taken to be his date of birth without a proper inquiry being made regarding this subject. On the contrary, the very clear statements made by Iqbal and his elder brother on this subject have been totally rejected without considering

the fact that Iqbal would not make a wrong statement about his date of birth in 1908 and then in 1931.

Apart from these statements on the subject, the given below facts also support the contention that 3 Zi'qa'd, 1294 A.H. and not February 22, 1873 A.D. is the date of Iqbal's birth.

Munshi Mohammad Din Fauq, in his book *Mashahir-e-Kashmir*, published in 1930, gave 1875 A.D. as Iqbal's year of birth. But in an article which appeared in *Nairang-e-Khayal*, Lahore, towards the end of 1932, Munshi Fauq corrected himself by maintaining that Iqbal was born in 1876 A.D. This is the same year which Iqbal himself gave as the year of his birth in 1901 and again in 1931. Munshi Fauq was very closely associated with Iqbal and it can be safely presumed that the correction was prompted by Iqbal himself.

Iqbal's nephew, Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad, has stated that according to one of Iqbal's sisters, he was born at about 4 A.M. on a Friday. She had heard this from mother several times. Now, 3 Zi'qa'd, 1294 A.H. was a Friday, whereas February 22, 1873 in years 1872-1877 was not a Friday, whereas between 1289 A.H. to 1294 A.H. no other 3rd day of Zi'qa'd was a Friday except the 3rd day of Zi'qa'd, 1284 A.H.

Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad's mother, who has since died, told her son that Iqbal was a student in the 5th class at the time of her marriage and was about 10 to 12 years old at that time. On the basis of this observation, Iqbal's age in 1893 when he passed his Matriculation Examination would have been between 15 to 17 years, which seems reasonable. On the other hand, if we assume that he was born on February 22, 1873, then at the time of Matriculation his age would have been 20 years, which is unthinkable. Hence, the statement made by Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad's mother does not support the assumption about 1873 being the year of Iqbal's birth.

In July 1938, a few months after Iqbal's death, his elder brother, Sheikh Ata Mohammad, wrote a letter to his son, Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad, saying that Iqbal's first wife, 65 years old in 1938, was two or three years older than Iqbal. Accordingly, Iqbal's age in 1938 would have been 62 or 63 years, which coincides with Iqbal's own statement about his age.

If February 22, 1973, is accepted as Iqbal's date of birth, then on May 5, 1893, when Iqbal took admission in the Mission (Murray) College, Sialkot, his age should have been more than 20 years. But the records of the College show him 18 years old at that time. This fact does not uphold the position of those who have assumed February 22. 1873, as Iqbal's date of birth. Moreover, it would be unreasonable to think that an intelligent and diligent student like Iqbal would have passed his Matriculation Examination at the age of 20 years.

In view of Iqbal's statement in 1908 in which he has given full particulars of his age by the Hijra calendar, his passport record, his elder brother's observation and the correction made by Munshi Mohammad Din Fauq in 1932, there is no reason why February 22, 1873 should not be rejected and 3 Zi'qa'b, 1294 A.H. accepted as Iqbal's date of birth.

It may also be clarified that 3 Zi'qa'd. 1294 A.H. corresponds to November 9, 1877 and not 1876 A.D. as recorded by Iqbal in the biographical note attached to dissertation. Though Iqbal had exact and complete knowledge of his date of birth by the Hijra calendar, it is possible that in his biographical note written in a foreign country, he could not give exactly corresponding dates according to the Christian calendar. In any case, it is not possible orally to translate the Hijra calendar into Christian calendar. Iqbal probably estimated 1876 A.D. to correspond to 1294 A.H. The impression that he was born in 1876 seems to have lingered on in his mind during the rest of his life. But if he had known the details of his date of birth in terms of the Christian calendar, he would have stated the day and the month of his birth in his dissertation rather than writing the year of his birth only.

However, since Iqbal has given *3 Zi'qa'd, 1294 A H.*, which corresponds to November 9, 1877 A.D. as his date af birth, this should be accepted as his eorrect date of birth, while February 22, 1873 should be rejected as an erroneous statement. It may be added here that a note appear in the *Civil and Military Gazette,* Lahore, at the time of Iqbal's death had also given 1877 A.D. as his date of birth.

In order to remove any doubts regarding Iqbal's date of birth, it will be in order to elaborate upon a few more details connected with this controversy:

(1) The epitaph on Iqbal's grave shows 1292 A.H. as the year of his birth. This date does not agree with 1294 A.H. which has stated by Iqbal himself as the year of his birth, nor with the above-mentioned controversial record maintained by the Municipal Committee of Sialkot. The epitaph was sent by the Government of Afghanistan and was prepared in Kabul. The writer tried to find out from the Secretary of the "Mazar" Committee, Khwaja Abdur Rahim, Barrister-at-Law, whether this date (1292 A.H.) was conveyed to the Afghan Government by the "Mazar" Committee and if so, on what authority; or if the Government had inscribed this date on the basis of their own information on the subject. Unfortunately. khwaja Abdur Rahim could not recall developments concerning the preparation of the epitaph. The record of the "Mazar" Committee is also completely silent on this subject. As there is no proof as to correctness of the date written on the epitaph, it cannot be accepted as Iqbal's date of birth, especially in the light of Iqbal's own observation that he was born in 1294 A.H.

(2) A close examination of the Birth Register of the Municipal Committee, Sialkot, shows that after the entry made on February 22, 1873 about the birth of a boy, no entry was made in the Register till 1877 recording the birth of another son in the family of Iqbal's father. It may be said that as there is no record in the Register confirming the birth of a son born to Noor Mohammad on November 9, 1877, the date in the register can hardly be accepted as the correct date of Iqbal's birth. It may be observed that the absence of an entry in the Municipal Committee's Register about a certain birth cannot be held as a proof against that birth. In those days, people were not as particular as they are now about reporting births in their family to the Municipality. It is quite believable, therefore, that Iqbal's birth was not entered in the Municipal record. Nevertheless, mere absence of the entry in the record cannot invalidate the claim made by Iqbal himself regarding his date of birth.

(3) After Iqbal's death, Principal and the Vice-Principal of Murray College, Sialkot, wrote a note in the Admission Register of

the College. The note (which is in English) is reproduced below:

> "He (Dr. Mohammad Iqbal) was born on 22nd February, 1873 at Sialkot, a well-known town on that border of the Punjab which adjoins Jammu.
>
> This is the correct date as announced in the daily *Inqilab*, Lahore, 7th May, 1938, on the authority of the brother of the deceased. In some other paper(s) 1876 had been given as the year of his birth, but the *Inqilab* was asked to publish the dates found in the records of the family".

This note shows that the Principal and the Vice-Principal, depending on the *Inqilab's* issue of May 7, 1938, gave February 22, 1873, as Iqbal's date of birth. The observation by the Principal that the *Inqilab* had given this date on the authority of Iqbal's brother is not true. On the contrary, the note in the *Inqilab* shows that the newspaper had rejected the testimony of Iqbal's elder brother. Instead, it gave February 22, 1873, as Iqbal's date of the birth on the basis of its own findings. The last sentence of the Principal's note is also incorrect as it does not agree with the *Inqilab's* own observation on the subject. Moreover, the writer can say on the authority of Iqbal's nephew, Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad, that the family never had any record in which Iqbal's date of birth was recorded as February 22, 1873.

It is said that only 25 years of the death of Iqbal, certain misconceptions have taken root about the date of his birth. As it is imperative to put the straight, Dr. Javed Iqbal and Sheikh Ejaz Ahmad had advised me to review the situation in this revised edition of *Rozgar-e-Faqir* so that the misunderstanding on the subject is removed. It is, therefore, observed, on the basis of very clear proof, that Iqbal's date of birth was 3 Zi'qa'd, 1294 A.H., that is, Friday, November 9, 1877. He died at the age of 61. According to a tradition, it has been the distinguishing mark of the lovers of the Prophet Islam to pass away between the age of 61-63 years.

Extracts from *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Karachi, 1965, Volume I (5th Edition), pp. 229-243, translation by Akhtar Sharif.

S. A. Vahid

DATE OF IQBAL'S BIRTH

The daily Inqilab of Lahore published the following note in its issue of 7th May, 1938 :-

> "In the brief account of Allama Iqbal, which was published in a previous issue of the *Inqilab*, the date of Allama's birth was given as December, 1876, according to a statement of Shaikh Ata Muhammad, Allama's elder brother. But it has been ascertained now that the date of Allama's birth was 22nd February, 1873, which corresponds to 23rd-24th Zi'lhaj, 1289, according to the *Hijri Calendar*".

But in spite of this announcement, there were still people who had grave doubts about the authenticity of the date of birth as announced by the *Inqilab*. Then in 1955 appeared Abdul Majid Salik's *Zikr-e-Iqbal* in which it was stated that the birth of Iqbal on 22nd February 1873 was confirmed by the Deputy Commissioner, Sialkot' after referring to the records of the Municipal Committee of that town. Now the Municipal records of births and deaths on the subcontinent are generally authentic, and it is not possible to question their accuracy unless there is some clear evidence to the contrary. Prima facie there are two improbabilities against the date of Iqbal's birth as given by the *Inqilab* and Salik, and these are detailed below :-

1. In the first instance if we accept the date of Iqbal's birth as given by the *Inqilab* and Salik, his age when he passed Matriculation examination would be 21. The average age of a student passing Matriculation on the subcontinent is generally 16, and clever students have been known to pass this examination at a much earlier age.

2. In January 1938, when Iqbal Day was celebrated in Lahore by the Muslim Students' Brotherhood in the poet's life-time, his age was announced as 60. This rules out 1873 as the year of Iqbal's birth.

These improbabilities are enough to shake our faith in the authenticity of 22nd Feb: 1873 as Iqbal's date of birth and to justify our investigating the subject further. To do this, we have to start with the records of the Municipal Committee, Sialkot.

The statement relating to the birth of Iqbal as given in the register of births maintained by the Municipal Committee is reproduced vide Exhibit A. When we examine it carefully the following facts emerge :-

1. The birth certificate mentions that it relates to a male child of Shaikh Nathoo (which is the pet-name of Shaikh Noor Muhammad, father of Iqbal). But the certificate does not mention the name of the child. There is nothing strange in this, as in many cases a child is named several days after the birth, which is generally reported to the Municipal Committee the same day or the day after.
2. The date of birth is given as 22nd February, 1873.
3. The Municipal records do not mention the birth of any other son to Shaikh Noor Muhammad after 1873.

On the other hand we have the following evidence against accepting the above entry in the register as the date of Iqbal's birth :-

1. There is the evidence of Iqbal's sister that a son was born to Shaikh Noor Muhammad few years before Iqbal's birth.[1] Thus the entry in the Municipal register probably relates to this son who died in infancy.
2. We have the evidence of another sister of Iqbal that he was born early in the morning of Friday. As 22nd February, 1873, was not a Friday there is strong evidence against our accepting that date as the date of Iqbal's birth.[2]

---

1. *Syed Wahiduddin: Rozgar-i-Faqir, p.231.*
2. *Ibid.*

After the date as given in the Municipal records several dates and years were suggested by various writers and journals, but as these are not based on any definite evidence we can disregard them straightaway. For example the year of birth as inscribed on the lapis lazuli tombstone as supplied by the Government of Afghanistan is 1875. As there is hardly any evidence in support of this we can straightaway disregard it as based on a mere guess. Another well-known writer on Kashmiri families Mr. Muhammad Deen Fauq, has mentioned the year of Iqbal's birth as 1875, although he corrected it later on as 1876.[1] Mr. Fauq was a friend of Iqbal, and had carried out detailed researches about the Kashmiri families living on the sub-continent. Still we need not attach much weight to the years as given by him in view of the fact that he has not mentioned any evidence in support of his statements. Similarly, *The Oxford History of India* gives the year of Iqbal's birth as 1876.[2] This is perhaps based on the year as given by Iqbal in "Lebenslauf". (Exhibit 'B'). In view of these improbabilities against accepting the date as given in the Sialkot Municipal records as the date of Iqbal's birth several writers have devoted their time and energy to the examination of this question. The first man to express serious doubts about the correctness of the date of birth as given in the Sialkot Municipal records was Mr. T.C. Roy who used to teach Urdu in Bonn (Germany). In 1957, Mr Roy wrote a letter to the Cultural Attache of the Pakistan Embassy in Bad Godesberg pointing out that there was a good deal of confusion about the date of Iqbal's birth and actually three different dates were mentioned by different writers and authors. So he suggested a thorough investigation of this matter.

In 1958, Professor John Marek of Prague University wrote a detailed article in *Archiv Orientalni*, 1958, 26/4, published by Nakladatelstvi Ceskoslovenske Akademie Ved, Praha, in which he arrives at the conclusion that the date of Iqbal's birth was 9th November, 1877. Since then Faqir Syed Wahiduddin has given a good deal of time and thought to the consideration of this question in his beautifully printed *Rozgar-e-Faqir* (1963). The conclusion at which Syed Wahiduddin has arrived confirms the findings of Professor John Marek. But it must be

---

1. Muhammad Deen Fauq: *Tarkih Aqwam-i-Kashmir*, Vol. II, p. 325.
2. *The Oxford History of India*, Third Edition, 1961 p 805.

noted that whereas Professor Marek has relied mostly on the evidence of European scholars, Faqir Syed Wahiduddin has been able to collect the evidence of members of Iqbal's family, which he could obtain through Iqbal's nephew, Mr. Ijaz Ahmad. It must be recorded here that we are lucky to have living amongst us today Shaikh Ijaz Ahmad, nephew of Iqbal, and one of his sisters whose evidence is of great importance.

We have already referred to the fact that several writers have given 9th November, 1877, as the date of Iqbal's birth, and in view of the confusion and uncertainty that surrounds the whole question, it will be worthwhile to examine this date.

1. According to Allama's statement in the "Lebenslauf", the date of his birth is 3 Zi'qa'dh, 1294, A. H. (vide Exhibit B). This date corresponds to 9th November, 1877 of the Chirstian Era.

2. In the Calendar of the Punjab University for 1896-97, page 348, the result of Iqbal's examination is announced as per statement vide Exhibit C. According to this statement, the age of Iqbal, when applying for permission to appear at the examination was 19, so it must be 20 or so, when he actually passed the examination. This points to the year of his birth being 1877 rather than 1873.

3. According to a statement of Iqbal's sister, based on the authority of their mother, he was born early in the morning on a Friday.[1] Now 3rd Zi'qa'dh, 1294, A.H. was on a Friday.

4. V. Kubickova states in her *Novopersk literntura XX stoleti* that Iqbal was born in 1877.[2]

5. Professor J. W. Fueck gives the year of Iqbal's birth as 1877, vide "Muhammad Iqbal under indomuslimische Modernismus", *Westoestliche Abhadblungen*, Rudolf Tschudizum 70. Geburstag, Wiesbaden 1954, p. 357.

---

1. Syed Wahiduddin: *Rozgar-i-Faqir*, p. 232.
2. Jan Rypka and collaborators: *Dijiny perske a tadzicke literatury. (History of Persian and Tajik Literature)*, Praha, 1956, p. 305.

6. Gottfied Simon in his *Reformbeweguvgen in Islam* gives the year of Iqbal's birth as 1877.[1] It must be mentioned here that too much reliance cannot be placed on the dates as given by the European scholars. They have evidently relied on information as furnished by Pakistani writers or in the "Lebenslauf". Still the statements of these scholars assume importance when they support the other available evidence.

7. *The Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore when publishing an Obituary Note about Iqbal mentioned the year of his birth as 1877.

While there is overwhelming evidence in support of the fact that Iqbal was born on Friday, 9th November, 1877, there are also certain facts which tend to throw some doubts. These are mentioned below :-

1. There is no mention in the Municipal records of this date, or of the birth of Iqbal, if that birth happened to be on any other than 22nd February, 1873.

2. In the International Passport issued to Iqbal in 1931 (vide Exhibit D.) and also in "Lebenslauf" the year of birth is given as 1876.

3. G. Taffarel in his "Notizie biographic sur Mohammad Iqbal" gives the year of Iqbal's birth as 1876.[2]

4. Helmuth von Glasenapp also gives the year of Iqbal's btrth as 1876.[3]

As regards there being no entry in the Municipal records of Sialkot about the birth of Iqbal, it may be pointed out that this was a common occurrence on the subcontinent. Regarding the entry in the Passport, it must be pointed out that converting Hijri dates into Christian dates or vice versa is a very difficult process and involves complicated mathematical calculation. But luckily for us this process is now rendered easy by the accurate and laboriously prepared tables that we posses

---

1. According to the review of the book in *The Muslim World*: 1937, XXVII, p. 437, as mentioned by John Marek.
2. *Oriente Moderno* XVII, 1938, p. 322.
3. *Die Leteraturen Indians*: Potsdam, 1929, p. 227.

today. Unfortunately no such tables of conversion were easily available fifty years ago. Hence probably Iqbal had to carry out the conversion without the help of any tables and so he converted 1294 A.H. into 1876 C. E. more or less approximately. An indication of the difficulty Iqbal felt is given by the fact that he did not mention any date along with the year. Thus the discrepancy is easily explained.

As regards the two European orientalists, their statements only serve to emphasise that even as early as 1929 there was a strong feeling against accepting 1873 as the year of Iqbal's birth.

When considering the degree of reliance that can be placed on their statements, it may be pointed out that they have evidently based their statements on the information given by Iqbal in "Lebenslauf". It must be noted that G. Tafferel is not a very reliable author as he says that Iqbal died in Bombay, which, as we all know, is not correct.

In addition to the evidence we have mentioned above, there is a certain amount of secondary evidence which is also worth consideration :-

(a) Shaikh Ijaz Ahmad's mother told him that at the time of her wedding Iqbal was reading in V class, and his age was between 10-12 years. This makes him 16 or 17 at the time of Matriculation in 1893. So the year of his birth must be 1876 or 1877. In any case this evidence rules out 1873 as the year of Iqbal's birth.[1]

(b) In July 1938 Shaikh Ata Muhammad, elder brother of Iqbal, wrote to his son, Shaikh Ijaz Ahmad, that Iqbal's first wife was about 3 years older than Iqbal and at the time of writing the letter her age was about 65. This letter also tends to prove that the year of Iqbal's birth could not be 1873.[2]

Before concluding it must be recorded that the writer owes a debt of gratitude to Professor John Marek of Prague University and Faqir Syed Wahiduddin of Karachi for their patient, painstaking and thorough work in collecting evidence about the date of Iqbal's birth. The writer

1. Information supplied by Shaikh Ijaz Ahmad in a letter.
2. *Ibid.*

was always interested in this question and had collected considerable evidence but his task was rendered considerably easy by the work of these two scholars.

It must be put on record that whenever the question of the date of Iqbal's birth arose, his great friend Choudhry Muhammad Husain used to say that it was impossible for him not to believe any information supplied by Iqbal himself. And we would be quite safe in following Choudhry Muhammad Husain in this matter.

In dealing with this subject we have relied to a very great extent on evidence supplied by Iqbal himself. So we must also say something about the source of Iqbal s information. In most families, important dates are recorded in family journals, but even if there was no such journal in Shaikh Noor Muhammad's family, the old father must have informed the young son about the date of his birth before his memory blurred. The elders in every family remembered the dates of birth of various younger members and also transmitted the information to younger members. This system of oral transmission of the dates of birth is maintained in every family in the sub-continent even to this day. In the case of Iqbal, this method of oral transmission was to a certain extent natural as in his family Iqbal was the only child who had adopted a scholarly career. *Thus the date of his birth must have* been frequently mentioned in family circles as a date of great significance. To sum up, we come to the following conclusions :-

1. There is absolutely no reason for us to disregard the date of Iqbal's birth as given by him, that is 3rd Ziqa'dh, 1294, A.H., corresponding to 9th November, 1877,[1] although the Municipal records of Sialkot town make no mention of this date.
2. There is no doubt that a son was born to Shaikh Noor Muhammad on 22nd February, 1843, as shown in the Municipal records, but this child died in infancy.

In order to avoid all confusion in future, Iqbal Academy and other Societies as well as the Government of Pakistan may be requested to accept 9th November, 1877, as the correct date of Iqbal's birth.

---

1. According to F. Wustenfeld-*Mahler'sche Verglei chungstabellen der Mohammedanischen und Christlichen Zeitrechnung 2* Aufl: Leipzig 1926.

EXHIBIT 'A'

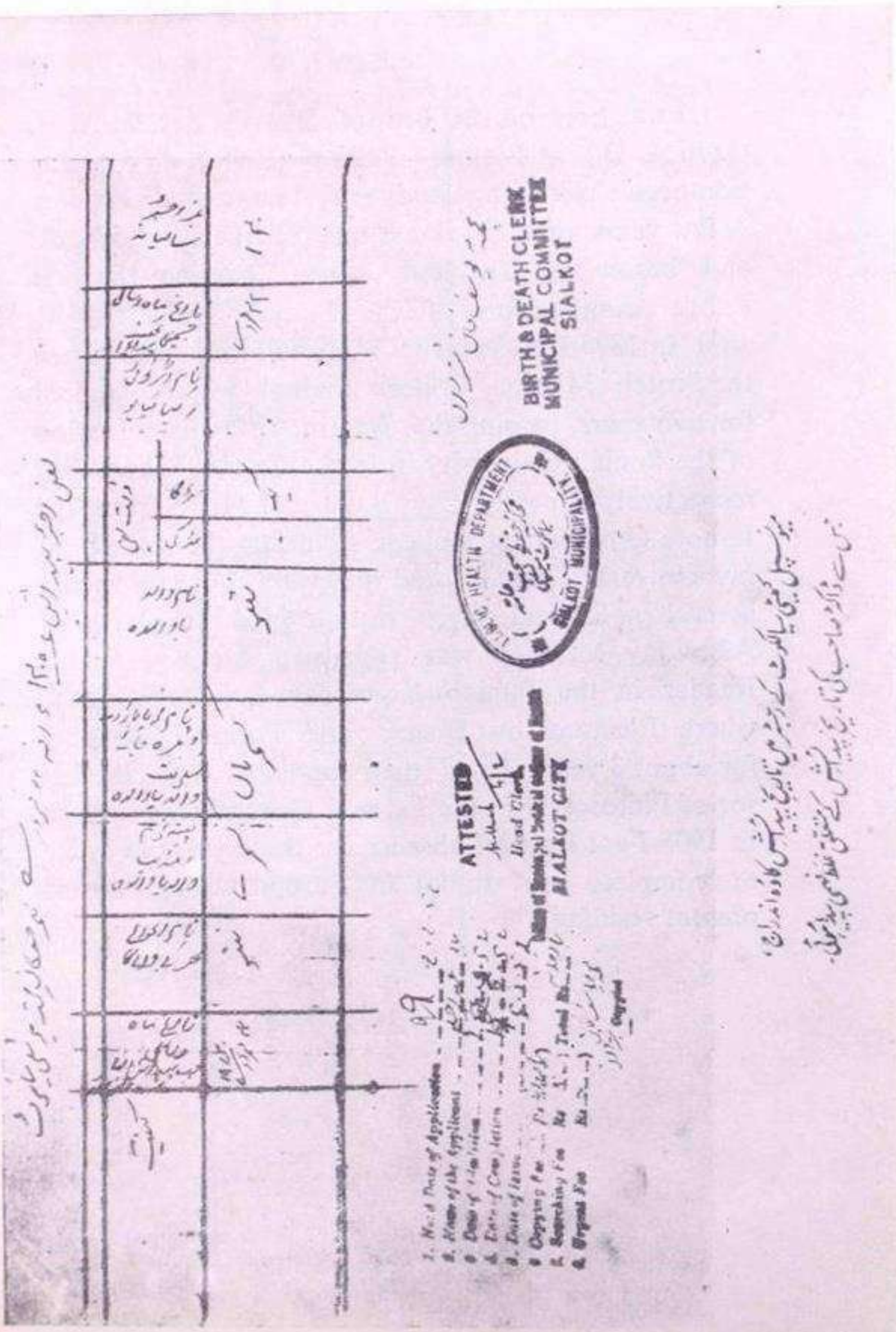

BIRTH & DEATH CLERK
MUNICIPAL COMMITTEE
SIALKOT
ATTESTED
Head Clerk
Office of Municipal Medical Officer of Health
SIALKOT CITY
Copying Fee
Searching Fee
Total Rs.
Urgent Fee
Copyist

EXHIBIT 'B'

LEBENSLAUF

I was born on the 3rd of Dhu Qa d 1294 A. H. (1876 A. D.) at Sialkot—Punjab (India). My education began with the study of Arabic and Persian. A few years after I joined one of the local schools and began my University career, passing the first Public examination of the Punjab University in 1891 In 1893 I passed the Matriculation and joined the Scotch Mission College Sialkot where I studied for two years, passing the Intermediate Examination of the Punjab University in 1895. In 1897 and 1899 respectively I passed my B. A. and M. A. from the Lahore Government College During the course of my University career I had the good fortune to win several gold and silver medals and scholarships. After my M. A. I was appointed McLeod Arabic Reader in the Punjab University Oriental College where I lectured on History and Political Economy for about 3 years I was then appointed Asst. Professor of Philosophy in the Lahore Government College In 1905 I got leave of absence for three years in order to complete my studies in Europe where I am at present residing.

S. M. IQBAL.

EXHIBIT 'C'

Merit No.	Name	Race	Age (as given in application form)	Total number of marks obtained	Institution	Subjects in which the candidate was examined
11	Sheikh Mohd. Iqbal	Mohammadan	19	260	Govt. College Lahore	English Arabic Philosophy

EXHIBIT 'D'

DESCRIPTION
SIGNALEMENT

Wife Femme

Profession / Profession: Barrister-at-Law

Place and date of birth / Lieu et date de naissance: Sialkot dt. 1876

Domicile / Domicile: Lahore

Height / Taille: 5 ft. 6 in. — ft. in.

Colour of eyes / Couleur des yeux: Black

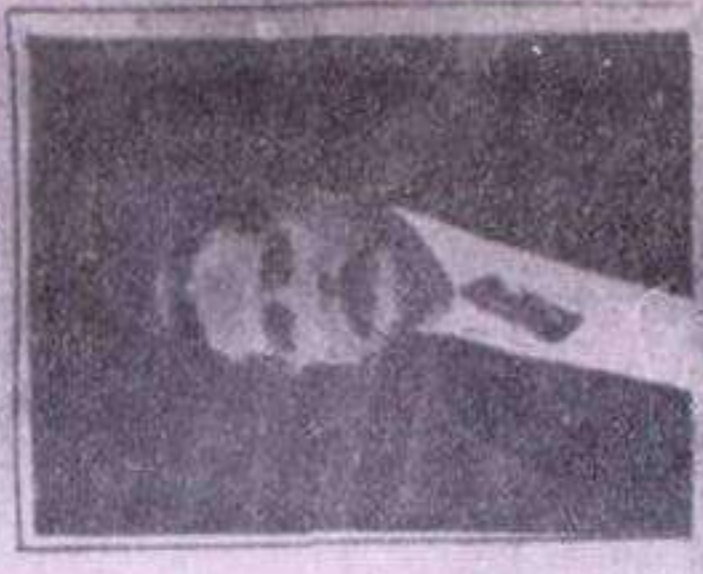
Colour of hair / Couleur des cheveux: Black & Grey

Visible distinguishing marks / Signes particuliers: scar on left [illegible]

CHILDREN ENFANTS

Name / Nom	Date of birth / Date de naissance	Sex / Sexe

PHOTOGRAPH OF BEARER



Mukhtiar Ahmad

WIFE FEMME

(Photo)

پاسپورٹ میں تاریخ پیدائش کے اندراج کا عکس

REMINISCENCES

Sir William Rothen Stein

IQBAL—A MEMORY

When Sir Muhammad Iqbal, the most eminent among Muslim poets and philosophers, came over for the Indian Round Table Conference in 1931, little notice was taken of him, though one of his poems, the *Asrar-i-Khudi* (*The Secrets of the Self*) written in classical Persian, has been translated into English by Professor R.A. Nicholson. He was a little sore that none of the English philosophers seemed aware of his presence in London.

"When in Paris," he wrote to me later, "I met Bergson. We had an extremely interesting conversation on philosophical subjects. 'The substance of Berkley's philosophy,' he (Bergson) said, 'is that in perception matter reveals the whole of itself without a remainder; not so the case with the mind.' This is a very interesting way of putting Berkeley. Our conversation lasted for two hours. Bergson is old and very ill. He does not see people, but was good enough to make an exception in my case. unfortunately', he added, "the friend who accompanied me and made a record of the conversation, could not afterwards decipher his own hand-writing."

I had wished some of our English philosophers had given some of their time to their eminent visitor. Like other distinguished Indians, he was perturbed by the relations between England and this country. "I am glad," he wrote again, "that you are keeping in touch with India. The great need of Asia is that the best minds of England should know her and understand the problems on which, in my opinion, depends the whole future of the British race and modern civilisation. As you know literature is not and has never been a profession in India. Music and painting are professions to a certain extent; literature is not. I know this from personal experience. I have written something in the way of literature, but I have to earn my daily bread at the Bar. Indeed my rivals and other interested persons have always carried on a propaganda against me on account of my literary pursuits and tried all sorts of means to prejudice the men in authority

against me in order to ruin my career as a professional man. In this they have succeeded so far. Please excuse this personal reference. I should have never mentioned it to a less sympathetic mind. However, I am happy to know that as one of the leaders of modern Art, you are in touch with the Viceroy of India who I am sure will appreciate the advice you give him from time to time. I hope to meet you again in 1935. The Rhodes Trustees have so kindly offered me through Lord Lothian the Rhodes Lectureship. I shall have to deliver three or more lectures to the Oxford University. I was asked to come in April 1934, but it was not possible to do so for reasons which I wrote to Lord Lothian."

Unfortunately, illness prevented Sir Muhammad Iqbal from delivering the lectures. Hindu thought is to some extent familiar, but few know anything of Muslim philosophy. Iqbal sent me a collection of his lectures on the subject, and I the more regretted that Oxford could not have the opportunity of doing honour to this eminent Indian thinker and poet.

(Extract from *SINCE FIFTY* (*MAN AND MEMORIES*, Volume 3), London, 1931-39, pp. 46-48).

Sir Malcolm Darling

REMINISCENCES OF IQBAL

I recount to you some of my personal memories of Iqbal. To refresh my own memory I quote from the letter I wrote to my daughter (not knowing whether Iqbal was at Lahore or not), "I sent him a line asking him to tea today but getting no reply I supposed him to be away—or rather, to tell the truth, I forgot all about it. This afternoon I was dictating to my stenographer in shirt sleeves, when Dr. Iqbal arrived on the verandah. I was overjoyed. I liked him extremely. This was 4.30 and he did not go until 7.30. I cannot tell you what an interesting talk we had—ranging from East to West, from politics to mysticism, and from Montague to Mussolini".

The letter goes on to recall two incidents in a tour Iqbal took in Europe in 1931. The first one refers to a visit he paid to Cordoba. I will again quote from my letter, if I may, which gives you a contemporary account of what he said to me. This letter was written, I may say, on the very evening of this very delightful conversation I had with Iqbal. He told me a delightful tale of his stay in Spain. He visited the old mosque at Cordoba—now a cathedral—and told his guide that he wished to say his prayers there as it had once been a mosque. The guide said that the priests would not like that. However, Iqbal spread his prayer carpet in the place which he said was called the Holy of Holies; and as he did so, up came a priest to protest. But he stood to his faith and turning to his guide said : "Tell him that once a deputation of Christians came to wait upon the Holy Prophet at Mecca with some request. They were lodged in the Prophet's own mosque, and, when the time approached for them to pray, they were uncertain whether they would be allowed to do so. Hearing of this the Holy Prophet said that they could certainly say their prayers in their own way in the mosque. "Now", said Iqbal, "If Christians were allowed to do this by the Prophet in his own mosque, why may I not say my own prayers in a building that was

actually once a mosque?" The priest could not resist the logic of this, so Iqbal started praying. And when he had finished he found that all the priests in the cathedral had come to watch him, and one had even photographed him. He added later with some satisfaction, "I am probably the only Muslim who has prayed here in this mosque in the last four hundred years." I think that this incident illustrates Iqbal's loyalty to his faith.

The second incident touches a very interesting interview Iqbal had with Mussolini—an interview which lasted for forty minutes. I so well remember the graphic way in which Iqbal described it. It made an indelible impression on my mind. So much so that I gave a lot of time to it in my letter to my daughter that evening. Iqbal told me that he was received in one of the great halls of the Palazzo Venezia. As he entered the hall he saw right across the vast spaces at the far end of the hall a dais on which the great Duce Mussolini was sitting, apparently absorbed in work. And so absorbed was he that he had no time to lift his eyes to see who was approaching him. Not until Sir Mohammad Iqbal reached the foot of the dais did Mussolini look up and extend a gracious, condescending hand to greet him.

After the preliminary compliments, Mussolini said to him "I hear you have been in Italy a week. What do you think of Italy?" That was rather a dangerous question to answer frankly without some manoeuvring first, and Sir Mohammad Iqbal was quite astute enough to realise that aspect of the question, so he said, "Your Excellency, what value could my impressions be to you when I've only, as you say, been in Italy a week?" "But", said Mussolini, "I should very much like to hear them." And he pressed him and at last, Iqbal, feeling on fairly sure ground said "Well, Your Excellency, if I tell you my impressions, may I speak frankly?" And, of course, Mussolini could only say, "Yes." "Well then," Iqbal said, "what I feel about the Italians is that they are very like the Persians." That made Mussolini look up a little. "They are quick-witted, they are handsome, they are artistic and they have many years of civilisation behind them. But," added Iqbal, "they have no blood." Well, that really made Mussolini sit up. "No blood!" said Mussolini, "What

do you mean?" I so well remember that at this point Iqbal bared his arm as he did when he said to Mussolini, "They have not this red thing in the arm which you call blood." Continuing Iqbal said, "The Persians had one advantage over the Italians. They are surrounded by strong vigorous people—Afghans, Kurds, Turks. And they can get fresh blood. But you", he said, "You Italians, cannot do that, therefore you Italians must all be weak." "Well," said Mussolini, "what do you think Italy should do?" And then Iqbal said—and this is very characteristic of him, I think—"Turn your back upon Europe and look to the East. The ethics in Europe, alas, is not good, but the air of the East is fresh; drink it in".

Afterwards Mussolini wrote to him—and asked whether he would make any suggestions to please the Muslim subjects in Italy. Iqbal made two suggestions. The first one was that they should build a mosque in Rome because he had discovered some 300 Persians there. Secondly, Iqbal advised Mussolini to call a conference of Arabic scholars at the ancient Arab town—as he described it—of Solerno.

"There is a very interesting point", Iqbal said finally about Mussolini. "He had very strange eyes. There was something in those eyes which overawed me".

This is not quite the end of the story of Iqbal's visit to Mussolini because when he got out from Palazzo Venezia he was met by half a dozen journalists, who wanted to know what the great Indian (I am using Indian in the old sense) philosopher thought of the great Duce, and, here again, Iqbal was not to be drawn. He said "It would be unwise for me to tell you because the Pope would not like it." This was in 1931 when there was a great deal of talk of Gandhiji and his Satyagrah movement, and one of the journalists said, "Well, if you will not tell us we will do satyagrah". Then, yielding, Iqbal said: "Well, I think your Duce is Luther without a Bible". If you think about it that was a profound remark because what would Luther have been without his Bible.

These are the two incidents which I thought it worthwhile to tell you about, because they do bring back to one's mind the man as well as the philosopher and the poet.

You may like to know what he looked like as I saw him. This is what I wrote to my daughter, "Dr. Iqbal is a man of middle height, a few years older than I am, seven years I think. He has a nice strong-coloured complexion and stiff rather bushy hair and small but very bright eyes. I have never heard him speak with greater feeling and animation and point. We talked a lot about the spiritual world in which he firmly believes".

That was written in August 1934—less than four years before his death—and it was about death that we had a great deal of talk on that occasion which I shall not read to you. But there is one thing about death which he said that I think is worth mentioning. "One amazing thing about death is that death has a power—death of one man, one life has the power of changing the lives of thousands. But, then, is not death life?" Well, this day I think that we may at least say that though he has been dead all these years he still lives in the minds and hearts of us today, and I must say specially, very specially, in my own heart having known him for 27 years and loved him throughout.

(*Extract from an address delivered at the Iqbal Day meeting, held at Overseas House, London, on 22 April, 1959*).

Mumtaz Hasan

IQBAL—RECOLLECTIONS*

It is a rare privilege for a mortal to share even a few moments of the *life of an immortal.*

Looking back over the years, I am filled with a sense of pride at having known the man to whom we all owe so much. *Not that I* was an intimate friend: there were many indeed, who knew him better and many who had known *him longer. Nor, I should say, is intimacy* always an advantage where the great ones are concerned. As Emerson *said, we cannot see* a mountain near; a little distance certainly helps to see better.

I had my first glimpse *of him in 1925 when he came to* deliver a public lecture at the Islamia College, Lahore. The lecture was *delivered from a written paper* and took over an hour. The college hall and the galleries were packed full of people who were listening in pin-drop silence. He was speaking on a difficult subject and his voice was calm and clear. Suddenly some back-bencher, who to this day remains anonymous, shouted from a far corner of the hall: "Loudly and slowly please! We cannot follow you, you Doctor Iqbal!" This looked like sheer impertinence, a pure and simple attempt to attract attention. The way in which this interruption had been hurled on the audience, made it clear that the gentleman who demanded a *louder voice and slower delivery from the speaker, knew* next to nothing of what the lecture was about. A number of angry *eyes turned towards him.* There was only one man in the hall to whom all this did not seem to make the slightest difference and that was Iqbal himself. Wearing a dark European suit with a Turkish cap, and an Olympian smile on his face, he stood as though nothing had happened. "I can speak more slowly if you like", said he, without so much as lifting a brow, "but I cannot speak more loudly." This was followed by a silence even more profound than before, and

* Obtained through the courtesy of the author.

the vociferous aspirant to fame sank back shame-facedly in his seat.

This first glimpse of Iqbal filled me with a desire to meet him in person. This happened on an unforgettable day early in 1926, when I was able to persuade a friend to go with me to the great man's house. We felt we had to go together as neither of us had enough courage to accomplish the task unaided.

In those days he used to live in bungalow No. 34 on McLeod Road, Lahore His still well-known abode in Anarkali had been abandoned in favour of this particular house a few years earlier. This, like his previous houses, had been hired on rent, and he continued to live here until he moved into his own house on Mayo Road about three years before his death. It was an old building with a compound that became smaller and smaller as the years went on, as the landlord encroached more and more on it to build more houses to earn more rent The general impression that the visitor gathered about the place, was by no means heightened by the sight of an ancient name-board which bore some faint indication of having been painted once upon a time in the dim and distant past. If you were really wanting to know who lived in the house, you could certainly not get much help from that name-board.

Here we were then, standing at the entrance of the sanctum sanctorum, with a noisy cinema on the right and a few nondescript buildings on the left. We wavered. The house was certainly not imposing, but the greatness of the man that lived in it, still seemed to hold us at a distance. In that house lived the Poet-Philosopher of the East. And then, was he not also a Knight—Doctor Sir Mohammad Iqbal, Bar-at-law, etc., etc? And yet there was something in that house that seemed to beckon us towards itself. We entered in awe and reverence. Knowing the pomp and circumstances that attended the knighted gentry of Lahore in those days, we thought we had to go through the usual formalities before we could be summoned to the presence. It was in the midst of these thoughts that I found myself addressing a dark thin middle aged servant dressed in a loose shirt and "lungi" in the Punjabee style, I handed him our visiting cards (which we had been careful enough to acquire) and asked him whether

it was possible to see the Doctor Sahib. Would he kindly obtain permission for us? This individual who was no other than the now world famous Ali Bakhsh, looked at us with some surprise. "There is no need for any permission", said he. "You see the Doctor Sahib sitting there in the verandah. Why don't you go and sit down with him?" My friend and I were not quite sure that this suggestion was intended seriously, or that a meeting with the great man could be arranged with such lack of ceremony. I, therefore, requested Ali Bakhsh again to take our cards to Doctor Sahib and get us permission for an interview. Ali Bakhsh smiled, but did not oppose the request any longer. I saw him walk up to his master who sat on an easy chair in the verandah, and say something to him. I do not think he ever made any use of the visiting cards at all. Having spoken, he turned towards us, and simply waved us permission to come forward. We walked to the verandah and sat on two chairs which were near the Poet's own easy chair. There were other chairs too. And of course the well-known "hookah", the Poet's inseparabie companion.

Iqbal asked us about ourselves and we told him we were students. Then without waiting for any further conversation, I shot a question at him, which I had been wanting to ask. "Sir", said I with all the vehemence characteristic of student immaturity, "You are one of the greatest philosophers of our time, and are regarded as an eminently rational human being. But you seem to be wedded to a most irrational and untenable belief, I mean your belief in God". I proceeded to add, "You know how impossible it is, after Kant, for any one to say that existence of God can either be proved or disproved. How is then that you find no difficulty in saying that God exists? If you have the same kind of excuse as Kant gave, I must say it is unconvincing" Iqbal did not feel at all displeased or surprised at my rhapsody which was obviously the result of my recent contact with the *Critiques* of Emmanuel Kant. He turned to me quietly and said, "I have seen Him" I thought I saw a faint smile on his lips, as he puffed at the "hookah". After a while, he continued, "There are moments in a man's life when he can experience God. Such moments are, however, rare," he added, a little later, "very rare". "Can anyone and everyone have that experience?" I asked. "No one is shut out", was the answer, "but he who wants it has to wait for it".

The conversation turned upon death. "Death", said Iqbal, "does not exist. It is life that is the predominant reality, not death".

By this time, a number of other people had also arrived unannounced and uninvited, and had formed a circle round him. The conversation turned on all kinds of things, which did not seem to interest us, and we asked for permission to depart. The permission was duly given. It consisted in an imperceptible nod of the head.

From that day onwards, I saw him regularly. There never was any fixed time for interviews. I have sat with him at all hours, sometimes as late as two o'clock in the morning. I do not remember ever having called without seeing him. He seldom went out of the house. It would indeed have caused a sensation in Lahore if he had been seen walking on the road or shopping. He sometimes did go to public meetings and social functions, but these occasions were so rare that they hardly mattered. His comparative lack of physical activity found more than ample compensation in his unceasing effort in the realm of the mind and the spirit. His reading was vast and varied, although one never could know when he found time for it. And in the midst of the reading and the conversation and the philosophising came poetic inspiration, like the sun breaking through the clouds.

The daily gatherings at this house were something unique. I have never seen a man who found himself so much at home in such a variety of company. Scientists, literary men, politicians, Government officials, shop-keepers, college students, travellers, the highest of the high and the lowest of the low, all came. And all were welcome. There was no distinction of caste, creed or colour among his callers. And they talked of many things—poetry, philosophy, religion, politics, science, sex, everything. There was nothing under the sun that was taboo. It was nothing unusual to see the conversation turn from the rise and fall of civilizations to the various ways in which the "pulao" is cooked in various countries. I remember a whole afternoon when for hours he spoke of nothing but the art of wrestling.

During these conversations he always seemed eager to hear others rather than speak himself. There were, however, so many things that people asked him that he invariably had to do a good deal of talking. There were plenty of young students, for instance, who

came to inflict questions on him He himself had a student's eagerness for knowledge and was never happier than when someone told him something he did not know before. He was deeply interested in all the manifestations of the human spirit. Indeed there was hardly anything in life that did not interest him. He is great among those that have known and loved life.

He never bestowed much thought on his dress. He was some times seen wearing an immaculate European suit while very often he sat among his visitors in the well-known Punjabee deshabille consisting of nothing more than an under-vest and a sheet of cloth tied loosely round the waist. As he puffed at the ''hookah", his eyes seemed to take on a dreamy look. The "hookah" helped conversation and it was always one of Ali Bakhsh's major responsibilities to keep it going.

He had a characteristically kind humour which gave a buoyancy to his conversation. It was never dull to talk to him. He spoke to people at their level and nothing was further from him than any idea of showing off. In his afternoon gatherings, he often spoke of poetry, but hardly ever referred to his own work. It was very seldom and in a more restricted circle that he sometimes recited his own verses. I had the good fortune to hear him on several such occasions. At one time, some of us organized an evening class to hear him on some of his own poems. This, however, was a short-lived experiment.

He was a firm believer in the greatness of the human individual. I remember how he protested when someone spoke disparagingly of the large majority of human beings. 'God", said Iqbal, "has given every human being something which he has not given to others. Anyone who despises his fellow beings does so out of ignorance". Was not this man a lover of mankind?

It is impossible to write briefly about one who was so amazingly many-sided and filled such a large place in the sphere of poetry, philosophy, religion and national life. Iqbal is the first man in the East who understood Western civilization. He is also the first to understand the spirit of Islam in the context of modern phisosophical concepts, And he is also the man who first saw the vision of a new state in Indo-Pak subcontinent, and gave its inner content to the

Pakistan movement. These are great achievements, but the man was greater than his work. He was one of those whose work is never finished, who seek to remould the whole of this "Sorry Scheme of Things" nearer to their heart's desire, and find that eternity is not enough for the task.

I saw him last after his death. It was not Iqbal that I saw, but only the physical frame in which he lived and moved and had his being. There was a smile on those familiar lips. And as I stood beside the bed on which he lay, the words he had said twelve years ago came back to me. Did death exist? I wondered. For whatever power death may hold over other men, it certainly had none over Iqbal. He did not and could not die. For him and the like of him, death certainly does not exist.

F. S. Wahid-ud-Din

IQBAL—A RECOLLECTION

One day I found Iqbal in good humour and in a mood to talk. I took advantage of the opportunity and tried to draw him out on the subject of poetical composition. "How do you compose poetry, Dr. Sahib?" I asked.

"I was once invited" he said, "to the annual function of the Forman Christian College, Lahore by its Principal, Dr. Lucas. Tea was to be served at the end. Dr. Lucas asked me not to go away after tea as he wanted to speak to me on an important matter. When we had finished, Dr. Lucas came and drew me to a corner. 'Tell me, Iqbal,' said he, 'was it the meaning of the Qur'an that was revealed to your Prophet, and as he knew Arabic, he expressed that meaning in that language? Or was the language itself revealed to him as it is?' 'The words of the Qur'an', I said, 'were revealed to the Prophet precisely as they are.' Dr. Lucas was surprised. 'Iqbal', he exclaimed, you are an educated and cultured man. Do you really believe that the language of the Qur'an has been revealed to the Prophet exactly as we have it before us?' 'Dr. Lucas', said I, 'with me it is not a question of belief, but a matter of personal experience. I can tell you that when I write poetry, a verse is revealed to me complete with words. Why then could not the language of the Qur'an have been revealed to the Prophet?"

Having told the story, Iqbal explained further: "When the poetic mood is upon me" he said, "it looks as though a fisherman has cast a net for catching fish, and the fish is drawn towards the net in such abundance that the fisherman is bewildered. Which of these fish shall I catch, he asks himself, and which shall I give up?"

"Do you always have this mood?" I asked. "No" said he. "This kind of mood does not come to me more than twice a year at the most. But when it comes, it continues for hours together, and I go on composing poetry without any effort whatsoever. Another remark-

able thing is this, that when, after a long time, the mood comes again, the last verse composed in the earlier spell is related to the first verse composed later. That is to say, there is an inner continuity in these moods also. Or we might say, perhaps that these moments of inspiration are links in the same chain. And when the poetic mood is over, I feel a certain kind of fatigue, a sort of nervous tension and depression."

He paused for a moment and went on. "There was a time" said he, "when I did not get any poetic inspiration for six or seven years on end. I thought that God had taken away the gift from me, and I turned to prose writing. But one day, without any previous warning, the mood came again. It brought me an unusual feeling, a feeling of sublime joy. It seemed to me that there was a surging sea of verse rolling mightily along. And the mood continued so long that it made up for all the six or seven years that had passed without it."

Iqbal stopped. He seemed to be lost in thought Suddenly he spoke again "I have read about the famous German poet Goethe," he said, "that after he had studied the Qur'an in its German translation, he told some of his friends that whenever he read this Book his soul began to tremble in his body. You see", continued Iqbal, "the poet also experiences a kind of revelation. Whenever, therefore, he comes across a revealed book he finds its inner meaning in harmony with his own soul and feels a particular sense of exaltation. This kind of experience is not open to other people."

Extract from *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Karachi,
Volume I, pp. 38-40, translation by
Mumtaz Hasan.

Hans-Hasso Von Veltheim Ostrau

IQBAL'S LAST VISITOR

In the afternoon I visited the famous poet and philosopher Sir Muhammad Iqbal. He received me in bed since he had been ill for some months. He suffered from asthma and angina pectoris and was nearly blind as a result of cataract. He thanked me most heartily for the congratulations which I had sent him on his 60th birthday in January and was extremely interested in my recent travels. For hours we discussed philosophy and art and spoke of the political situation in the world. As a good friend of Germany, which he knew well from his travels, and as an admirer and one who knew Goethe extremely well, he had agreed with me already for some years previously that closer spiritual bonds between Indians and Germans would now be an even more important demand of the times. Although I spoke to my friends in Lahore about my impression of Iqbal as one who was nearing his end I had no idea that I was to have been his last visitor. The next morning special editions of the papers of India brought the news of his death on Thursday, 21st April, early in the morning at 5-30, only a few hours after my visit. Schools, universities, law courts and the bazaars were closed all over India as a sign of homage, and all Muslims were mourning for some days. The newspapers wrote:

> "On Wednesday night Sir Muhammad Iqbal was very lively and spoke for a long time with Baron von Veltheim, a German friend. They discussed philosophy and politics until approximately midnight. After his German visitor left him he slept until 2 o'clock and was awakened by pain. He felt his death coming. He dictated his verses in Persian. His last words were : 'I am a Muslim, I do not fear death, I shall greet him smilingly".[1]

• [1] نشان مرد حق دیگر چه گویم چو مرگ آید تبسم بر لب اوست

(Armaghan-e-Hijaz, Lahore 1966, p. 65)

The last Persian verses which the great poet recited a quarter of an hour before his death have the following content, which I re-translate from the translation appearing in the newspapers :

"The melody has gone! May be that it will return or not.

A breeze from the Hedjaz may come or not come !

This is the end of the days of this humble being!

Another wise man may come one day or may not come. [1]

It is not for me to give here an appreciation of the personality and work of Sir Muhammad Iqbal. Undoubtedly he is one of the great stars of the Asiatic and in particular the Islamic-Indian Persian spiritual firmament, a philosopher and poet of transcendental importance. His death was felt in India as a tremendous national loss and was deeply mourned by Muslims all over the world. I was particularly privileged by fortune to have been his last visitor, indeed, we happened to speak of different attitudes towards death of peoples and individuals. I wrote a letter of condolence to his son, Sheikh Jawed Iqbal, which I found published in the papers later. His father was buried in a special grave, not in the cemetery but near the great Badshahi Mosque in Lahore. The burial ceremony was most impressive with a procession of more than 10,000 people.

In Srinagar I arrived on the 23rd April, 1938, and the Indian papers which arrived this morning brought the news of the death of Muhammad Iqbal to the city. The bazaars were closed immediately. I remembered his handwritten entry in my book of autograph when I visited him two and a half years ago in Lahore This verse I had recited to him only on Wednesday. It reads translated into English as follows :

"Live in such a way that, if our death be eternal,

• سرود رفته باز آید که ناید نسیمی از حجاز آید که ناید!

سر آمد روزگار این فقیری دگر دانائی راز آید که ناید

(Ibid, p. 14)

God Himself would be ashamed of His doing!"[1]

How similar is the sense of this verse to that which he dictated immediately before his death. Sir Muhammad Iqbal was, inter alia, also Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Munich. He wrote his Doctor's thesis about Persian Philosophy. He was also for a long time Professor of Persian at the Universities of Cambridge and London. In 1922 he was knighted by the King of England. The obituaries of the Indian papers pointed out that, even if Germany was not his spiritual home, it was impossible to ignore the tremendous influence which Germany had on him.

Today a verse of Muhammad Iqbal was published in the papers which he had written in Persian into an autograph book of one of his visitors. It reads translated into English :

"Oh you, who sit next to me,
Do not ask me to speak with you
For I am in a deep conversation with myself."[2]

Since it was not mentioned in whose book this entry, whose facsimile was published in the paper, was made, all the Indians assume, probably rightly, that Sir Muhammad Iqbal wrote the verse into the autograph book of a European. The Persian facsimile was intentionally brought on that page of the newspaper which only brings news from Europe. May one understand in Europe such hints of Asia.

Extract from Tagebuecher aus Asian
Band I. Classen Verlag. Hamburg. 1956
pp. 138, 145 and 162).

---

1. چناں بزی کہ اگر مرگ ماست مرگ دوام
خدا ز کردۂ خود شرمسار تر گردد
(Zabur-e-Ajam, Lahore 1966. p. 119*)*

2. سخن ای ہم نشیں از من چہ پرسی
کہ من با خویش دارم گفتگوئی
*(*Armaghan-e-Hijaz, p. 69*)*

Mumtaz Hasan

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MUHAMMAD IQBAL

This is the record of an interview which I had with Mian Ali Bakhsh, the life-long servant and companion of Muhammad Iqbal, on the evening of the 23rd September, 1957, at Lahore. The interview took place at 9-30 p.m. in the drawing room of Javid Manzil, No. 3A, Mayo Road, which is the house built by Iqbal for himself before his death. Dr. Javid Iqbal, son of the poet, and Mr. Feroz-ud-Din, Master of the Pakistan Mint at Lahore, were present at the interview. The interview took the form of question and answer and centred round the routine of a typical day in the life of the poet. The conversation was conducted in Punjabi, which is Mian Ali Bakhsh's mother tongue.

Q. When did Iqbal usually get up in the morning ?

A. Very early. As a matter of fact, he slept very little. He was keen on his morning prayer. After the prayer he read the Qur'an.

Q. In what manner did he read the Qur'an ?

A. Before his throat was affected, he used to recite the Qur'an in a clear and melodious voice. Even after he got the throat disease[1] he used to read the Qur'an but not loudly.

Q. What did he usually do after he had finished his prayer and recitation?

A. He used to sit in an easy-chair. I would prepare his "hookah"[2]

---

1. Throat Disease: I am not in a position to say what the precise nature of this malady was, but Syed Nazir Niazi in his famous article "On the Last Days of Iqbal" has described the symptoms and treatment in some detail. The disease resulted in loss of voice and was never cured.
2. The "Hookah" is a smoking pipe with a long tube. The smoke is drawn through a vase filled with water to which a tube and a bowl are attached. It is very common in villages in Pakistan, and still quite familiar in cities. The common English word for it is "hubble-bubble".

and place it before him. He would study the briefs of cases which were to come up in court that day. Now and then, while still at his files, he would have moments of poetic inspiration.

Q. How did you know when he was in his poetic mood ?

A. He would call me and say : "Bring my note book and my pencil". When I brought these he would write down the verses in pencil. Now and then, when he did not feel satisfied with his composition, he was extremely restless. While composing he would often ask for the Qur'an to be brought to him. Even otherwise he called for the Qur'an a number of times a day.

Q. What time did he usually go to court when he was practising at the bar?

A. He used to leave 15 or 20 minutes before court time. As long as he lived in Anarkali[1] he used to go to court in his horse-carriage. Later, he bought a car.

Q. Did his legal practice mean a great deal of work? Or was it very little?

A. He did not wish to involve himself beyond a point in his law practice. Usually when he got cases that could bring him fees of about Rs. 500/- a month he refused further briefs and would tell the parties to come next month. If the sum of Rs. 400/- or 500/- was secured during the first 3 or 4 days of a month he did not accept any more work during the rest of the month.

Q. What is the particular significance of this figure of Rs. 500/- ?

---

1. Anarkali is the main commercial centre of Lahore. Iqbal lived in a house in Anarkali after his return from Europe upto 1922. The house is no longer in existence but it stood where the New Market stands now. Iqbal moved from this house to the house at No. 34, McLeod Road, where he lived till 1935. This was the last rented house in which he lived. In 1935 he moved to Javid Manzil, No. 3A, Mayo Road, which he had built for himself and named after his son Javid (Now Dr. Javid Iqbal), and it was in this house that he died on the 21st April 1938.

A. He estimated that he did not need more than this amount for his monthly expenses. This in the old days included the rent of the house, the wages of servants, the salary of the "Munshi"[1] and the general expenses of the household. This estimate, of course, held good only in the days when he was living in Anarkali and McLeod Road.

Q. How long was he active as a legal practitioner?

A. He was in practice until he got his throat disease which was round about 1932 or 1933.

Q. How did he catch his throat disease?

A. He went to say his "Id-prayer". It was winter time. When he came back home he had "siwayyan"[2] with curd which was his favourite dish. His throat was affected the very next day. That night he kept coughing till two or half past two and by the next morning he had lost his voice. This lasted till his death.

Q. If I may go back to his daily routine, what did he do on return from court?

A. Before doing anything else he used to ask me to help him take off his court clothes. He was never fond of formal dress[3]

---

1. "Munshi" is a pleader's clerk. Iqbal's Munshi was the late Mr. Tahir-ud-Din, who in addition to looking after Iqbal's legal work became the inventor of "Dilroz", an ointment for skin disease.
2. "Siwayyan" is the Pakistani version of the Italian Vermicelli.
3. Dress : Iqbal's dress at home was a loose shirt (sometimes only an under shirt) and a "tahmad", which is a loose sheet of cloth tied round the waist and knotted in front. This is the typical Punjabi deshabille. In winter he would wrap himself in a warm shawl or blanket. On occasions he was somewhat more elaborately, though never very formally, dressed.
   When he went out, he usually wore European clothes. If on any particular occasion he had to go to a formal dinner he would wear evening dress but he used a ready-made bow tie. Either he did not know how to tie one for himself, or he did not have enough patience to go through the exercise.
   Iqbal used a variety of head dresses. He sometimes wore a red fez, often a turban in the Punjabi style and occasionally a black cap which was a modified version of the popular head-wear of Kemal Ataturk. Often he was bare headed. His formal dress also consisted very often of "achkan" and "shalwar" or an open collar frock coat and "shalwar".

and used to put it on only for the court and that also with an effort. He wanted to get rid of court clothes as soon as he came back home. He always hated formal dress.

Q. What did he do after changing his dress?

A. He composed verses whenever he felt like it. For this purpose he would ask for his note book, a pencil and the Qur'an as usual.

Q. Did he pay serious attention to his law practice?

A. If he had a case the next day, he would look into the case file, otherwise he did not concern himself with case work.

Q. Did he do any other legal work at home?

A. He did not do anything except see papers which might be needed in court the next day.

Q. Did he sleep in the afternoon?

A. Not usually, but he did so now and then.

Q. Did he sleep well?

A. He was a very light sleeper. He got disturbed and woke up at the least noise.

Q. Could he bear physical pain and discomfort?

A. No. He was very soft-hearted. He could not bear pain himself nor could he bear the sight of any one else in pain. And he could not stand the sight of blood at all. He was once stung by a hornet one of his feet. This put him so completely out of action that he needed my support to move about. On one occasion, Javid, who was then a little child, got hurt on his eye-brow and bled a little. When Iqbal saw blood he fainted away.

Q. At what time did he take his meals?

A. Between 12 and 1 o'clock in the day. He ate only one meal. Normally he did not eat in the evening.

Q. What were his favourite dishes?

A. He was fond of "pulau",[1] "mash-ki-dal"[2], seasoned with "ghee"[3], "karela"[4] stuffed with minced meat, and also "khushka"[5].

Q. Did he like many dishes at his meals?

A. No, there were only a few dishes at a time. He was a poor eater.

Q. Did he dislike any particular dish?

A. Yes, "siri pae"[6] and "tinda"[7] cooked with meat.

Q. Did he take any exercise?

A. In the early days, he did. In those days he used dum-bells, and performed "dand"[8]. This he used to do while he was in Anarkali. After that he gave up physical exercise.

Q. Was he interested in games and sports?

---

1. "Pulao" is a meat and rice dish of Iranian origin, which is a favourite with Muslims in Pakistan and India. Iqbal was a great connoisseur of "pulao" and was familiar with its many variations and the method of its preparation in a number of countries, both European and Oriental. He said once that one of the great blessings that God had conferred on Muslims was the excellent quality of "pulao" rice produced in Muslim countries.
2. "Mash-ki-dal" is a variety of lentil.
3. "Ghee" is butter fat melted and refined.
4. "Karela" is a vegetable and in this form (i. e. stuffed with minced meat) is a favourite dish in Pakistan.
5. "Khushka" is plain boiled rice. It is a favourite dish with the Muslims of Kashmir. Iqbal hailed from Kashmir.
6. "Siri Pae" : Literally, the word means "skulls and legs". It is a dish made of a goat's or sheep's skull and legs, boiled and cooked with spices.
7. "Tinda" is a vegetable.
8. "Dand" : Dand is a favourite exercise with "Pahlwans" or wrestlers. You have to put your hands on the ground, stretch your legs as far as possible and flex your arms until your chest nearly touches the ground. Then you stretch your arms and revert to the original position.

A. He was interested in watching wrestling matches.[1]

Q. What were his other hobbies?

A. In his earlier days he was fond of keeping and breeding pigeons. Now and then he would play cards.

Q. Was he in the habit of going out in the evening?

A. Getting out in the evening was almost an impossibility with him. In the earlier days when he was living inside Bhati Gate[2] he would sometimes walk as far as the platform outside the house of Hakim Shahbazuddin[3]. Once in a while Sir Zulfiqar Ali[4] would come in his car[5] and take him out.

Q. When did he go to sleep in the evening?

A. In the evening a number of friends and visitors used to call on him. Choudhry Mohd Husain[6] was always the last to leave. These sittings went on till 9 or 10 o'clock. After this he sat alone with Ch. Mohd. Husain and recited to him the verses he had composed during the day.

---

1. Wrestling matches : Iqbal was publicly seen at a famous wrestling match between the late Gunga Pahlwan and Imam Bukhsh Pahlwan at Minto Park in Lahore in 1922. The Minto Park is now named after Iqbal himself and is called Iqbal Park.
2. Bhati Gate : This is one of the main gates of the old walled city of Lahore. Iqbal lived in two houses inside Bhati Gate before he proceeded to England in 1905.
3. Hakim Shahbazuddin was a great friend of the poet. His house is still intact together with the famous platform on which Iqbal and many of his friends used to gather in the evenings for a chat.
4. Sir Zulfiqar Ali was a prominent member of the ruling family of Malerkotla and a great friend of Iqbal. He is the author of the first important book on poet, entitled *A Voice from the East*. (published in Lahore, 1922).
5. Sir Zulfiqar Ali's car was a Talbot Sunbeam. One of Iqbal's poems centres round this car.
6. Ch. Mohammad Husain was the Superintendent of the Press Branch of the Punjab Government. He was granted the title of "Khan Bahadur" by the British Government towards the end of his service. He was an intimate friend and a constant companion of Iqbal, who has referred to him in the introduction of the *Payam-e-Mashriq*.

Q. How long did Choudhry Sahib normally stay ?

A. Upto 12 or 1 o'clock in the night. After this Doctor Sahib[1] would go to bed, but would get up for his "Tahajjud"[2] prayer after he had hardly slept for two or three hours.

Q. Did he ever lose his temper?

A. He was very kind-hearted by nature and was seldom angry. But when roused he lost control over himself. I remember an instance of his kind heartedness. On one occasion a thief was caught red-handed in the house and some of us gave him a beating. Iqbal asked us not to beat the thief. On the contrary he gave him a meal and sent him away.

Q. Did he say his "Tahajjud" prayer regularly?

A. Yes, regularly.

Q And after the "Tahajjud"?

A. He used to lie down for a short while until it was time for the morning prayer, when he would get up again.

Q. Did he compose his verses during the night?

A. Yes. On occasions the poetic mood would come to him. This often happened round about two or two-thirty in the morning. He would then call for me and ask me to bring his note book and pencil.

(Taken from MOHAMMAD IQBAL, Karachi, 1960, pp. 133-139).

---

1. Doctor Sahib : Iqbal was known to most of his friends and frequent visitors as "Doctor Sahib".
2. "Tahajjud" is a prayer that comes before the morning prayer. It is supererogatory and is performed only by the devout Muslims.

PART TWO

IQBAL – THE POET

1. Poetry In General

2. Poetical Works

POETRY IN GENERAL

MOULVI ABDUL HAQ

SIR MUHAMMAD IQBAL

Iqbal was born at Sialkot in 1877. He is descended from an ancient family of Kashmiri Pandits, some of whose descendants are now living in Kashmere with the family name of Sapru. The fore-fathers of Iqbal embraced Islam about 200 years ago out of sincere devotion to a Saint, and even to-day there are strong Sufistic tendencies that mark the members of his family to an admirable degree. It may be said that Iqbal, as a true descendant, has inherited the religious fervour of his ancestors along with the noble qualities of mind.

The parents of Iqbal never thought that the boy would become in future the pride of the whole family, nay, the pride of the whole nation. There was nothing extraordinary about him to mark him out from the children of his place. He was sent to a "Maktab" along with other boys and after some time his education began in an elementary school. His success in the 5th standard won him a scholarship. He finished the middle school course and the scholarship he got in recognition of his merit made it easy for him to take to the entrance examination.

His success in the entrance examination opened to him the field of higher studies. The ambitious young man could not stop with the laurels he had already won in the school. He joined the Scotch Mission College, Sialkot, for his collegiate course. One thing happened at this time, which, perhaps, is the chief factor in his life to prepare him for his future greatness. His acquaintance with Moulana Syed Mir Hasan, who was a very profound Arabic scholar of his time, exercised over him an imperceptible influence in creating in him a noble devotion to Islamic culture and ardent appreciation for the literature of Islam. Iqbal, after finishing his course in Sialkot, joined the Government College, Lahore, where he graduated with distinction and a medal.

Iqbal was extremely fortunate in his friendship with Moulana Syed Mir Hasan at Sialkot. Even in Lahore good fortune followed him in the person of the well-known Mr. Arnold. Mr. Arnold had been working in the Aligarh College, but, as though by fortune, he was entertained in the Government College, Lahore, while Iqbal was a student there. He found him a promising young man and gradually made him his friend. He was no more the master of Iqbal but an experienced friend who took pleasure in his company. He once remarked about him that he really made his master wiser. Iqbal then took his M. A degree, the highest degree of the University and received a medal for standing first among all the students.

After his M.A. Examination he was appointed lecturer in History and Philosophy in the Oriental College, Lahore. He subsequently became Assistant Professor in English and Philosophy in the Government College, Lahore. He was held in high esteem for his knowledge and ability by the College authorities, and his position there gave him many excellent opportunities to carry on his literary pursuits. His charming manners soon won him the heart of his students, but Iqbal's ambition to find out truth by means of higher studies could not allow him rest satisfied with his condition. The liberal-mindedness of his brother at last helped him in realising his ambition to go to England, where he remained for three years in Cambridge pursuing his research. The University of Cambridge conferred upon him a very high degree in Philosophy, and his thesis on Persian Philosophy presented to the University of Munich in Germany obtained for him the degree of Ph.D. After his visit to Germany, he returned to London and passed his law examination at Lincoln's Inn. He also joined the London School of Economics and Political Science with a view to study Sociology and Politics. By this time Iqbal became a renowned man. His reputation secured for him for a short period of 3 months the place of Professor Arnold in the London University. He acted there as the Chief Professor of the Arabic Language.

While in service in Lahore, Iqbal was restless for the acquisition of knowledge and his passion had found outlet in various researches. The atmosphere of the place was too incommodious for his high

imagination, and his soul needed a wider scope for development which was destined to make him one of the greatest poets of the age. The vast and numerous libraries of the different Universities in Europe and the influence of some of the best thinkers had afforded him an opportunity to develop such intellectual power as afterwards captured the imagination of the whole world. The greatness of Iqbal consists in his powers of writing as well as of speech. It is given to few to be masters in both arts. He made himself conspicuous while in London by his lectures on Islam and won the approbation of the critical public. One cannot but admire this ability when one remembers that he reurned to India at the early age of 32 honoured with diplomas and degrees.....

By his education and travel Iqbal is the best person to speak about the West as well as the East. The genius of Iqbal found its expression in poetry. He may be considered undoubtedly to be one of the great men who are needed to interpret the East to the West and the West to the East and bring the two civilizations to a meeting point. Iqbal's message is no more confined to India. It is addressed to the Nations of Europe in as good a manner as it is done to the nations of India. Moulana Shibli rightly said that he would occupy the chair of Hali and Akbar when they would be no more, and the philosopher poet of India has justified the prediction of the Moulana to a remarkable degree. He studied the different aspects of the growing materialistic tendencies prevalent in the West and has come to certain important conclusions which formed the back-ground of his poetry. Great poets are born, not made. The truth of this familiar saying is illustrated by the early life of Iqbal. Even from his college days signs of his genius have been shown to the world by his early but successful attempts at writing poetry.

It was the time of "Mushairas" (the meetings of the poets) when every one who had something worth expressing in the form of poetry had an opportunity to give to the public the product of his imagination and poetic fancy. Iqbal was one of the poets of his place.

Iqbal's days in the Lahore College are more noted than his days at Sialkot from the point of view of his literary pursuits. In Lahore he very soon became the star of the poets' gatherings. The two lines which he wrote on one of the occasions won him a very great admiration.

> Divine grace gathered the dew drops
> Of memories from my forehead taking
> them to be pearls. [1]

There are three stages in the development of Iqbal's poetic mind, leaving aside the outburst of imagination in his College days, and each one of them is marked by a distinct period of time. The first period ranges from 1901-05; the second, from 1905-1908 and the third from 1908 to the present movement.

Iqbal's first poem to be published was "The Himalaya Mountains"[2] which appeared in the *Makhzan*, the famous literary magazine of Northern India.

"The Himalaya Mountains" which is an invocation to the great mountains, is inspired by modern thought. It is full of ideas of patriotism that touches the heart of the people in a very beautiful manner. One of his poems "The Cry of the Orphan"[3] which he read at the time of the Anniversary of the Lahore Anjuman is full of pathos for the forlorn condition of the Mussalmans. It appeals to the spirit of the Prophet of Islam for the amelioration of his followers.

Some of the best poems of Iqbal of the first period are so popular that they find a place in the books that are prescribed for the several University Examinations. "Himala" (The Himalaya Mountains), "Gul-i-Rangin"[4] (The Coloured Flower), "Parinday ki Faryad"[5] (The Cry of the Bird), "Sham'a Wa Parwana"[6] (The Lamp

---

1. موتی سمجھ کے شان کریمی نے چن لئے
قطرے گرے تھے جو عرق انفعال کے
(Wahid-ud-Din, F.S. *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Karachi, 1964, Volume II, Ist Edition, p. 73).
2. *Bang-e-Dara*, Lahore, 1962, pp. 3-6.
3. Mehr, G. R and Delawari, S.A. (Editors) *Sarod-e-Rafta*, Lahore, 1951, pp. 9-18.
4. *Bang-e-Dara* pp. 6-7.
5. *Ibid* pp. 23-24.
6. *Ibid* p. 27.

and the Moth), "Ek-Arzu"[1] (*One Wish*), "*Tarana-i-Hindi*"[2] (Song of the Indians), "Chand"[3] (The Moon) and "Kinar-i-Ravi"[4] (Beside the Ravi) are some of them. All the poems are in Urdu and very beautifully written. Their names themselves suggest to the mind of the reader that they do not deal with wine and the traditional love but with the natural aspects of the Universe. They are written in simple language and with much grace and ease

The second period of Iqbal's poetry begins from 1905 and ends roughly with 1908, the period of his life in England.

The poems of the second period mark an advance in the poet's thoughts about life. It is no longer an imaginary play in the main with nature as it was in the first period, but imagination is made to serve the purpose of expressing his thoughts on more serious subjects.

"Muhhabat"[5] (Love), "Haqiqat-i-Husn"[6] (Truth of Beauty), "Payam"[7] (The Message), "Visal"[8] (Bliss of Oneness), "Koshish-i-Na Tamam"[9] (Imperfect Trial), "Payam Ishk"[10] (The Message of Love) and "Gazliyat"[11] are some of the poems of the second period. Their very names as those of the first period are suggestive of the contents.

---

1. *Ibid* pp. 35-36.
2. *Ibid* p. 82.
3. *Ibid* pp. 76-78.
4. *Ibid* pp. 96-97.
5. *Bang-e-Dara* pp. 115-116.
6. *Ibid* pp. 116-117.
7. *Ibid* pp. 117-118.
8. *Ibid* pp. 125-126.
9. *Ibid* p. 131.
10. *Ibid* pp. 137-138,
11. *Ibid* pp. 143-152.

My message is different from the message of others,
As different is the way of speech of one overcome
By the pain of love.

Thou hast heard the cries of the bird in the cage,
But hear the different cry of the bird that flies high[1].

(Address to Aligarh students)

My friends, the movement of the world is life,
And this is an old truth;
Rest is impossible,
For in rest there is death[2].

(Chand Awr Taray)

The streams strongly wish for rivers and rivers for the deep;
And the billows for the moonlight,
Find out the secret of life from Khizr
—everything lives by imperfect attempt [3].

(Koshish-i-Natamam)

Men of the West! the country of God is not a shop;
What thou takest to be real is a counterfeit coin;
Thy civilization will bring about thy death,

---

1. اوروں کا ہے پیام اور، میرا پیام اور ہے عشق کے دردمند کا طرز کلام اور ہے
طائر زیر دام کے نالے تو سن چکے ہو تم یہ بھی سنو کہ نالۂ طائر بام اور ہے
(*Ibid* p. 119).

(کہنے لگا چاند) همنشینو

2. جنبش سے ہے زندگی جہاں کی یہ رسم قدیم ہے یہاں کی
اس رہ میں مقام بے محل ہے پوشیدہ قرار میں اجل ہے
(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 125)

3. سوتوں کو ندیوں کا شوق، بحر کا لدیوں کو عشق
موجۂ بحر کو تپش ماہِ تمام کے لئے
رازِ حیات پوچھ لے خضرِ خجستہ گام سے
زندہ ہر ایک چیز ہے کوششِ ناتمام سے
(*Ibid*, p. 131)

As the nest that is built on a delicate branch cannot last long[1].
(March 1907)

The third period of his thought begins from 1908, the year which marked his return to India after his contact with Western civilization, and continues to the present moment. It is the best so far in his life, considering the two great works the world has seen from his pen in the Persian language. He returned to India with matured thought and definite conclusions that have found expression in them. His minor poems in Urdu have also been written during this time and they naturally indicate a loftier tone of thought". The names of some of them may again suggest what they stand for. "Mazhab"[2] (Religion), "Kufr-o-Islam"[3] (Islam and Heathenism) "Muslim Awr Ta'lim-i-Jadid"[4] (Mussalmans and the New Education), "Khizr-i-Rah"[5] (The Guide of the Path), "Tulu'-i-Islam"[6] (The Rise of Islam), "Shakespeare", "Shikwa"[7] (The Complaint) and "Jawab-i-Shikwa"[8] (The Reply), "Jawanan-i-Islam"[9] (Young Mussalmans), "Asiri"[10] (Slavery) etc., are the more important of them. But the most important are his "Shikwa", "Jawab-i-Shikwa" and "Khizr-i-Rah." The first two poems are the complaint to God and the reply of God about the pitiable conditions of the Mussalmans, and the third deals with a discussion between the poet and Khizar. These three poems in Urdu give us some of the main ideas of Iqbal about the deplorable condition of the Mussalmans and the means to bring

---

•1 دیارِ مغرب کے رہنے والو! خدا کی بستی دکاں نہیں ہے
کھرا جسے تم سمجھ رہے ہو، وہ اب زر کم عیار ہوگا!

تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خودکشی کریگی
جو شاخ نازک پر آشیانہ بنے گا، نا پایدار ہوگا!

[illegible]

- 2. *Bang-e-Dara* p. [illegible] 150 and (*Ibid.*, pp. 279)
- 3. *Ibid*, pp. 273-274
- 4. *Ibid*, pp. 288-303
- 5. *Ibid*, pp. 303-315
- 6. *Ibid*, p. 283
- 7. *Ibid*, pp. 177-187
- 8. *Ibid*, pp. 220-232
- 9. *Ibid*, pp. 198-199
- 10. *Ibid*, p. 286

them back to their former greatness, and his interpretations of life, love and Government.

The more important still are his *Asrar-i-Khudi* and *Ramuz-i-i-Bekhudi* (both of them present the continuity of one theme) and *Payam-i-Mashriq* which are indeed the greatest of his works as has already been mentioned. The first of them *The Secrets of the Self* has been translated into English by Dr. Nicholson. This poem may rightly be called the world poetry or the world music meant for all times and all climes.

"It is a unique piece of literary art," says Sir Zulfiqar Ali Khan. He adds : –

> "It establishes a new system of character training. It formulates a philosophy which will produce saviours of a misguided world. What flavours and forces do we not find mingled in it? It has fire and courage which make the soul restless. It directs thought into new channels. It inspires self-confidence in palsied wills to climb ice and frowning heights. In a fascinating style he deals with the whole problem of 'man', his life and attempts to forge a new destiny for his people by preaching reversion to the vigorous but simple life of the early Moslems based on the teachings of the Prophet."

The dynamic philosophy of Iqbal inculcates the vital principle of developing the latent forces inherent in man, "in order that the radiant and commanding personality may find manifestation, the travail of humanity being a necessary preliminary".

'Tis the fate of moths to consume in flame,
The suffering of moths is justified by the candle.
The pencil of the self limned a hundred to-day
In order to achieve the dawn of a single morrow.
Its flames burned a hundred Abrahams
That the lamp of one Mohammad might be lighted.[1]

---

1 سوز پیهم قسمتِ پروانه ها — شمع عذرِ محبت پروانه ها
خامهٔ او نقشِ صد امروز بست — تا بیارد صبح فردائے بدست
شعله هائے او صد ابراهیم سوخت — تا چراغ یک محمد بر فروخت
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, Lahore. 1948, p. 13)

It is this dynamic philosophy of Iqbal that has won him the highest admiration of some of the great men in the English speaking countries. *Payam-i-Mashriq* (*The Message of the East)* written in the style of the poems of Goethe, the German poet, is the latest work of the great Indian poet. There are three main parts of the book. The first part, "Ruba'iyath"[1] deals with some of the philosophical interpretations of important problems of human life, such as eternity, manifestation of God, desire and the effects of desire in the world, love and reason and their influence on man, change and materialism. Some of the allied problems such as life, the world of action, wisdom and poetry are dealt with in the second part, and there are beautiful poems on the greatest men of Europe[2] such as Schopenhaur, Nietzsche, Hegel, Bergson, Goethe, Tolstoy and Karl Marx. This part consists of "The Message to the wise of England",[3] "Tavern of the English"[4] and "Address to England".[5] The last part of the book comprises of "Ghazals" that have been written in the style of Sa'di, Naziri, Urfi and Ghalib as a token of the poet's admiration of the masters of literature.

Iqbal laments very much the materialism of Europe, destitute of spiritualism that is born of true religion and real love of God. Man is no better than a mechanism and this conception of the Western mind is at the bottom of the miserable consequences and the commercialism of the European Nations.

The resemblance between Iqbal and Goethe, though they are separated by time and distance, strikes the mind of the student of literature. It has already been pointed out that Iqbal's *Message to the East* was written in the manner of the German poet. It was a very troublesome time when Goethe lived. There were evident marks of degeneracy among his countrymen but his inspired imagination

---

1. "Lala-e-Tur", *Payam-e-Mashriq*, Lahore, 1954, pp. 11-9
2. These poems are in the fourth part entitled "Naqsh-e-Farang", *Ibid*, pp. 225-258
3. *Ibid*, pp. 255-233
4. *Ibid*, p. 248
5. *Ibid*, pp. 254-255

worked their salvation. Very much similar is the voice of Iqbal in India. His inspiring thought has shown to Indian Muslims the futility of Western materialism and made them devoted to religion and the things of the spirit. They are little by little influenced by his noble appeal for action and spirituality which alone can give them a place as a nation in the world. But the message of Iqbal is not confined to India. It is as much a message to the Westerners themselves as to the Indians who have come under the Western influence.

His poems breathe sincerity. He feels for the abject position of his countrymen and every line of what he writes is poetry in the sense that it is inspiring. Iqbal is an out and out nationalist and his poems also sound a pan Islamic note. In fact it is one of the chief features of Islam that takes in its hold the Muslims of the whole world.

A glance at the poems of Iqbal makes it clear that there is charming variety. One feals as though he is reading the works of some of the modern poets of England. The poetical works of Iqbal side by side with the "Dewan" (Poems) of any one of the poets before him make the point very clear There is not only variety of topics, but also variety of form—"Ruba'iyath," "Musseddas," "Masnavi," Qita"', "Ghazal," but all made use of with his natural ease and charm. The poet's inspiration does not wait to be twisted into one particular form but it expressess itself freely in the words of the moment, full of harmony and music. The variety of form even in one poem in some cases indicates the natural and spontaneous expression of the poet's thoughts as they rise up in his mind. Some of his longer poems, dealing with the lofty themes bring to our minds the grandeur of Milton's poetry. They carry with them the full soul force of the poet and create in us an emotion that makes us forget ourselves. His power of depicting nature is marvellous, though perhaps his greatness is in his "study of man". There is in him the eye of the poet combined in a happy manner with the eye of the Eastern philosopher marked by its spiritual insight.

Iqbal has no faith in modern democracy. It represents to him nothing but the oppression of the poor by the rich. There is behind it the influence of commercialism, which is the result of the materialistic proclivities of European Nations. It is in fact slavery but

not genuine freedom and shows the least respect to the divine self of man. *It is sacrificed to serve the selfish ends* of the wealthy classes, the real rulers in the name of democracy. Hence the painful misery which bursts out in a revolt. True freedom must give scope for the development of the self. Submission to one who is inspired by religious feeling is better than submission to the heartless many.

America has unfurled the banner of revolt against that favourite doctrine in bringing about State interference wherever it is preached. Is the faith of the great poet then unsound not based upon facts but on imagination? Some of the translations in the book show to the reader how he thinks about the problems. He says in *The Message of the East* :-

> "My days in the English tavern came back to my mind. The cup was more shining than Alexander's and the cup bearer had a prophetic eye, but it did lack the enthusiasm and love of Khaleel and Kaleem, which were devoured by the careless thought"[1].

Iqbal is essentially the poet of the future. As a writer in the *Aligarh Magazine* aptly says :

> "He paints the past to contrast it with the present, and thus pave the way for the future. The greatest charm about him is that he is not a dreamer or idealist, but is a realist, and combines in himself the poet, the reformer, the leader and the practical man of the world. He does not teach us simply to think but to act. To sum up he has rejuvenated the old, roused the lethargic, raised the fallen, inspired the dispirited, strengthened the weak, emboldened the cowardly, elevated the humble, cured the ailing, electrified the inert, invigorated the enervated and enlivened the lifeless."

So lives amidst his glories the philosopher poet of India,

---

[1] یاد ایامے کہ بودم در خمستانِ فرنگ جامِ او روشن تر از آئینۂ اسکندر است
چشم مست مے فروشش بادہ را پروردگار بادہ خواراں را نگاہ ساقی اش پیغمبر است
جلوۂ او بے کلیم و شعلۂ او بے خلیل عقل نامحرم متاع عشق را غارت گر است

(*Payam-e-Mashriq*. p. 248)

the pride of the world and an inspired messenger to all the nations. It may not be far off when his great works will be translated in every language and he will find a loving welcome in every country. For already in Afghanistan, Persia, and Turkey, in England, Hungary and other European countries his reputation is rapidly spreading. And of late his powerful and vitalising poems have cast a spell over the minds of those who have come in contact with the Muse of Iqbal .

(Taken from Indian Review, Madras, 1925, Volume XXVI, pp. 785-790)

Sir Abdul Qadir

DR. SIR MUHAMMAD IQBAL —THE GREAT POET OF ISLAM

With the dawn of the twentieth century there arose, on the sky of Indian literature, a star that has just passed out of our sight, after having shone with a lustre peculiarly its own. That star was the poet Iqbal, or to give him his full name and titles, Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal. He departed from this earth on the 9th April,[1] 1938, mourned by his countrymen throughout the length and breadth of India .

He was born on the 22nd February,[2] 1873, at Sialkot, a well-known town on that border of the Punjab which adjoins Jammu, the winter capital of the State of Jammu and Kashmir. He belonged to a family of Kashmir Brahmans who had embraced Islam some generations back, thus combining in his person some of the best characteristics of his race as well as of the religion adopted by his forefathers

Iqbal received his early education in the town of his birth. His father, though not very learned, had a great love of learning and had many scholarly friends—among them was Maulvi Syed Mir Hassan, whose ripe scholarship was recognised later by the title of Shamsul Ulema conferred upon him by Government. Syed Mir Hassan was the teacher of Arabic and Persian at the Murray College, Sialkot, and it was from him that Iqbal got his love of these languages and their literature .

In 1895 Iqbal migrated to the Government College, Lahore, to study for his B.A. and M.A. While there, he had the good fortune

---

1. Iqbal died on 21 April, 1938.
2. This is the correct date, as announced in the *Daily Inqilab*, Lahore, the 7th May, 1938, on the authority of the brother of the deceased. In some other papers, 1876 had been given as the year of his birth, but the Inqilab was asked to publish the date found in the records of the family.

of being a pupil of Professor T. W. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Arnold. He showed a special aptitude for philosophy, which was appreciated by Professor Arnold, and thus arose between them an affection which lasted all their lives.

Soon after taking his M. A. degree, Iqbal was awarded the Mcleod Arabic Readership at the Oriental College, Lahore. A few years later he was appointed a lecturer on Philosophy in the Government College, where he worked with great success, till he made up his mind in 1905 to go to England to qualify for the Bar and to work as an advanced student of philosophy at Cambridge. Professor Arnold was in England at the time and with his advice Iqbal carried on research on Persian Mysticism,[1] and wrote a thesis on this subject which earned for him not only a degree from Cambridge but also a Ph. D. from the University of Munich. He had to put in a short residence at Munich and to show that he had acquired a knowledge of the German language

He was called to the Bar in 1908, and on his return to India started practice as an Advocate, at Lahore. His old College offered him a Professorship of Philosophy, but he was advised by some of his friends to stick to the legal profession and he accepted that advice. His taste for philosophy and literature, however, continued to absorb his attention. The law, being a jealous mistress, did not smile on him to the extent which his ability and gifts demended, but the loss to Law was the gain of Literature.

Having said something about the formative period of Iqbal's life, let us turn to his work as a poet. An inclination to write Urdu verse was shown by him at a very early stage of his student life. Before he came to Lahore he had written some Ghazals in Urdu, which he sent for correction to the famous poet Dagh, of Delhi, who was then a shining light of the Court of the late Nizam of Hyderabad. After seeing Iqbal's poems a few times, Dagh is said to have written to him that his verses did not need correction. At Lahore Iqbal took part in

---

1. The thesis on "Persian Mysticism" was subsequently published in the form of a book. *(The title of Iqbal's dissertation was *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* first published by Luzac & Co, London, in 1905).

a "Musha'ira" where some well-known poets were present, and his verses at once elicited praise from them. Some time after that he recited a poem on the natural beauties of the Himalayas at a meeting of an Urdu Literary Society, where it was greeted with unanimous applause[1]. As soon as he became known in literary circles as a rising poet, he was invited every year to the great annual gatherings of the Anjuman Himayet-i-Islam of Lahore, an institution responsible for religious and educational work among the Moslems of the Punjab. The recitation of his poems like "Taswir-i-Dard"[2] (The Picture of Pain), the "Shikwa"[3] (A Complaint—addressed to God), and the "Jawab-i-Shikwa"[4], (Answer to the Complaint), brought him into great prominence as a writer of Urdu poetry.

The Urdu poems of Iqbal may be divided into three different periods, as follows:—

(1) Those written before he went to England in 1905;

(2) Those written in Europe, till 1908;

(3) Those written after 1908, till the poet began writing Persian verse and practically gave up Urdu writing for some time.

They were collected and published by the author himself in 1924 under the title of the *Bang-e-Dara* (*The Sound of the Caravan Bell*). This rather unusual name owes its origins to the fact that his song is meant to awaken his countrymen from their slumber and to lead their caravan to progress. The publication of this book gave Iqbal a lasting title to fame as a master of Urdu verse. A second edition of the book was called for in 1926 and a third in 1930.

It was by chance that Iqbal discovered that he could express his thoughts in Persian verse with the same facility as in Urdu. This discovery was made when he was once asked in England to compose verses in Persian. That suggestion resulted in a few fine verses the

---

1. This poem was first published in the *Makhzan*, a well known literary journal of that time, in which most of the early Urdu writings of Iqbal appeared.
2. *Bang-e Dara*, pp. 62-73.
3. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 177-187.
4. *Ibid*, pp. 220-232.

next day, and thus the genius of Iqbal found a vehicle better suited than Urdu for the expression of his philosophic ideas. The first poem in Persian was the *Asrar-i-Khudi* (*The Secrets of the Self*), published in 1915.

By the publication of this book the fame of Iqbal spread beyond the borders of India to Iran and Afghanistan and to parts of Turkey and Russia, wherever Persian was spoken or read. It also led to his becoming known in England and America, when the translation of the *Asrar-i-Khudi* by Professor R. A. Nicholoson of Cambridge was published in 1920. Some portions of the book were translated into German and Italian, presumably through this translation, and thus the poet acquired an international reputation.

Tha *Asrar-i-Khudi* was followed by another Persian poem, the *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi* (*The Mystries of Self-Denial*). It was a sequel to the *Asrar* which lays stress on the development of the Human Ego or Personality and holds up Power and Courage as the ideals to be followed by Man to accomplish his great Destiny. The *Ramuz* inculcates the subjection of the Personality, with all the power it has developed, to the Law, which places the service of humanity as the highest goal for the ambition of Man. It may be noted that the author, as a Moslem, puts forward the Law of Islam as the best solution of the difficulties of mankind.

After the *Ramuz* came the *Payam-i-Mashriq* (*The Message of the East*, a collection of Persian poems in the style adopted by Goethe in his *West Oestlicher Diwan*. This was followed by the *Zabur-i-Ajam* (*The Psalms of Persia*) and the *Jawid Nama* named after Jawid, the yong son of the poet. It is an allegorical representation of a flight to the Upper World by the Soul of the Poet, in the company of the Soul of the great mystic Jalaluddin Rumi, the style of whose famous "Masnavi" has been followed by Iqbal in his Persian writings and whom he regards as his guide in the realm of the spirit.

While Iqbal was busy with his Persian writings, there was a growing demand on the part of the admirers of his Urdu verse that he should make further contributions to Urdu poetry. He responded to this call by giving to the world two more collections of Urdu poems called the *Bal-i-Jibril* (*The Wings of Jibril*), published in 1935, and

the *Zarb-i-Kalim* (*The Stroke of the Rod of Moses*), published in 1936. The theme running through these Urdu poems is mainly the same which found expression in the *The Secrets of the Self* and other Persian works. Their importance, therefore, is more for the Message of Action which they contain than for the purely imaginative and poetical elegance which characterised his first collection of Urdu poems.

The last book published by Iqbal in his lifetime was again in Persian. It was a small book with a longish name—*Pas chi bayed Kard ai aqwami-i-Sharq* ? ("What should we do, O Nations of the East ?") —a protest against the aggressive pressure of Western nations on Oriental people.

One more book must be mentioned to complete the list of Iqbal's poetical works and that is the *Armughan-i Hijaz* (*A Present of the Hedjaz*). This collection of Iqbal's quatrains and some miscellaneous pieces of poetry was ready for the Press, when he departed from this world in 1938. It has been published after his passing away.

The poet always felt a great love for Arabia and all that it stands for, and had, it is said, a keen desire to visit it. Owing to ill health this desire remained unfulfilled. Perhaps this collection was meant to be the present he would have taken to the Hedjaz, but it is more likely that it is meant as a present of the Hedjaz to the world as the verses contained in it express in poetical form many of the principles of human conduct which have been taught by Arabia, through her great Prophet.

Though the fame of Iqbal rests mainly on his poems, his well-known book, in English prose, known as *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, deserves special mention and is a valuable contribution to religious philosophy. It contains six lectures delivered by Iqbal at Madras, at the instance of a Literary Trust there. They show a knowledge of Western philosophy combined with a mastery of the thought of Islam. This book has been greatly admired by scholars in the West. It was due mainly to this work that Iqbal was selected by the Oxford University for the Rhodes Lectureship and was invited to deliver a series of lectures at Oxford. He accepted the invitation, but the engagement had to be subsequently cancelled owing to the failure of his health.

The popularity achieved by Iqbal in his lifetime has scarcely a parallel in India, so far as any writer of Urdu is concerned. The only other instance of great popularity in India, combined with international reputation, is furnished by the well-known master of Bengali verse, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. The two poets had considerable admiration for one another. They have a resemblance in some respects and differ in others. They are both lovers of their country and of the East in general. They have also breadth of mind enough to love humanity as a whole. They are both visionaries and dream of a better future for the world. Their methods of approach, however, to their common goal differ. The path of Tagore is of peace and tranquillity, while that of Iqbal is that of stress and struggle. He gives to mankind a message of action and, in the words of Mr. Abdullah Yusuf Ali, "would din into the ears of a lethargic world the watch-words of swiftness, forcefulness and unflinching assertion of Personality.[1]"

Tagore and Iqbal are both fond of mystic introspection, but with this difference that the one treats it as a goal in itself, while the other uses it as an urge to dynamic energy and a warning against the effects of mysticism as an opiate. In his opinion many of the difficulties of the East are due to her failure to use the God-given powers of man to captivate nature and to subordinate it to his own use. This aspect of Iqbal's philosophy has been aptly described by Mr. Yusuf Ali as "a mystical protest against mysticism"[2].

A question often raised for discussion, in connection with Iqbal's favourite doctrine of the development of the Ego, is whether it was inspired by the writings of the German philosopher Nietzsche. There is, no doubt, a marked resemblance between the latter's doctrine of the Superman and the theory of Self preached by Iqbal, and one can easily understand the tendency to accept the existence of a connection between the thought of Nietzsche and Iqbal. A closer examination of Iqbal's writings, however, shows that, though he was influenced to

---

1. From a paper on "The Doctrine of Human Personality in Iqbal's Poetry," read by Mr. Abdullah Yusuf Ali (Retired I.C.S.), before the Royal Society of Literature, London, on the 9th Nov., 1938.
2. In the paper before the Royal Society of literature referred to already.

some extent by his study of Nietzsche, his real source of inspiration for the message that he gave to the world was the spirit of Islam as understood and interpreted by him. Nietzsche did not believe in religion; while Iqbal believed religion to be the only source of life and strength. The two thus differed as to the fundamental principles on which their respective philosophies were based. An interesting article published in the October number of the well-known Urdu Journal, called *The Urdu* from the pen of Dr. Abdul Hakim, Professor of Philosophy at the Osmania University of Hyderabad, throws light on this subject and may be read with advantage by those interested in this question. While frankly admitting that Iqbal appears to have been attracted at one time by the writings of Nietzsche, Dr. Hakim brings out the features which distinguish the two thinkers from one another, and in summing up his analysis refers to the ideal of the "perfect man" being a familiar one in the writings of several old Islamic thinkers. The following translation of a passage from his article is interesting :—

> "To search for Man before searching for God, which is a distinctive feature of Iqbal's poetry, is a common factor between Nietzsche and Iqbal. The thought of Islamic Sufism was not unfamiliar with this form of thought. The famous work of Abdul Karim Jabali,[1] entitled *The Perfect Man*, presents a philosophy of the same kind in a metaphysical colouring. Several verses in the "Masnavi" of Rumi and in his "Divan" breathe the same spirit. Above all, man, as depicted by the Qur'an, capturing the powers of the Universe, is the fountain head of this kind of thought. With the lapse of time this trend disappeared. The emphatic reassertion of this idea once more by Iqbal, in his poetic language, has so impressed the Moslems that it sounds as a newly-born theory of life".

It is difficult to say that the view expressed by Dr. Abdul Hakim sufficiently disposes of the striking resemblance between the thought of Nietzsche and Iqbal, but there can be no doubt that whatever may have been the impressions left on the mind of Iqbal by his study of

---

*1. Abdul Karìm al-Jilani.

Nietzsche they were radically modified by his study of the religious philosophy of Islam.

We may pass on now to the discussion of another question, on which there has been a considerable difference of opinion among the admirer's of Iqbal. A number of those who liked his earlier Urdu poems which breathe a spirit of Nationalism, regret that in later years he changed his outlook, and, instead of being an exponent of the aspirations of the Indian nation as a whole, he became content with a restricted patriotism, confined to the welfare of the Moslem community. I think, however, that this criticism is based on a superficial reading of Iqbal's poetry and on an inadequate comprehension of the stages through which his poetical thought passed in the course of its gradual evolution.

It is true that some of the earlier poems expressed in glowing words his love for his homeland. Poems like the "Naya Shivala"[1] (The New Temple), or "Hindustani Bachon Ka Qaumi Git"[2] (National Song of Indian Children) are the best instances of writings in the nationalist strain, but it should not be assumed that his love for India or her people had decreased when his outlook broadened and his heart began to throb in sympathy with Eastern countries outside India and, later still, when his feelings extended to humanity as a whole. It was a natural widening of the circle. After local and provincial sympathies came a feeling for his country. With a knowledge of the conflict between the East and the West, and of the dominating influence of the latter, came a deep sympathy with the East in her desire for freedom. This was followed by a vision that was broader still, a realisation of the dangers to which Western civilisation was exposed and his warnings to the West, culminating in a strong belief in the destiny of man and of the great heights attainable by him.

In my opinion it could be safely said that Iqbal was not only "the Poet of Islam" – a title often used in conjunction with his name – but also "the Poet of India" and "the Poet of the East" and "of Humanity". His frequent use of Islamic terminology and metaphors and of allusions based on Moslem literature was mainly due to the suitability

*1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 88-89.
*2. *Ibid.* pp. 87-88.

of such terms to the themes about which he wrote, while the stress laid by him on certain Islamic principles was due to the fact that he honestly believed that the solution of the difficulties of modern civilisation was possible by the adoption of those principles.

The influence exercised by the writings of Iqbal on his contemporary writers is noteworthy. At first there was a reluctance in some quarters to recognise his eminence as an Urdu poet. It was in the United Provinces, which are regarded as the home of Urdu, that a prejudice against Iqbal originally existed, mainly on the ground that the Urdu used by Iqbal was Persianised and that there were indications here and there of what may be called Punjabisms in some words or expressions used by him. This prejudice disappeared, however, with the rising tide of his fame, when it was pointed out by his admirers that for the Persianised style there was the distinguished precedent of Ghalib, and that the few Punjabisms, coming from such a masterly pen, must be taken to be permissible.

Gradually there was a general recognition of the beauty of his thought and of the forceful words in which it was presented. With this recognition there came a tendency, among his younger contemporaries, to imitate his style and to adopt his mode of expression. His favourite theme of awakening the powers of the "Self" now finds its echo in the effusions of a large number of writers and so does another subject which he has done much to popularise, that is, the conflict between Capital and Labour. Iqbal had studied the doctrine of Karl Marx and had been considerably impressed by it. He has many poems sympathising with the hard lot of the labourer and the peasant and denouncing Capitalism.

I have been very much struck recently by the large number of poems appearing in Urdu newspapers and magazines against Capitalism and in favour of Labour. They are often recited in public gatherings, not only at political meetings, as part of a political creed, but also in purely literary societies. This trend in Urdu literature may be said to owe its origin to the writings of Iqbal.

Capitalism is not the only "ism" which has been adversely criticised by Iqbal. He is equally strong in his attacks on Imperialism.

Even Democracy has not been spared by him, and he exposes some of its vulnerable points. He says, for instance, in one of his poems, that "Democracyis a system in which heads are counted but not weighed."1 In another poem his assault on Democracy is less reasoned and more satirical. He says :

"Beware of the systems of democracy,
And follow the lead of a man of ripe experience,
Because the brains of two hundred donkeys
Cannot produce the understanding of one human being.2"

In this connection it many be interesting to mention an occasion when these lines were quoted against the poet himself. He had been persuaded to stand for election to the Legislative Assembly of the Punjab and was being opposed by a rival candidate. The latter issued a poster, on the top of which these lines appeared in bold letters, thereby throwing on the poet the burden of explaining why he was ready to take part in a democratic body, following a system denounced by him in such sweeping terms. It is obvious, however, that this epigrammatic dictum was not meant to be taken too literally. The same may be said of the lines in which he referred to the League of Nations as a body of "Stealers of Shrouds" forming an association "for a partition of the graves of dead nations."3 This nickname obtained so much vogue that for a long time the League was referred to as a Society of Shroud Stealers in the Indian Press.

Though literature always remained the main occupation of Iqbal, yet for a time he took part in politics as well. By his temperament and constitution he was not much suited to politics. Left to himself, perhaps, he would not have cared to step into this thorny field. Some of his admirers, however, obliged him to stand for the Legislative Council as a representative of Lahore and he did so. Without much

---

جمہوریت اک طرز حکومت ہے کہ جس میں
بندوں کو گنا کرتے ہیں تولا نہیں کرتے

*1. (*Zarb-e-Kalim*, Lahore, 1963, pp. 150)

گریز از طرز جمہوری غلام پختہ کارے شو
کہ از مغز دوصد خر فکر انسانے نمی آید

*2. *Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 158)
*٤. (*Ibid*, p. 233)

effort on his part he was elected as he was popular, and his friends exerted themselves earnestly on his behalf. This success, however, did not lead to any tangible result and his connection with the Council ceased after the expiry of the term of three years. On two other occasions he had a contact with politics, firstly when he was called upon to preside over the Annual Session of the All-India Moslem League, and the other when he went to England as a Member of the Second Round Table Conference in 1931. Of these two occasions the Moslem League Session deserves a special mention, because it was *in his address there that the idea of two separate administrative areas* in India, one for Hindus and one for Moslems, was offered as a solution of the unfortunate differences between the two great communities. This idea did not find favour at the time in any quarter, but it is significant that it has found many adherents since, and there is now a party of young Moslems pressing it on the attention of the Government and the Communities concerned under the title of "the Pakistan Movement".

Another field of Iqbal's activity that deserves notice is Education. We have seen that he started life as a practical educationist, but his connection with this line terminated when he first left for England. This did not, however, mean that his interest in this work ended. As a Member of the Senate and the Syndicate of the Punjab University and for many years as the Dean of its Oriental Faculty, his advice on educational work was sought and availed of by those engaged actively in the work of education. He was one of the three scholars invited by the late King Nadir Khan of Afghanistan to advise him as to the proposed re-organisation of the Department of Public Instruction in his territory. His two companions were the late Syed Sir Ross Masud, then Vice-Chancellor of the Moslem University at Aligarh, and Syed Sulaiman Nadvi. They went to Kabul and formulated a scheme for the education of the Afghans. It was unfortunate *that soon after their return from Kabul, King Nadir Khan* was assassinated, and the scheme could not be enforced at the time; but I understand some of the improvements recommended by them have been now adopted and some others are under consideration.

Iqbal's real rervice to the cause of education is not to be measured so much by what he actually did for it from time to time, in official

or non-official capacities, but should be estimated on the ideals of education placed before us in his poems. This aspect of the Question is admirably dealt with in a book called *Iqbal's Educational Philosophy*,[1] by Mr. K. G. Saiyidain, Director of Public Instruction in Kashmir State, who was formerly the Principal of the Training College at Aligarh. As is aptly observed in the Introductory Chapter of this book, "the emergence of an outstanding creative thinker, who has a distinct message to impart and new values to present before the world, is a phenomenon of the greatest interest for the educationist, and the more his ideas catch the imagination, the undestanding and the enthusiasm of his contemporaries, the greater must be his influence as an educative force".

So many notices on the life and work of Iqbal by well-known scholars have appeared in various literary journals that it is not possible to refer to them here, but a brief reference may be made to an interesting review of the poet's work by Mr. Amiya Chakravarty (Oxon). Mr. Chakravarty is a distinguished scholar of English literature, who has made a special study of post-war poetry. Before going to Oxford he was at Santiniketan, Tagore's Indian University. He also had the benefit of travelling with Tagore as his secretary on one of his extensive tours. Writing to the *Voice of Islam* of Singapur,[2] Mr. Chakravarty thus begins his impressions of his visit to Iqbal, a few months before the latter's death:

> "In Iqbal's house there was little obvious modernity; in fact, an odd air of indifference oppressed you as you waited to be ushered into his presence. With rare charm, taking the stem of his hubble-bubble out of his lips, he would greet you, raising himself on his couch where he lay reclining in Oriental fashion, clad in the garment of the Punjabi gentleman. His smile would put you at ease: in flawless English he would begin discussing on modern themes as to the manner born,"

---

1. *Iqbal's Educational Philosophy*, Published by by Arafat Publications, Model Town, Lahore, 1938.
2. *The Voice of Islam* of Singapur, for January and February 1939, Pages 19-23.

To this impression of his personal contact with Iqbal, appearing at the beginning of Mr. Chakravarty's article, may be added a passage occurring about the end of it—where he thus sums up his evaluation of Iqbal's poetry :

> "Passionate faith in Islam and artistic skill give a striking power to his verse—it goes to the heart—and young Islam knows why. If some notices are strident, and even lack an all-India appeal, they will be forgotten; the ultimate evocative power lies in his profound humanity".

Before concluding, I should like to relate an interesting account which I have heard of the way in which Iqbal, who never tried to seek official favour, got his knighthood. This was before he went to the Legislative Council and the Round Table Conference, and had nothing to do with politics or any services rendered to Government. It came his way an unusual manner, purely as a recognition of his literary eminence, and as such reflects credit on the recipient as well as those who moved that appreciation of his merits should be shown in this form. I am told that a European traveller once came on a visit to Lahore and was a guest at Government House. He expressed to the Governor his desire to go and see Iqbal. The Governor asked his guest as to how he came to know about the poet. The reply was that during his travels in Iran and in parts of Russia he found people reading the Persian poems of Iqbal and admiring them. He wondered *why the Government of his own country had not done anything to* recognise his worth. The Governor invited Iqbal to Government House to meet the traveller and listened to the conversation that went on between the two. Though the Governor knew Iqbal before, he had no idea of the extent of his knowledge or of his reputation abroad, and he was so impressed that he sent up a proposal for a distinction to be conferred on him. This proposal was accepted and the poet was knighted. In certain circles there arose a misunderstanding about Iqbal when this honour was announced. They thought that this meant that he had surrendered his independence by accepting this honour from the Government, but their apprehensions were eased before long, when they found that his pen ran as freely as ever and his criticisms were as strong as before.

He remained true to the ideal which he had set before himself—of expressing his views about men and things, about systems of Government without fear or favour, according to the light within him.

The last five years of his life were spent under the shadow of a deep sorrow caused by the death of his wife, followed by a long spell of bad health. His weakened health, though a handicap was not allowed by him to interfere with his literary pursuits or his accessibility to his friends and visitors. The end came somewhat unexpectedly after a short illness, on April 21, 1938. His last resting place is near the Shahi Mosque, at Lahore. He had a funeral which princes might envy and his death has been mourned throughout India and even abroad, at hundreds of meetings, and the grief of the sorrowing nation has been demonstrated in different forms. At Lahore a strong committee is at work to raise funds for having a library to commemorate him. At other places institutions called after him have been started, to make the study of his works their special object. Numerous literary societies bearing his name have also been formed, in different parts of India, at which papers are read and poems recited to keep up the awakening produced by his writings. He is no longer with us but his work lives and will be a source of inspiration for generations to come.

(Taken from *Great Men of India*, Edited by L. F. Rushbrook Williams, Bombay, 1939, pp. 562-571).

Amiya Chakravarty

IQBAL - INDIA'S MUSLIM POET

Modern humanity is evolving a new species of mind : come to Lahore and you will find it in some quaint old lane in the bazar as you knock at a carved doorway and greet yours host. You might miss it in your main street if luck draws you into a set where familiarity conceals the absence of an emerging mental pattern. The essential raw unity of congenial human nature has taken on an intriguing flavour which belongs historically to our times. You confront it in Tehran, Cochin or in a Maxican town; it flourishes on individual cultural soil.

The cosmopolitan accent will be found in the much-changing East, more unmistakably so than in the western regions. That this is the Age of Europe we admit, but the ancient cultures are assimilating new trends and creating, in men of genius, the most comprehensive terms of reference. The impact of eastern thought must produce comparable results in America and Europe, but not yet. So far, in respect of true cosmopolitanism, Asia leads. And geographical circumstances, converging with India's historic heterogeneity, have produced in India the most unusual blends of modernism.

In Lahore you came expecting at-homeness when you crossed the threshold of Sir Muhammad Iqbal—Islam's leading poet until his death, on April 21 of this year. His Cambridge scholarship, knighthood, delegacy at the Round Table Conference, speeches and English writings had prepared your mind. But surprise would have awaited the unwary pilgrim. In Iqbal's house there was little obvious modernity in fact, an odd air of indifference oppressed you as you waited to be ushered into his presence. With rare charm, taking the stem of his hubble-bubble out of his lips, he would greet you, raising himself on his couch where he lay reclining in oriental fashion, clad in the garment of the Punjabi gentleman. His smile would put you at ease; in flawless English he would begin discoursing on modern themes, as to the manner born. But wait. After a few flashing epigrams and kindly

though incisive observations, you would find yourself forced to reckon that you were not in British macadamized Lahore, that the Islam which Iqbal represented was specific, nostalgic, yet genuine 1938.

The twentieth century had been tackled, its message taken and the transmuted outlook was thoroughly Iqbal-Islamic. *Blue domes of* Isfahan reminisced in the atmosphere, but it was the hard light of Arabia, the bare uncompromising glitter of sand, which assaulted your complacence. Iqbal in his maturity shed Sufi mysticism and the Vedantic metaphysics which reigned in his youth. (Remember that he was of *Kashmiri Brahman stock, although centuries* of Islam flowed in his veins, his ancestors having been converted by a Muslim holy man). He had even passed the Hegelian phase. Intense absorption in the Koran, the true spiritual constancy of his life, had come to assume a luminous hardness. Profoundly influenced by the postwar epoch, his ideas had reasserted the peculiar inclusiveness of Islamic laws. Iqbal would tell you about the poetry of jurisprudence, take you to the courtyard of *Al-Azhar in Cairo, further back to the seventh-century* commentators on the suras, to Ibn-Khaldun who anticipated modern psychologists, to the Ash'arite school of pro-Einsteinian *relativity. He* would speak of the Spanish Muslim theologian Ibn-i-Hazm almost as if he knew him personally, and apply cogent modern reasoning about serial time in interpreting medieval intuition.

Immersed in Islamic traditions, Iqbal took with him a trained contemporary outlook when exploring remote historicity. The challenge of assertion *in his prose and verse, on behalf of exalted eastern* thinking which has yet to win recognition, reveals his cultural awareness. In spite of the scientific sense of human correlation, few western minds have yet faced the full implications of the humanistic outlook. Half of the human heritage still appears as dimly "oriental" because *the supply of truth in* the citadels of powerful nations seems sufficient. When western patrons of culture turn Orientalists, feeding on mere manuscripts or *misled by a turban, it is worse : complete surrender of* hereditary standards makes it fantastically difficult for them to distinguish between the living East and the Victorian's dream of a *land of* jewels, tigers, moving carpets and mysterious figures muttering charms. In India a keen demand for a standard based on wide cultural

cognition has been instinctive; it can be witnessed even now in the self-conscious phase through which the country is passing.

Is Iqbal's Easternism justificatory, and at bottom not a genuine advancement? Against all Asiatic thinking such criticism has been levelled. Under the cloak of contemporaneity, the imaginative East places half-truths together and, preparing a mosaic, claims that it belonged to the original foundations.

Such criticism can be answered. Admit that the technique is modern and yet thrives on indigenous roots, and you have accepted India's advance. For the mould and the flowering and the matrix are inherently Indian; the new stimulus has come from other human shores. But it is true that Asia has been caught by an epoch of reaction; challenged by the accelerations of Western efficiency, enthusiasts have sometimes stretched facts about Asia's own identity to make them appear fool-proof; extra idealism is generated in sheer self-defence. Yet behind this mechanism of defiance is a core of genuine renascence.

Iqbal's poetry reveals the struggle of modernism in the East. His ideas march in challenging light; he is fighting two fronts at once. Keenly conscious of cultural reciprocity, his poetry must establish the rights of unique excellences before allowing confederation. Weak links he must expose in the mystic Eastern chain and, while insisting on local smelting, and on the abundance of regional ore, imply that steel in the modern world must conform to standard if weak links have to be replaced. Is the modern standard Western? He would answer by asking the competitors to be worthy of each other's steel. Argument by ironical inference might mislead, but he would consider that less dangerous than paying homage to Eastern self-mistrust and aggressive Western complacence. Through a series of paradoxes and large-print utterances on behalf of the temporary under-dog, he seeks to achieve balance. Following this technique he would advocate the doctrine of power for weak nations, minorities, deflated groups and parties and threaten super-dogs with retaliatory caninism. The human ethics behind this needs searching for, but can be found in his writings.

Do not be indebted to European civilization,

Make your wine pitcher out of Indian earth[1]

he told his son, in "Jawid ke Nam", a poem sent to him from *London in 1930, during the Round Table Conference.* The message hangs on the interpretation of the word "indebted". Western politics Iqbal would mock, as some Westerns would, by saying, in "Sayasat-e-Afrang :"

O God, European politics is your rival,

But its followers are the rich and the powerful[2]

—a novel method of offering consolation.

In "Ek Sawal" ("A Question") he hit out :

One should ask the European philosopher
Because even India and Greece are following him :
"Is it the zenith of your civilization that men are unemployed
And women cannot find husbands?"[3]

His attack cut both ways when he turned round to the East and in *"Khwajgi" applied the whiplash to the ruler and the ruled :*

No difficulty is there in kingship
When slaves are accustomed to slavery.[4]

---

*1. اٹھا نہ شیشہ گران فرنگ کے احساں سفال ہند سے مینا و جام پیدا کر

(*Bal-e-Jibril*, Lahore 1966. p. 198)

*2. تری حریف ہے یا رب سیاست افرنگ
مگر ہیں اس کے پجاری فقط امیر و رئیس

(*Zarb-e-Kalim*, p. 144.)

*3. کوئی بوچھے حکیم یورپ سے ہند و یوناں ہیں جس کے حلقہ بگوش!
کیا یہی ہے معاشرت کا کمال مرد بیکار و زن تہی آغوش!

(*Ibid*., p. 90)

*4. خواجگی میں کوئی مشکل نہیں رہتی باقی
پختہ ہو جاتے ہیں جب خوئے غلامی میں غلام

(*Ibid*., p. 145)

His latest phase, in *Zarb-i-Kalim* (1937), revealed this sort of epigrammatic preoccupation with politics, and, as quotations would prove, political mischief-makers supplied him with target-practice. He combatted abuse, not caring to define right use except by implication. For example, in "Jamhuriat" he wrote :

This secret was discovered by Europeans
Although wise people do not declare it—
Democracy is a system of government
In which people are counted and not weighed.[1]

Then again, in "La Din Syasat" :

The government is free from the Church,
European politics is an unchained giant.
But when it has an eye for the property of others
Then the ambassadors of the Church form the vanguard of its army. [2]

And yet. if the priestcraft politician, nearer-home, should begin exulting, here is this for him, in a poem called "Mullah aur Baheesht"

I was present there, I could not keep quiet
When God ordered that the Mullah should be sent to Paradise.
I said, Excuse me, O God,

1• اس راز کو ایک مردِ فرنگی نے کیا فاش
ہر چند کہ دانا اسے کھولا نہیں کرتے
جمہوریت اک طرزِ حکومت ہے کہ جس میں
بندوں کو گنا کرتے ہیں تولا نہیں کرتے
(Ibid, p. 150).

2• ہوئی ہے ترکِ کلیسا سے حاکمی آزاد — فرنگیوں کی سیاست ہے دیوِ بے زنجیر
متاعِ غیر پہ ہوتی ہے جب نظر اس کی — تو ہیں ہراولِ لشکرِ کلیسیا کے سفیر!
(Zarb-e-Kalim, p. 154).

He will not be pleased with hour is, wine and gardens-

Paradise is not for fight, quarrel and debate,

And *contention is the second nature of the Mullah-*

His business is to misguide,

And neither mosque, church nor temple is there in Paradise. [1]

If the spiritual alternatives offered in Paradise leave much unsaid, the mockery spares none. Emphasizing good by attacking wrongs on both sides may be dangerous procedure, but Iqbal must walk on the tight rope. In a poem on "Lenin" he makes Lenin say this for him :

The white man of Europe is god of the East,

The gods of the West are the shining metals [2]

and the speech continues, less in character than as mouthpiece utterance :

There is a great deal of light, of knowledge, and of Art in Europe

---

• میں بھی حاضر تھا وہاں ضبطِ سخن کر نہ سکا!

حق سے جب حضرت مُلّا کو ملا حکم بہشت!

عرض کی میں نے الٰہی مری تقصیر معاف

خوش نہ آئیں گے اسے حور و شراب و لبِ کشت!

نہیں فردوس مقام جدل و قال و اقول!

بحث و تکرار اس اللہ کے بندے کی سرشت!

ہے بد آموزیٔ اقوام و مِلل کام اس کا

اور جنت میں نہ مسجد نہ کلیسا، نہ کنشت!

(Bal-e-Jibril, p. 159).

• 2 مشرق کے خداوند سفیدانِ فرنگی مغرب کے خداوند درخشندہ فلزات!

(Bal-e-Jibril, p. 145).

From the viewpoint of architecture, the edifices of the Banks
Are beautiful, and cleaner than the Churches.
Apparently there is trade; but as a matter of fact, it is gambling.
Gain for one means death to a thousand.
A Nation which is deprived of the favour of God,
The height of its perfection is electricity and steam.
Signs are visible that the chess-player
Of Fate (Takdir) will defeat the chess-players
Of man's devise (Tadbir).
The foundations of the tavern have suffered a rude shock,
The tavern-keepers are brooding on their fate
The redness on faces we come across in the evening
Is due either to wine or cosmetics. [1]

یورپ میں بہت روشنیٔ علم و ہنر ہے [1] *

رعنائیِ تعمیر میں، رونق میں، صفا میں
گرجوں سے کہیں بڑھ کے ہیں بنکوں کے عمارات!
ظاہر میں تجارت ہے حقیقت میں جُوا ہے
سود ایک کا لاکھوں کے لئے مرگِ مفاجات!
وہ قوم کہ فیضانِ سماوی سے ہو محروم
حد اس کے کمالات کی ہے برق و بخارات!
آثار تو کچھ کچھ نظر آتے ہیں کہ آخر
تدبیر کو تقدیر کے شاطر نے کیا مات!
میخانے کی بنیاد میں آیا ہے تزلزل
بیٹھے ہیں اسی فکر میں پیرانِ خرابات!
چہروں پہ جو سرخی نظر آتی ہے سرِ شام
یا غازہ ہے یا ساغر و مینا کی کرامات!

(Ibid, pp. 146-147).

Having thus exposed up-to-date sanity, Iqbal would on occassion, as in "Firman-i-Khuda, advocate mid-eastern madness :

Civilization today is a factory for deceivers,

Teach the ethics of madness to the Poet of the East. [1]

In the same revolutionary poem he said :

Warm the blood of slaves with the fire of faith,

Induce the weak sparrow to fight with the eagle.

I am displeased and fed up with marble pavement,

Erect for me another mosque out of clay. [2]

Whether he touched on religion or art or ethics, his outlook was circumstantial and political; his treatment was mainly symptomatic. On this point there has been much confusion. Iqbal has been represented as disbeliever, communist and utilitarian; whereas, so far as his poetry is concerned, expceting at rare moments he maintained witty elusiveness on salient issues. And is this not true of Shaw? Both of these men have revelled in attacking the wrong side of things and exposing aberration, injustice, intolerance and special claims, by methods calculated to meet extremism on its own ground. It would be, however, risky to decide at what point they have left the exaggerated temporal aspect and begun concerning their judgment on fundamentals. The Islamic poet differs from the dramatist in accepting religious tradition. If Iqbal did not follow rationalism in its full iconoclastic fury, and would keep reserved ereas, he certainly possessed a logic of sympathy. Even those who find his cult of power unsatisfactory would recognize

---

[1] تہذیبِ نوی کارگہ شیشہ گراں ہے آدابِ جنوں شاعرِ مشرق کو سکھا دو!
(Bal-e-Jibril, p. 150).

[2] گرماؤ غلاموں کا لہو سوز یقیں سے
کنجشکِ فرومایہ کو شاہیں سے لڑا دو
میں نا خوش و بیزار ہوں مرمر کی سلوں سے
میرے لئے مٹی کا حرم اور بنا دو
(Ibid, pp. 149-150).

that his pragmatisn did not betray the victim in the hour of need. Compare Shavian inadequacy with Iqbal's answer to the Abyssinian challenge. A lurking admiration for dictators, which he shared with Shaw, did not prevent him from saying on August 18, 1935 :

The vultures of Europe are not yet aware
How poisonous is the corpse of Abyssinia.
The peak of civilization is the decline of nobility,
Robbery has become the livelihood of Nations.
Every wolf is in quest of an innocent lamb.
O bewail that the mirrror of Church's honour
Has been broken by the Roman on the public road,
O, old man of Church, how heart-rending this fact is. [1]

At this point, it might be mentioned that Iqbal praised Mussolini's work for Italy in a dedicatory poem, but mingled his praise with an attack on Imperialism : [2]

Imperialism, which, though possessing a fattened body,

•1 یورپ کے کرگسوں کو نہیں ہے ابھی خبر
ہے کتنی زہر ناک ابی سینیا کی لاش!

تہذیب کا کمال شرافت کا ہے زوال
غارت گری جہاں میں ہے اقوام کی معاش
ہر گرگ کو ہے برّۂ معصوم کی تلاش!

اے وائے آبروئے کلیسا کا آئینہ
روما نے کر دیا سرِ بازار پاش پاش!
پیرِ کلیسیا! یہ حقیقت ہے دلخراش!
(Zarb-e-Kalim, p. 147).

•2 The following lines are not taken from a poem to Mussolini but from "Communism and Capitalism" in *Javid Nama*.

Has unillumined heart. [1]

Similarly, he denounced the purely economic interpretation of society and spoke of :

"The religion of that God-unrealizing prophet
Who lays the foundation on the equalization of
the stomach, [2]

though, in "Firman-i-Khuda", he also fought exploitation with a revolutionary cry :

Burn that field of corn
Which does not provide the peasant with bread. [3]

Iqbal was a formidable anticapitalist, but he had mnch use for religious institutions.

Confronted with domineering nationalism, Iqbal demanded corresponding aggressivenesss where, according to him, more of it was needed for self-preservation. Here he was in good company, though those who would break the vicious cycle might find him lacking in realism. Belief in the ethics of mutually counteracting poisons seems to be no less modern than medieval. Even in his severest structures, however, Iqbal was aiming at the political West. A clear lead on fundamental principles—and in forging a technique—can be found in the Gandhian way. Iqbal's humanism offered palliatives; abominating war, he declared holy war, or "jihad", but with material sanctions, which was another means of entering the none too merry merry-go-round. Search for remedies, involving change of social structure and psychological adaptation to the alignment of loyalties in the modern

---

1 * هم ملوکیت بدن را فربهی است سینهٔ بے نورِ او از دل تهی است
(*Javid Nama*, Lahore, 1951, p. 70).

2 * دینِ آن پیغمبر حق لا شناس بر مساواتِ شکم دارد اساس
(*Ibid*, p. 69).

3 * جس کھیت سے دھقاں کو میسر نہیں روزی
اس کھیت کے ہر خوشۂ گندم کو جلادو
(*Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 149).

world, has brought out workers, mainly in the Indian National Congress field, but that is a new chapter in India's story. Bound up with this search are economic issues, problems of relative power and effective levels of power, of ways and means which cannot be taken up here.

Denunciation of nationalism or its advocacy, coming from prophets who matured even a few decades ago, is apt to miss the modern mark. The generalising bent which leaves out of account the necessary discrimination between the Nation and humanity and invokes nemesis, "necessary evil", onslaught on many for the follies of a few—a kind of statistical spirituality—tends to appear increasingly unsatisfying. Tagore drew the line between the Nation and its people, but old thoughts die hard. The doctrine of compensatory morality prevails, making it easy for humanitarians to find sinners under national labels and to presage the doom of a civilization in which a vast number of victims are struggling against their own government and building up a standard higher than man's history has yet achieved. Such victims, hungering for humane appeasement, are to be sacrificed for the sake of a vicarious system of justice based on an earlier epoch of social and international evolution. Iqbal supplied the philosophy when he said in "Din-o-Ta'lim :

> Nature sometimes ignores individuals
>
> But it does not forgive the sins of Nations. [1]

Sensitized ethics which would cut across national and geographical groupings and find a technique to serve the dispersed but insistent consciences of a new humanism, is yet in the making. The poetic answer, in the East or in the West, is recent and youthful. India's traditions, it has been argued, would enable India to feel her way to a cosmopolitan standard. Few Europeans know the Asian side half as well as Tagore, Gandhi or Iqbal have known the hemisphere to which they have not geographically belonged.

---

* 1 فطرت افراد سے اغماض بھی کر لیتی ہے
کبھی کرتی نہیں ملت کے گناہوں کو معاف!

(*Zarb-e-Kalim*, p. 85)

In "Hindi Islam" he said :

A nation is living only by the unity of thought,

If a sacrament destroys unity it is denial of God. [1]

And such values, it will be seen, are identified with absolute laws. The Nation, to Iqbal, was a whole, consisting of units not to be defined by economic, linguistic or psychological values but by spiritual traditions. These traditions derived from immutable laws of revealed religion and were both spiritual and juridical. His philosophy was silent on competitive revelations because competition would not occur on that plane, though his poetry certainly indicated preference. It is not necessary to discuss his choice of a tradition as the highest form of the Absolute—that would lead argument to an act of faith.

Though insisting on necessity of making traditional units function harmoniously within a national whole, Iqbal was tempted by a simplified ideal. His inner desire to identify a religious group with a nation inexorably moulded his political theories. His Pakistan idea tried to give over a belt of India to complete Muslim possession and to join it up with neighbouring Islamic lands, under the stamp of a common name. For years he wrote his poems in Persian—the first volume, published in 1924, was in Urdu and so also the two latest ones, of 1935 and 1937—dreaming of a common Islamic language. With him this was not a plea for isolation but the philosophy of perfect units The difficulty in such schemes comes from the nature of reality.

Passionate faith in Islam and artistic skill gave a striking power to his verse : it goes to the head and heart, and young Islami knows why. If some notes are strident, and even lack an all-India appeal, they will be forgotten; the ultimate evocative power lies in his profound humanity Nietzschean super-heroism stuff appears thin to a generation which has seen through dictators of many shirts and sizes and observed their lurid gyrations, but the invocation to the power of truth, of exalted self-expression gives some of Iqbal's poems enduring significance.

---

[1] ہے زندہ فقط وحدتِ افکار سے ملت
وحدت ہو فنا جس سے وہ الہام بھی الحاد

(*Ibid*, p 30)

Despair not; disgrace that would be to knowledge;

The hope of a true Mussulman knows God.

Your abode is not under the dome of Emperor's palace,

You are an eagle, you should live in rocks. [1]

Iqbal's adolescent son Javid is known to his readers; some verses, dedicated to him, move by their delicate and unadorned beauty. He asks his son to discover the secret of a good life :

Find a place for yourself in the realm of love,

Create a new age, new mornings and new evenings.

If God gives you a heart that understands Nature

Commmune with the silence of tulips and roses.

My way is not to earn a reputation of the wealthy, but of a poor man,

Do not sell your Khudi (self), win your name as a poor man. [2]

This message, also to a young man, given in Bal-i-Jibril[3] (Tan Ba Taqdir)[4], cannot stop at frontiers :

• 1 نہ ہو نومید، نومیدی زوالِ علم و عرفاں ہے
امیدِ مردِ مومن ہے خدا کے رازدانوں میں!

نہیں تیرا نشیمن قصر سلطانی کے گنبد پر
تو شاہیں ہے بسیرا کر پہاڑوں کی چٹانوں میں!

(*Bal-e-Jibril*, pp. 162-163)

• 2 دیارِ عشق میں اپنا مقام پیدا کر — نیا زمانہ نئے صبح و شام پیدا کر
خدا اگر دلِ فطرت شناس دے تجھکو — سکوتِ لالہ و گل سے کلام پیدا کر
مرا طریق امیری نہیں فقیری ہے! — خودی نہ بیچ غریبی میں نام پیدا کر

(*Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 198)

• 3 not in *Bal-e-Jibril* but in *Zarb-e-Kalim*

• 4 تن بہ تقدیر in *Zarb-e-Kalim* p. 8

It is said that the 'Qur'an' now teaches
the Mussulman to leave the world,

The 'Qur'an' which made him master of moon and stars...

What was evil has turned into good,

Because even the conscience of nations changes in slavery. [1]

Such masterfulness easily transcends its own limitations; of equal power the verses on defeatist education, in the poem called "Madrassa" :

This education has made you lose that abandon

Which asked Wisdom not to invent excuses.

The school has hidden those secrets from your eyes

Which were open to you in the desert and mountains. [2]

Cryptic utterances directed toward a community have baffled his readers, but India has not forgotten the national song, "Tarana-i-Hindi', in which Iqbal's patriotism embraced her people :

O' river Ganga, rememberest thou those days

---

[1] • اسی قرآں میں ہے اب ترکِ جہاں کی تعلیم
جس نے مومن کو بنایا مہ و پرویں کا اسیر

تھا جو "نا خوب" بتدریج وہی خوب ہوا
کہ غلامی میں بدل جاتا ہے قوموں کا ضمیر

(*Zarb-e-Kalim*, p. 8)

[2] • اس جنوں سے تجھے تعلیم نے بیگانہ کیا
جو یہ کہتا تھا خرد سے کہ بہانے نہ تراش

مدرسے نے تری آنکھوں سے چھپایا جن کو
خلوت کوہ و بیاباں میں وہ اسرار ہیں فاش

(*Ibid*, p. 83)

When our caravan first alighted on thy shore?
Religion does not teach us strife;
we are Indians,
Our motherland is India. [1]

Unassuming simplicity, with an intellectuall freshness which never failed him, touched Iqbal's poetry in its most distinctive moods. So in "Shukr-o-Shikait" he said :

Simpleton I am, but greatful
That with you I have connections.
Hearts have I moved with a new stir
From Lahore to Bokhara and Samarkand.
My breath's power it is, that even in autum
The morning birds are pleased in my company.
But I was born in a land whose people
Are contented in slavery. [2]

---

[1] اے آبِ رودِ گنگا! وہ دن ہے یاد تجھکو ،
اترا ترے کنارے جب کارواں ہمارا
مذہب نہیں سکھاتا آپس میں بیر رکھنا
ہندی ہیں ہم - وطن ہے ہندوستاں ہمارا
(*Bang-e-Dara*, P. 82)

[2] میں بندۂ نادان ہوں مگر شکر ہے تیرا
رکھتا ہوں نہانخانۂ لاعوت سے پیوند!
اک ولولۂ تازہ دیا میں نے دلوں کو
لاہور سے تا خاک بخارا و سمرقند!
تاثیر ہے یہ میرے نفس کی کہ خزاں میں
مرغانِ سحرخواں میری صحبت میں ہیں خورسند!
لیکن مجھے پیدا کیا اس دیس میں تو نے
جس دیس کے بندے ہیں غلامی پہ رضامند!
(*Zarb-Kalim*, p. 15)

Zest and detachment—a paradoxical but necessary combination in the artist's temper modulated Iqbal's verse; irony could change into a kindly gleam and sorrow into satire without any conscious transition. A polemical poem he could begin thus, with tranquil thought :

To the tomb of Sheikh-i-Majaddid
I went,
That place which is horizon of light
below the sky.

Even the stars are ashamed of
the atoms of dust, there,
Where the Master of secret lies
asleep in the dust. [1]

Behind such restraint lay *the power* of his art, which gave expression not to mere modernity, but to perennial youth. Passing through literary and political devices, one comes to the inner region of his verse to drink deep in its crystal streams. Once, curiously affected by his loneliness, I spoke to him about it, knowing how much of his time was spent with people who claimed to be his followers. With characteristic humanity he said, "Spiritual life begins with loneliness".

(Taken from *Asia* N. Y. September 1938, Volume XXXVIII No. 9, pp. 559-562. Also published in *Voice of Islam*, Singapore, January-February 1939, pp. 19-23).

• حاضر ہوا میں شیخ مجدّد کی لحد پر
وہ خاک کہ ہے زیرِ فلک مطلعِ انوار
اس خاک کے ذروں سے ہیں شرمندہ ستارے
اس خاک میں پوشیدہ ہے وہ صاحب اسرار
(*Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 211)

Sadath Ali Khan

A NOTE ON IQBAL

Sir Muhammad Iqbal died in the year 1938. Soon after his death his poetry became the subject of much uncritical admiration by a host of worshipping "critics". To-day, after lapse of a few years, those voices, that had risen to such a high pitch in his praise, have been drowned in the din of battle. It is a matter of much concern to an Indian that a poet of Iqbal's calibre should be so little known in England; and therefore the task of introducing him to English readers appears a task worthy of attempt. For the cultural bonds between two nations, though intangible, are more enduring and of greater importance than mere commercial or political connections.

This little essay will deal mainly with Iqbal's poetry; and the various stages through which it has passed.

It is, perhaps, worthy of notice that during his day at the Punjab University he was much influenced by Sir Thomas Arnold, who was then on the staff of his college. When Arnold left India the young Iqbal wrote a poem, full of feeling, lamenting his departure. Iqbal himself not long afterwards also set sail for England, and became a student of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. At that University he had good fortune to work under such able men as the late Professor Browne and Professor Nicholson. Professor Nicholson has made a translation of Iqbal's long Persian poem *The Secrets of the Self*. On leaving Cambridge Iqbal went to Germany, where he read philosophy at the Univetsity of Heidelberg. One can well imagine the young student, fiery, full of zest and genuine enthusiasm, in quest of the knowledge which would, he hoped, enable him to unravel the mysteries of life. Those were the Edwardian days before the great war, when the old solid Victorian order, with its optimism and its belief in its own solidity, was about to be upset by the great upheaval of 1914; only to be superseded by the lean and hungry years of disillusionment, disbelief, and uncertainty, that followed the war. Iqbal read, perhaps with

great relish, Nietzsche, "the pious hermit who longed to sin"[1] (in Iqbal's own words), and Schopenhauer, and all the others who influenced the early years of this century.

During his stay at Cambridge he managed to get through a great deal of Persian and Arabic literature; and, what with his regular university course and his other, wider interests, he found little time, during the years 1905-08, for writing. He must have been a diligent student. But it is interesting to speculate on the workings of the poet's mind during these years.

Was he a literary recluse like Pater, or did he go out into the world in search of sensations and impressions? For over the vast horizon of literature there was still to be seen the fading glow of the nineties, with its mad lust for life. The Cafe Royal was still the place where fascinating people gathered and talked about the death of poets and the days of yore. A study of his work suggests that Iqbal as a university student was neither a recluse nor did he seek after sensation. He appears to have remained more or less untouched by the influence of the "decadents", for even in his earlier poetry one can trace the rejuvenating vigour of his later works. At home Urdu poetry was casting off its old slough, and poets like Hali were turning to the West for new values and new modes of expression. Iqbal was one of these pioneers, and perhaps the greatest of them all. Let us consider some of these early poems in more detail.

We will begin with his earliest collection, entitled "*Bang-i-Dera*". These poems do indeed treat of the basic problems of life, as do also his later works. But, not unnaturally, they lack the all-pervading tone of authoritative philosophical wisdom with which the later work is imbued. These early poems are fragile, delicate, spontaneous works of great beauty. They are concerned with things that move us all. Thus the fascinating and melancholy little poem "Evening",[2] written by the banks of the Neckar, has an atmosphere of peace and quiet

---

• 1. The reference is to the lines.

اگرچہ پاک ہے طینت میں راہبی اس کی ترس رہی ہے مگر لذتِ گناہ کے لئے

(*Zarb-e-Kalim* p. 83)

• 2. (*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 136)

which touches with soft fingers some secret chord of the eternal harp of Nature. It is not a poem only : it is a picture of a sleepy landscape, such a picture as appears only to poets and children in the blissful visions of their dream :

'This a silent light; the light of the moon
Shed down upon a silent scene :
The tree branch still, the songsters hushed
'Neath hills now clad in palest green.
For drowsy Nature in Night's arms doth swoon.
Drugged by Her quiet magic potion,
The unwilling waters slowly flow;
'Surely,' twere better far to be at rest,
Watching and holding the bright stars that go,
Silent, unbugled caravan, at God's behest,
Across the mighty sky's sublimer ocean?'
So all is still : water and tree and hill.
O sorrowing heart of mine, be still, thou too, be still'. [1]

---

[1] خاموش ہے چاندنی قمر کی شاخیں ہیں خموش ہر شجر کی •
وادی کے نوا فروش خاموش کہسار کے سبز ہوش خاموش
فطرت بیہوش ہو گئی ہے آغوش میں شب کے سو گئی ہے
کچھ ایسا سکوت کا فسون ہے نیکر کا خرام بھی سکوں ہے
تاروں کا خموش کارواں ہے یہ قافلہ بے درا رواں ہے
خاموش کوہ و دشت و دریا قدرت ہے مراقبے میں گویا
اے دل! تو بھی خموش ہوجا آغوش میں غم کو لے کے سوجا

(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 136)

In one of his essays Poe praises the poet who has the art of composing the short lyric, such a lyric as Shelley's "Indian Serenade". It is by no means easy to write a lyric so compact, so complete, and so wholly poetic as this of Iqbal's. Yet it is not an artificial piece of composition, no play upon words like Poe's "Raven" or Wild's "Sphinx". Nor is it a conventional lament on "dear dead days" or unrequited love. Nothing earthly has touched its mysterious ethereal emotion, because the poet, as it were, broke into a song, and the song came out of the very depths of his soul. The fact is that Iqbal was at his greatest when he silently mused over life, rather than when he expounded his political and philosophical theories with the vehemence which was characteristic of him in later days. This fact, I believe, is an important key to a more intimate understanding of him.

The poems written in 1905-1908 consist of some of the most beautiful verses Iqbal ever wrote, beautiful alike in conception and in rendering. They have for us the additional interest that they were written during his years of student life in Europe, when he was young and responsive to foreign influence. "The Secret of Beauty" [1] he adapted from the German; and he used Tennyson, Longfellow, and Cowper in a similar way. He was greatly influenced not only by Western poets but also by the vitalist philosophy of Bergson, whose teaching that Life is Change is reflected in the spirit of restlessness that comes out in so many of Iqbal's poems.

Was it from his own inherent nature, or was it the result of his western training, that Iqbal found himself torn between two conflicting desires? The Eastern element in him loved the quiet, passive contemplation of beauty; but another force urged him towards the world of action, the strife of politics, and it was this force which ruled him in his later years. There are signs of this conflict even in his early work.

SOLITUDE

Standing alone beneath the sky

I look above, and wonder why
My solitude is sad.

---

* *1. Bang-e-Dara, pp. 116-117.*

With countless stars for company
In many a glorious galaxy
I surely should be glad.
I see beneath their awful height
The homelier earth on which I stand :
So fair a garden made so bright.
And yet, I may not understand
Those starry pearls beneath my feet :
Whence came those tears?
Whence, heart, thy restless beat? [1]

Here we see that the outer harmony of the world around him is in contrast to his own inner restlessness, and does not succeed in expelling or subduing it.

Iqbal was an emotional man like Shelley. Certain forces in life inspired him, so that he could draw from the unfailing fountain of his inspiration without any loss. He very rarely gives us what may be called bad poetry though many will question the wisdom of his philosophy or his politics. In order to live fully, he had to write. There was no other outlet for his passionate, highly strung nature. He looked around and saw a crumbling world of shattered, beaten ideals. He searched for a cause of all evil, and soon found one; and what is more, a remedy too. He raised the banner of Islam, which was the great driving force, the elan vital of his life; he set before himself the immense task of the regeneration of Moslem youth. Towards this ideal he worked unceasingly, vehemently, passionately. He wove a straight unbroken line of logical thought in his works is a most formidable one for his critics. The slow melancholy lament of his earlier poems gathers mementum and force, fed by his great emotional reservior, till

---

[1] تنہائی شب میں ہے حزیں کیا! انجم نہیں تیرے ہمنشیں کیا!
یہ رفعتِ آسمانِ خاموش خوابیدہ زمیں ۔ جہانِ خاموش
یہ چاند، یہ دشت دور، یہ کہسار فطرت ہے تمام نسترن زار
موتی خوشرنگ پیارے پیارے یعنی، ترے آنسوؤں کے تارے
کس شے کی تجھے ہوس ہے، اے دل! قدرت تری ہم نفس ہے اے دل!

(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 137)

it ends like the blast of a mighty trumpet, which shakes us with a rude shock. It is a weird symphony. The last immortal notes still vibrate in our being, and the cry "To arms, against evil, against sin, against faithlessness!" rings in our ears. This is the battle cry of Iqbal. It is the stern Calvinistic religion of a saintly soldier, He could not go out in the midst of life to forget life and its evils, but sat alone to brood over human passions and human failings—and at what great expense of spirit! He was no epicure, like Khayyam or Wilde; he was no cynic either. Who was he to laugh at the foibles of men? These did not amuse but, on the contrary, angered him. How different was his great contemporary, Tagore, who lived in a beautiful world of his own, in an atmosphere of serene optimism. Shantiniketan was the abode of peace; but Iqbal had built his house upon a volcano, and every undercurrent, every movement, however slight, left its mark, its indelible impress.

Thus the poet lived and song and preached. The sweet gushing stream changed into a rapid torrent of molten lava, which swept away everything that crossed its path. Action, movement, restlessness, love, a sense of the importance of the self that is what the poet preached. He reminds one of another philosopher-poet, Nietzsche, who sorely troubled with the land of his birth and the world in general, passed his days in gloom and despair.

One word more. The poet preaches nothing new, nothing that the philosopher and moralist have not already preached a thousand times, in perhaps a more comprehensible and logical manner. What the poet says is of less importance than how he says it. What it is that moves him concerns us less than the extent to which the poet himself is moved. It is difficult to find any coherent system of philosophy in Browning, for instance; but the optimistic idea that served as an impetus to his poetry cannot be denied.

The late T. Earle Welby has put the matter admirably in his history of English poetry: "The question with a poet always must be of what use, of what value is his thought to him, not to us. Philosophically it may be almost worthless: if it can call into vivid activity his peculiar powers, it will possess the only kind of value we can rightly attach to poetry".

(Taken from *Indian Art And Letters*, London. 1943, N. S. Vol. XVII, No. 1, pp. 71-73).

Hira Lall Chopra

IQBAL - THE POET

Nineteen years ago on 21st April, 1938, Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal, the great poet of the East, the great Muslim thinker and the great exponent of the true evolution of the individuality of Man ("khudi"), breathed his last and a short while before his death, he recited a quatrain in Persian, veritably the swan-song, summing up his whole mission of life:

The departed melody may recur or not!
The zephyr may blow again from Hejaz or not?
The days of this Faqir have come to an end,
Another seer may come or not! [1]

An Urdu poet in the beginning, Iqbal matured into an ardent patriot, who sang praises of India and songs for her emancipation from the foreign rule. Ramsay Macdonald, writing in his *Awakening of India* says that in 1910, Iqbal's poem "Hindustan Hamara"[2] was more or less considered to be the national anthem of the country, which was composed at the instance of the famous revolutionary-patriot, L. Har Dyal, M. A., when he inaugurated in February, 1903, in Lahore the Youngmen's Indian Association, in which a lecture on "The Renaissance of India", was read from another patriot-saint. Swami Rama Tirtha, who was then touring America and broadcasting the message of Vedanta there. Iqbal later deverted to writing in Persian. He became a pan-Islamist after having seen the evils of narrow nationalism

---

* سرودِ رفتہ باز آید کہ ناید! نسیمے از حجاز آید کہ ناید!
سر آمد روزگارِ ایں فقیرے دگر دانائے راز آید کہ ناید

(*Armaghan-e-Hijaz*, p. 14)

* 2. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 82

in Europe, and was converted to socialism in the last days of his life, keeping his convictions based firmly on religious foundations.

Poet's like prophets belong to the whole humanity. They give solace and fortitude to the ailing world and their message of peace is universal. *Iqbal was no exception in this respect. Born and brought* up in Muslim tradition, he is obliged to employ the Muslim technique in his poetry frequently.

During his stay in Europe, he came in contact with Professors Browne, Mac Taggart and Nicholson and started writing poetry in Persian so as to approach a larger circle of people. Iqbal has been unlucky in this respect that he never indulged in art for art's sake. He has always taken a utilitarian view of it and has never tried to sacrifice the aim of poetry for words and phrases. This attitude of Iqbal antagonised the stereotyped critics, who would not accept his Urdu poetry up to the standards of Delhi and Lucknow. They were inelastic in their valuation but time brought them round and to-day they are loudest in the appreciation of his poetry. He had to face the same difficulty in Persian also. His Persian was medieval and was that of Hafiz, Sa'di, Firdausi, 'Umar Khayyam and Jami. Modern Persian, in spite of its modernity and progressiveness, has not produced any poet of their status and Iqbal preferred to stick on to medieval Persian. It is gratifying to note that Iran to-day has realised Iqbal's worth and some books about Iqbal and his poetry have been brought by famous professors in the Tehran University. Translations of his works have also appeared in Arabic, English, Polish, German and many other European languages.

After leaving professorship in a college, Iqbal chose for himself the service of teaching the whole mankind, the lesson of universal love that he learnt from his own master, the prophet Muhammad. Qur'an, according to Iqbal, was a scripture revealed not only to Muhammad, but to all those who studied it with the heart of a seeker and the mind of an enquirer. Prophet Muhammad represented by his own life and action what Islam is and what it should be individually and collectively; and Iqbal's religion was to understand Muhammad, as this understanding was tantamount to God-realization:

Follow Muhammad closely, for that is the Faith,

If you have not followed him, you are away
from the Faith.[1]

To attain this objective, he never prescribes the opiates of the Sufis who constantly meditate like idle philosophers, but Iqbal would like all "momins"—traversers on the path of true religion, to "arise, awake and stop not till goal is reached" in the words of the *Upanishads*:

Arise, Awake! having obtained your boons,
understand them!

The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over;

Thus the wise say the path (to the Self) is hard.

"If you desire life, live in danger" is the message of Iqbal to Man, if he is to justify himself as the "crown and head of creation". Man, according to Iqbal, is constantly in the process of "being" and it is only by following a Perfect Man—a Prophet of God, that he reaches the stage of "becoming" or "life-affirmation". This elevates Man to the privileged position of becoming the Vicegerent of God. The evolution of Man to Vicegerency of God can be achieved by love, Supreme indifference to the reward of the world, Courage, Tolerance, Living on lawful earnings, Participation in original and creative activities and by discarding fear, beggary, pride of extraction and slavery.

The traditional dictum of "He who knows his Self, knows his God" leads Iqbal to put the maximum premium on man's potentiality to develop his ego. He who comes nearest to God, is the completest person. "Know Thyself" is alright according to Iqbal, but develop it materially and spiritually; not in isolation, but in association with other selves to the advantage of the society as a whole. Society should be homogeneous and all its constituents should profess identical spiritual convictions, it should centre round some inspired leadership or prophethood (Muhammad), it should possess a code for its guidance (Qur'an), it should have a centre and a clear goal for the

---

به مصطفیٰ برساں خویش را کہ دیں ہمہ اوست![1]*
اگر بہ او نہ رسیدی تمام بولہبی است

(Armaghan-e-Hijaz 3, p. 278)

whole community to strive at (Mecca), and it should gain supremacy over the forces of nature and face the odds boldly. Even if this ideal is to be found in a heretic society, it is to be followed religiously without any prejudice.

Religion, according to Iqbal, is to be given dynamic initiative and vision to Man, facing a life of opportunity and to give him creative love towards community of his fellowmen. The inculcation of this idea is a service rendered to Islam, which according to the poet, is not only to be studied academically in the books, but to be lived and practised in day to day life. He urges Muslims to discard the dogmatism of religion, which eats into the very vitals of the Self and exhorts them to some fruitful spiritual evocation.

> The religion of the Kafir consists in planning
> and ceaseless striving,
> The religion of Mullah is creating trouble in
> the name of God.[1]

Religion is the thread in which can be strung together people from different countries and of different nationalities. Iqbal's religion is not the narrow religion of a communalist, nor the communist approach and dread of it. In his famous lectures on *The Religious Reconstruction of Islam* he says prophetically:

> "Humanity needs three things to-day—an interpretation of the universe, spiritual emancipation of the individual, and the basic principles of a universal import directing the evolution of human society on a spiritual basis. Modern Europe has, no doubt, built idealistic systems on these lines, but experience shows that truth revealed through pure reason is incapable of bringing that fire of living conviction which personal revelation alone can bring. This is the reason why pure thought has so little influenced men, while religion has always elevated individuals and transformed whole societies. The idealism of Europe never became a living factor in her life, and the result is a perverted ego seeking itself through mutually intolerant

---

*1 دینِ کافر فکر و تدبیرِ جہاد دینِ ملّا فی سبیل اللہ فساد
(Javid Nama, p. 85)

*2 *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*

democracies whose sole function is to exploit the poor in the interest of the rich. Believe me, Europe to-day is the greatest hindrance in the way of man's ethical advancements". [1]

Iqbal has opened up before us new vistas of thought for contemplation and assessment of the individual and the society, for the benefit of the nation and the country as a whole. Intolerant to indolence, idleness and lethargy, he wanted every particle of his country to be moving and dynamic. Even 'useless striving is better then inaction'. He paid special attention to train the youth, to guide the adults and to goad the old to contribute their mite to the formation of lovelier, brighter, freer and happier India. A new India based on the rocky foundation of his aspirations, which generated in him a keen desire even for the retrospect, so uncommon in a progressive poet like Iqbal, when in the very first accountable composition "Himalayas", [2] he pines for the ancient lore from this lofty sentinel of India, which extols the catholicity of the Indian Gulture

(Taken from *Indo-Iranica,* Iran Society, Calcutta, 1957, Volume 10, No. 3, September, pp. 24-27.

1. *Ibid,* Lahore, 1962, p. 179.
2. *Bang-e-Dara,* pp. 3-6

N. B. Roy

THE BACKGROUND OF IQBAL'S POETRY

In an age when political passions run high and the selfishness and greed of man obliterate old landmarks and shiver a continent into fragments, the politician is apt to take precedence over the poet in popular imagination. This is what has happened in the case of Sir Muhammad Iqbal. To many he remains a high priest of communalism who by envisaging a federation of the Muslim majority Provinces of North Western India, became the god-father of an enchanting dream-land called Pakistan. To them his "Ghazal", "Qasidah" and "Rubaiyat" lacked that breadth and catholicity, the ennobling and uplifting element which is truly the mark of a great poet. They would apply the dictum of A E. Housman, — "the function of poetry is to harmonise the sadness of the world"— to Iqbal's work and denigrate him by saying that there is very little in his works which resolves the conflict between man and his environment. There are others, on the contrary, panegyrists confined mainly to his coreligionists, who extol his transcendental genius as a poet and consider his poetry to be endowed with the power of "inspiring revolutions".

The average reader of Iqbal's poetry in Persian and Urdu therefore finds himself at a loss to determine the true quality of his writings and his place as a poet. To attempt that task is beyond the scope of this paper, which seeks to introduce the reader to some of Iqbal's works and incidentally to indicate the influences which inspired them.

Born in Sialkot in 1873 Iqbal passed his youth under the influence of the nationalist movement which glorified the motherland and declared service to it to be the ideal of every Indian, irrespective of sectarian differences. The nationalist idea became a vital force, after the Indian National Congress was founded in 1885, and Iqbal wrote, under the inspiration of this non-communal and non-sectarian movement, such poems as the "Tarana-i-Hind" [1] (National Anthem of India) "Ode to

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 82

the Himalaya" [1] and "Naya Shivala"[2]. Iqbal was then a humble votary at the altar of his motherland and sang the beauty of the Indian landscape, the warbling of her birds and the fragrance of the flowers. Communal concord and harmony was then an article of his faith and he wrote perhaps unconsciously on the model of Fayzi, the poet-laureate of Akbar's court, as in the lines :

You think God exists in these idols of stone,
Each speck of dust of my native land is as holy as a country's idol.

Come, let us lift up the curtain of estrangement ;
Bring those together who are parted and remove the duality.

The habitation of the heart has remained desolate for a long time

Come let us build up a new temple in this country.[3]

The spread of nationalist ideas and liberal political concepts of the West caused a stir in course of time among the minority communities, and the Muslims, as early as 1873, awoke to the need for a separate political organisation for promoting their political uplift. An easy medium for their regeneration and enlightenment was found in the establishment of "Anjuman". One of them was founded in Lahore, named "Anjuman-i-Himayet-i-Islam" (Society for the aid of Islam) and Iqbal made his first debut as a poet by reciting a poem "Nala-i-Yetim" [4] (The

---

1. *Ibid*, pp. 3-6
2. *Ibid*,, pp. 88-89
3. پتھر کی مورتوں میں سمجھا ہے تو خدا ہے
خاک وطن کا مجھ کو ہر ذرہ دیوتا ہے
آ غیریت کے پردے اک بار پھر اٹھا دیں
بچھڑوں کو پھر ملا دیں نقش دوئی مٹا دیں
سونی پڑی ہوئی ہے مدت سے دل کی بستی
آ اک نیا شوالہ اس دیس میں بنا دیں
(Bang-e-Dara, p. 88*)*
4. *(Sarod-e-Rafta* pp. 9-18*)*

Orphan's Wail) in 1899. The poem was not of high literary merit, but it described the Muslim sorrows and woes in such moving words that Iqbal became at once the mouthpiece of Muslim sentiment.

The period from 1905-23 may be said to form the second phase of Iqbal's poetic career. He spent the first half of this epoch in study abroad and teaching in Lahore. He read philosophy in Cambridge under Professors McTaggart and James Ward and came into contact with the eminent Persian scholar, Professor E.G. Browne. It was perhaps as much this association with Browne as his own inward bent that now led him to turn to Persian as the vehicle of his poetical thoughts.[1] From Cambridge he went to Germany. His study at Munich University and Heidelberg, of the works of the great philosophers like Kant, Schopenhauer, Goethe and particularly Hegel raised his thoughts to sublime heights and perhaps gave his inward musings that direction which found exrpression later on in the *Asrar-i-Khudi*.

In course of his study in Europe (1905-1908) he had seen with his own eyes the amazing material development of the West, its brilliance and its ugliness, the urge for creative endeavour as well as the competition in the manufacture of weapons of destruction. When, after his return to India in 1909, he occupied the Chair of Philosophy in the Government College, Lahore, and found the Muslim countries going one after another under heal of the Western powers, his heart bled. During his stay in Europe, Persia had been divided into two spheres where Great Britain and Russia were to exercise their respective influences, (1907). In 1911, Morocco and Tripoli passed under the protectorate of France and Italy respectively. Two years later the Ottoman Empire itself was laid low. Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey was looked upon by the Muslims as the defender of the faith and the guardian of their political interests, but the European powers had given him the nick-name of the "sickman of Europe".

The Hamidian regime was overthrown by the rise of a party of "Young Turks" in 1908 but their narrow Ottomanizing policy caused an outbreak among the Christian races and, in the war that ensued,

---

1. Iqbal Singh refers to Iqbal's letter to a friend in which he expressed his dissatisfaction with Urdu as the medium of expression and also to the occasion when he began to compose in Persian. (*Ardent Pilgrim*, pp. 41-42)

the Turks were defeated in a series of engagements. The Bulgars drove them behind the lines at Chataldja, the Greeks fought their way into Salonika and the Serbs won a great victory at Kumanov, 1912. The treaty signed in London on 30th May, 1913, practically obliterated the Ottoman empire in Europe by restricting it to a small area covered by Constantinople and Gallipoli. In the same year occurred in India what is known as the Kanpur Massacre. A violent Muslim mob clashed with the armed forces of the Government within the precincts of the Machhlibazar mosque, Kanpur, in which many Muslims lives were lost. This Kanpur killing caused a profound sensation in India and beyond and meetings called in condemnation of this outrage were held all over India and in distant Cairo. The Urdu paper *Al Hilal* started by young Abul Kalam Azad, raised a wail saying:

> With whose blood is Tripoli flooded? Of the Muslims.
>
> Who, slain, lie quivering on the plains of Persia? The Muslims.
>
> Whose blood flows in the Balkan Peninsula? The Muslims.
>
> The land of Hindusthan is athirst. It demands blood.
>
> Whose? The Muslims.
>
> At last it rained blood in Kanpur and the dust of Hindustan is saturated with it.
>
> Oh you Muslims: Where will you now reside?

The Muslim poets were deeply affected and foremost among them was Iqbal who wrote the "Shikwa" (Complaint):

> O God, listen to the lamentation of the faithful;
>
> Listen also to petty complaint from one who is addicted to thy praise.
>
> There are other people besides us;
>
> There are sinners amongst them;
>
> There are many who are weary of thy name; but thou

bestowest grace on their habitations and thy thunderbolts strike only our dwellings. [1]

Such an outburst might be deemed to be effervescence produced by the gravity of the situation; but the poet was pondering deeply. *The world was forging ahead; the Muslims were falling behind.* How could this retrogression be arrested? How could the *pristine glary of Islam* be revived?

The crisis in the Muslim world led the poet to make a complete breach with the past. The old nationalist ideas were now superseded by the cosmopolitan ideal of Islam which cut across political boundaries and united *Muslims all over the world by the silken tie of* brotherhood. The notion of "Hubb-ul-watan minul Iman" [2] (Love of *one's country is a part of one's faith) he regarded* as inconsistent with Islamic tradition and he wrote as late as 1933 :

The Ka'ba does not put on a new aspect,

Even if Lat and Manat were set up anew by Europeans. [3]

Among the new Idols, Native Land is greater than the rest,

What costitutes its apparel is the winding sheet of the faith. [4]

اے خدا شکوۂ ارباب وفا بھی سن لے [1]
خوگرِ حمد سے تھوڑا سا گلہ بھی سن لے
امتیں اور بھی ہیں ان میں گنہگار بھی ہیں
سینکڑوں ہیں کہ ترے نام سے بیزار بھی ہیں
رحمتیں ہیں تری اغیار کے کاشانوں پر
برق گرتی ہے تو بیچارے مسلمانوں پر

(*Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 177,181)

2 حب الوطن من الایمان .

نو نگردد کعبه را رخت حیات [3]
گر ز افرنگ آیدش لات و منات

(*Javid Nama*, p. 72)

ان تازہ خداؤں میں بڑا سب سے وطن ہے [4]
جو پیرہن اس کا ہے وہ مذہب کا کفن ہے

(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 173)

The Muslim, he declared, did not belong to any particular country or clan. The whole world was his home.

China and Arabia are ours, Hindustan is ours.
We are Muslims; the whole world is our home.[1]

Speaking of himself, he descanted saying,

Though born in India, my eye derives light, from the holy dust of Bukhara, Kabul and Tabriz.[2]
Behold, you would not find the like of me in Hindustan.
Though descended from the Brahmin, I am acquainted with the seerets of Rum and Tabriz.[3]

The chord in the poet's heart now throbbed only in the glorification of Islam and the cause of its revival in its pristine purity. He now sounded a call to the Muslim to awake, arise and build a better world.

The pith of life is contained in action
To delight in creation is the law of life;
Arise, create a new world
Wrap thyself up in flames, be an Abraham.
If the world does not comply with his humour
He will try the hazard of war with Heaven;
He will dig up the foundations of the Earth
And cast its atoms into a new mould.[4]

(Translation by R. A. Nicholson)

---

*1 چین و عرب ہمارا ہندوستاں ہمارا
مسلم ہیں ہم وطن ہے سارا جہاں ہمارا
(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 172)

*2 اگرچہ زادۂ ہندم فروغ چشم من است
ز خاک پاک بخارا و کابل و تبریز!
(*Payam-e-Marshriq*, p. 203)

*3 مرا بنگر کہ در ہندوستاں دیگر نمے بینی
برہمن زادۂ رمز آشنائے روم و تبریز است
(*Zabur-e-'Ajam*, p. 17)

*4 در عمل پوشیدہ مضمونِ حیات — لذت تخلیق قانون حیات
خیز و خلاق جہانِ تازہ شو — شعلہ در برکن خلیل آوازہ شو
گر نہ سازد با مزاج او جہان — می شود جنگ آزما با آسمان
بر کند بنیاد موجودات را — می دہد ترکیب نو ذرات را
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 54-55)

The new message that he delivered through the *Asrar-i-Khudi (The Secrets of the Self)* is that the development of personality is the end of human existence and with a view to the fruitioning of this ideal, a man must live a life of ceaseless activity. The world was not an illusion, and "Akhir" the Summum Bonum. He quoted a saying of Prophet Muhammad to say that "the whole of this earth is a mosque", and Man's energy is to be directed to make this holy ground beautiful. He rejected the view of life that extols self-abnegation and asceticism and said:

> A Kaffir before his idol with a wakeful heart is better than the religious man asleep in the sanctuary.[1]

The Prophet's saying,

> "*Takhallaqu bi-akhlaq Allah*"[2], (*Create in your selves the* attributes of God)

was to be the watch-word. It was to guide him like the pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. Technology had caused revolutionary changes in the pattern of human living but it had also created a moral and a spiritual vacuum which pained Iqbal.

> I tasted wine from the tavern of the West,
>
> Surely it caused a headache;
>
> I sat in the company of the best of the Europeans
>
> And found no other day more disagreeable than that day.[3]

کافر بیدار دل پیش صنم *1
به ز دیندارے که خفتت اندر حرم!

(*Javid Nama*, p. 40)

تخلقوا باخلاق الله *2

مے از میخانهٔ مغرب چشیدم *3
بجانِ من که دردِ سر خریدم
نشستم با نکوبانِ فرنگی
ازان بے سود تر روزے ندیدم!

(*Armaghan-e-Hijaz*, p. 63)

He laid down three essential conditions for the progress of the individual towards perfection ; "Ita'at" (obedience), "Zabt-i-nafs" *(self-control) and "Niyabat-i-Ilahi" (Vice-gerency of God).* The perfect man said Iqbal, is "He who comes nearest to God ; the greater his distance from God, the less his individuality. Not that he is finally absorbed in God, on the contrary he absorbs God unto himself".[1] According to the Islamic concept God is Transcendental, but to enkindle a sympathy for the suffering fellow-man, he propounded that God was immanent in all beings :

We have strayed away from God who is in quest of us;

He is humble and like us subject to desire ;

He is hidden in every atom, yet remote from us.[2]

He wished to sweep away the crust with which Islam was overlaid in course of its spread across countries. He did not like to inhale the fragrance either of the Indian "Champaka" flower or the Persian "Gul" (Rose) but,

Taste something of the heat of the desert
And drink the old wine of the date.[3]

That is to say, he wished to draw nourishment from the sight of the limitless horizon of the Arabian sky and from the juice of the Arabian date-palm. And he would strive for self-fulfilment by setting before himself the example of the Apostle Muhammad.

The third stage in the poet's career began after the decline of the Khilafat agitation, 1923. The seething unrest among his community

---

• 1. Iqbal quoted by R. A. Nicholson in Introduction to *The Secrets of the Self*, Lahore. 1950, p. XIV

• 2 ما از خدائے گم شدہ ایم او بجستجو ست
چوں ما نیازمند و گرفتارِ آرزو ست
پنہاں بہ ذرہ ذرہ و نا آشنا ہنوز

(*Zabur-e-'Ajam*, pp. 132-133)

• 3 اندکے از گرمیٔ صحرا بخور
بادۂ دیرینہ از خرما بخور

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 42)

now settled down to a calm and a new impulse which had been hidden in the recesses of his mind now came to the surface and found expression in the *Payam-i-Mashriq* (*Message of the East*), 1923. In the *Asrar* he had derided the mystics and condemned Hafiz by saying,

> Beware of Hafiz, the wine dealer whose cup contains nothing but deadly poison.....[1]

But from this time forward (1923) the poet's lyre was vibrant with a new melody. It was the melody of love, ("Ishq"). Iqbal realised gradually that reason alone would not open the gateway to that paradise into which he wanted to lead his fellow-men.

The pursuit of mere science was futile. It did not offer man that intuitive perception of the Divine and that moral and spiritual exaltation which was the real meaning of life. Love is an attribute of Divinity. A spark of it makes the human heart aflame. Therefore his message to the West was,

> O Zephyr, take this message from me to the sages of the West,
> That intellect in opening its wings has become more of a captive.
>
> Love strikes the heart like lightning.
>
> Love is more stimulating than intellect.[2]

and to his co-religionists, such as,

> Oh the guardian of Ka'ba, know that
> In the realm of love, everything is fair.

• 1 هوشیار از حافظ صہبا گسار •
جامش از زہر اجل سرمایہ دار

(*Khayaban-e-Iqbal*, edited by Faruqi, M.I. and Ghaznawy, K, Peshawar, 1966, p. 230) These lines were omitted from the second edition of *Asrare-Khudi*.

• 2 از من اے باد صبا گوئے بدانائے فرنگ •
عقل تا بال کشود است گرفتار تر است
برق را این بجگر می زند آں رام کند
عشق از عقل فسوں پیشہ جگر داد تر است

(*Payam-e-Mashriq* p. 225)

There is no sin nor good or evil,

There is neither Muslim nor infidel.[1]

He gradually proceeded to an exposition of the mysteries of Love, until he made an apotheosis of it in the *Zabur-i-'Ajam* (*Psalms of the East*, 1927). He began with the invocation :

Oh my Lord ! vouchsafe me a heart that knows itself,

Grant me a sight that can sense intoxication in the wine. [2]

In 1926, Iqbal had entered public life as a member of the Punjab Legislative Council and his contact with a wider world helped to give his mind that expansiveness which broke narrow bounds.

In 1931-32, the poet went to London as a member of the Round Table Conference and made a trip to Spain on this occasion. There sitting under the majestic ruins of the Al Humbra, he attuned the lines :

Thou shrine of Cordova, owest existence to Love

Deathless in all its being, stranger to then and now.

Colour or brick and stone, speech or music and song,

Only the hearts' warm-blood feeds the craftsman's design.

One drop of heart's blood lends marble a beating heart.

Out of the heart's blood, gush warmth and music and mirth. [3]

(Translation by V.G. Kiernan)

تو اے شمع حرم شاید ندانی جہان عشق را ہم محشرے ہست *1
گناہ و نامہ و میزان ندارد نہ او را مسلمے نے کافرے ہست

(*Ibid* p. 39)

یا رب درون سینہ دل باخبر بدہ در بادہ نشہ را نگرم آں نظر بدہ *2

(*Zabur-e-'Ajam*, p. 4)

اے حرم قرطبہ ! عشق سے تیرا وجود *3
عشق سراپا دوام جس میں نہیں رفت و بود
رنگ ہو یا خشت و سنگ چنگ ہو یا حرف و صوت
معجزۂ فن کی ہے خون جگر سے نمود
قطرۂ خون جگر سل کو بناتا ہے دل
خون جگر سے سرا سوز و سرور و سرود !

(*Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 129)

The poet's magnum opus was the *Javid Nama*, (*Book of Eternity*) composed in 1934, in which it is claimed that he has spoken in the accents of a world poet. Here he recounted on the model of Dante his itinerary through the other world, the passage from one storey of the firmament to another and then to a still higher storey until he had the beatific vision of standing in the presence of the "Taskmaster's eye". In Dante's *Divine Comedy* the poet is conducted through the heaven by Beatrice but no woman, however divinely fair, could take our poet by the hand. His guide is the great Rumi.

The journey begins at the twilight of evening on the bank of a river. The poet offers an invocation to his Master whose spirit there upon descends upon the earth. After a dialogue between them on the mystery of life and the meaning of "Mir'aj" the great voyage begins. Lunar Heaven is the first port of call where an Indian ascetic mortifying his flesh first comes into view. After a short talk, the pilgrim and his guide move on to the Realm of Prophecy where the messages of Buddha, Zarathustra, Jesus and Muhammad are communicated through their respective standard-bearer and the religion of Islam which cuts across the ties of country and race and obliterates social inequality is held up as the highest way of living.

From the Lunar Heaven the journey continues to Mercury where the pilgrim expounds his thoughts to Sayyid Jamaluddin Afghani and Sayyid Halim Pasha, the two great Pan-Islamic protagonists, and the scene becomes amusing when the former points his finger to the Qur'an as being the *Das Kapital* of the disinherited of the world. After a brief call at the heaven of Venus where dwell the gods of the ancient world, the pilgrim reaches the region of Mars from which he passes on to the planet Jupiter. Then occurs the very exciting scene of the meeting with Satan who, according to Iqbal, is the only leader of those who are destined to suffer permanent separation from the Beloved; next is the region of Saturn where the lowest and meanest of souls, traitors to their country and rejected of Hell, like Mir Ja'far, suffer torments. The reupon the poet is taken to the region where there is a miscellaneous group of men, saints like Sayyed Ali Hamadani, rulers like Nadir Shah and Tipu Sultan and poets like Bhartari-hari and Ghani, and philosophers like Nietzsche. The houris want him to linger; but

the pilgrim pines for something else. He has not had yet a sight of the Holy of Holies, the supreme Reality behind all forms and manifestations. That is now vouchsafed to him. The Divine Beauty unfolds before the poet; he stands speechless and mute. Regaining composure he returns to the earth to deliver the message to his son Javed in the following words :

May God give you inspiration and emotion,

Know the faith of a Muslim.

Religion consists in burning in the search (for God);

Its end is love, and its beginning is good behaviour.[1]

(Taken from *Visva Bharati Quarterly*,
Santiniketan, 1954-55, Volume 20, pp. 321-331)

---

۱ * اے ترا بخشد خدا قلب و جگر طاعتِ مرد مسلمانے نگر!
دیں سراپا سوختن اندر طلب انتہایش عشق و آغازش ادب!
(*Javid Nama*, p. 241)

Sir Abdul Qadir

THE PRINCIPAL THEMES IN IQBAL'S POETRY

The contact of the East and West found its most remarkable expression in the writings of the eminent poet-philosopher, Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal, who combined Oriental scholarship of a high order with a profound knowledge of the literature and philosophy of the West. He occupies a unique position in Urdu poetry. He wrote a number of excellent poems in Persian as well, which furnish an important basis of his international fame. We have in the *Bang-i-Dara*, the first collection of his Urdu poems, the seeds of the thought developed later in his Persian poems. In his later Urdu poems, which were published after the work in Persian, the themes dealt with in the latter were practically repeated. We can therefore form a fair idea of the trend of his thought from his Urdu works. The principal themes dealt with by him are :-

(a) The importance of the 'individual' and the need of developing the great potentialities of the 'Ego' or the *'Self' in man.*

(b) The high position of man in the scheme of the universe and the unlimited possibilities of his further rise to perfection.

(c) The necessity of the guidance of the spirit to control man's material progress, which threatens disaster if left uncontrolled.

(d) A warning to the nations of the West of the disastrous consequences which will come if they continue to advance on purely materialistic lines.

(e) A warning to the nations of the East in general and to Muslims in particular, to remember their spiritual eminence.

The difficult task of conveying such philosophic ideas in words full of rhythm and beauty, has been accomplished by Iqbal with marked skill. He has dealt with other subjects, such as love and the beauties of nature, with equal success. The western influence on his writings was not derived only from English literature. He had also other contacts with the Occident. He knew the German language and resided in Germany for some time. He also visited France, Italy and Spain. His philosophy was coloured by his study of Nietzsche and Bergson, but at heart he remained a mystic with ideas attuned to those of the Persian Sufis, and his dominant note is abhorrence of the materialism of the West.

(Extract from "Muslim Culture and Religious Thought" in *Modern India and the West* Edited by L.S.S. O'Malley O.U.P. 1941, pp. 530-531)

M. D. Taseer

INTRODUCTION TO IQBAL'S POEMS

It is yet a moot point amongst literary critics, whether Iqbal's best poetry is in Persian or Urdu. He was planning to write a prose poem in English, a few months before his death, which, if completed, might have proved to be his greatest masterpiece (He intended to call it *The Book of a Forgotten Prophet* and his literary models would have been the Bible—the Old Testament—and Nietzsche's *Also Spach Zarathustra*). And undoubtedly the best exposition of his own philosophy of life was written by himself in English under the title *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam. Referring to the idea of this* book in a letter written to Professor Tabassum (2nd September. 1925) he stated that he would like to call it *Islam As I Understand It*, because it was to be the statement of his personal views. He also made a significant confession, saying : "Most of my life has been spent in the study of European philosophy and that viewpoint has become my second nature. Consciously, or unconsciously I study the realities and truths of Islam from the same point of view. I have experienced this many a time, that while talking in Urdu *I cannot express all that I* want to say in that language." As a matter of fact Iqbal generally talked bilingually, in English and Urdu, not creatively but critically.

In view of this, some of his statements in *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* deserve very careful attention. Says Iqbal: "The most remarkable phenomenon of modern history, however, is the enormous rapidity with which the world of Islam is spiritually moving towards the West. There is nothing wrong in this movement..... Our only fear is that the dazzling exterior of European culture may arrest our movement, and we may fail to reach the true inwardness of *that culture*". [1]

Again, "The only course open to us is to approach modern knowledge with a respectful but independent attitude and to appreciate the

---

•1. *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, p. 7.

teachings of Islam in the light of that knowledge, even though we may be led to differ from those who have gone before us". [1]

Iqbal followed what he called "the only course". He tried to reach the inwardness of European culture and appreciated and interpreted Islam in the light of modern European thought. He was not the bigoted communalist that some even of his so-called admirers make him out to be. He confessedly sought knowledge from the springheads of European learning. Did not the Prophet command us to seek knowledge in the remotest corners of the world? "The philosophers of Islam", says Iqbal, "received inspiration from Greek thought". They in turn inspired Europe. But since the Middle Ages the world of of Islam has lain in a state of "intellectual stupor" and in the meantime, in Europe, "infinite advance has taken place in the domain of thought and experience". [2] Iqbal tried to take up the threads again. On his own showing his view-point is essentially European. But he is not a blind follower. He is an independent evaluator.

"What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal", thus spake Zarathustra. And Iqbal was great enough to be the bridge between the East and the West. It is a mark of his greatness that he is in line with the great thinkers of the world and, having absorbed the best thought of the day, he has kept his individuality, and contributed something to world-thought.

Modern European thought begins with Bacon, who imbibed the inductive method from 'Arabian' thought. Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz and all others who followed him fought the battle of Reason. Locke established the independence of Matter. Berkeley contended that matter was only a form of mind. Hume denied that mind mattered at all. Thus philosophy came to a dead end ! And then came Kant. He is the first major philosopher of modern times, and is of the same stature as the great ancients, Plato and Aristotle. He taught mankind that all knowledge is not derived from the senses, and that "every man is to be respected as an absolute end in himself, as a Man, and not as a mere means for external purposes".

---

1. *Ibid*, p. 97.
2. *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, p. 7.

Iqbal starts with these two fundamental ideas. Faith and not reason is the foundation of self-hood, and mystic experience and not scientific experiment alone is the key to inner knowledge. But he goes further ahead and develops the idea of man as an absolute end into the absoluteness of personality ; and whereas Kant postulates the moral law by the *Critique of Practical Reason* as a sort of external command, Iqbal makes it the outcome of inner necessity. "That which fortifies personality is good, that which weakens it is bad",[1] says Iqbal. Again, for Kant, Freedom and Immortality are but proofs of the justness of our universe. To Iqbal they are achieveable rewards. He does not believe in Immortality for everyone, and in this he is a "heretic" ! (No less 'heretical' from the orthodox point of view is his statement that "Heaven and Hell are states, not localities"--their descriptions in the Qur'an are visual representations of an inner fact, i.e. character".)[2]

But Kant's influence was not felt by Iqbal in an individual manner. Kant is after all a metaphysician. And metaphysics services Iqbal's 'activism' merely as a mental background. His test is pragmatical. He is not a propounder of any theory of knowledge. No "religious mystic" can be that.

But Iqbal is not 'religious' in the strict sense of the term. If you believe that certain doctrines are 'absolutely true', that certain acts are objectively "good", in themselves, you are religious. But if you believe that acts and doctrines are good as a means to an end, you are not 'religious'. For Iqbal, personality is the measure of all things, the value of all values. There is no external law of values. Neither is he a "mystic", believing in the absoluteness of personal experiences. The final test is the mystic experience of another person, the Prophet's inspiration. If, then, a mystic experience of another person does not correspond with that of the Prophet, it is false and illusory ; if it corresponds with that of the Prophet, it is unnecessary as a contribution to the theory of knowledge. But it is not futile for the development of the Ego.

•1. Iqbal quoted by Nicholson, A. R. in the Introduction to *The Secrets of the Self*, pp. XXI-XXII.

•2. *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, p. 223.

And it is as an activist, a practical 'philosopher', that Iqbal should be judged. As such his main contribution to thought is his development of the conception of the Ego. Previously the Ego was merely a philosophical concept. Iqbal impregnated it with practical content. And this he did as early as 1913, the year when he first conceived the *Asrar*. In terms of literary criticism this means that Iqbal's poetry represents the spirit of the practical will. It looks from explanation to action. In the past the typical form of such poetry was represented by morality and allegory. It is born out of the realization of the close contact between life and literature Thus the early period of erotic lyricism was over. Iqbal was looking towards his environment with open eyes In the first fervour of imagination he adopted the creed of nationalism, which in those days was not the easy glib thing it can be today. When he went to Europe his outlook widened and he realized the harmfulness of narrow nationalism. But internationalism as a mere abstract idea is not much use. Its seeds should be sown in a fertile ground. Islamic Society, he writes, is the only society which "has so far proved itself a most successful opponent of the race-idea."[1] And it was a society to whose culture he belonged body and soul. This is the secret of his "communalism". He is as communal as Homer, Dante, Milton and Kalidas, who utilize and refer frequently to gods, myths, beliefs, and symbols of their various cultural and religious groups. They are not less of poets because of this. The import of Iqbal's method of complete or partial transformation of legends and symbols in order to besoul them with new ideas is an important aspect of Iqbal's poetry which has always been overlooked or improperly understood by the critics who accuse him of communalism.

The growth of man, say modern psychologists, has many stages. The state of childhood is that of "pure" (auto) eroticism. Later the child develops love for the mother or father. From mother or father, he goes to the tribe or the group of his kith and kin. It is, so far, nothing more than the reception of external stimuli. When maturer, he begins to know himself. He becomes a round personality. And it is then that he begins to judge things by an independent standard of values. Iqbal's thought represents all these four stages.

---

* 1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, Edited by Vahid, S.A, Lahore, 1963, p. 98.

He began with the erotic ("art for the sake of art") "Ghazal". From eroticism to nationalism (Motherland, or Fatherland) was the next step. And then came the "tribal love" of Islam. Soon afterwards he matured, and with *Asrar* 1915) begins the period of his "philosophy"—creation of pesonal values, for the judgment of outer stimuli, or environment. It is a regular development. But I do not mean to imply that these periods are mutually exclusive. A broader and more fundamental classification can be made by saying that until 1915, Iqbal was merely like a sensitive plant, reacting towards external stimuli (eroticism, nationalism, nature, etc.), and reproducing them in words. He was a part of his environment. But afterwards he became a separate entity, a creator of values, a judge of his environment—an interpreter and not a mere mouthpiece. This second period too, has a history of internal development. Quite recently a new note became audible in his poetry. Just as his great love of liberty for all persons drove him out of the folds of nationalism, so was he also driven to realize that communal groups are not indivisible entities. The poet who began his serious work by arousing Indians as Indians, who later on sang :

مسلم خوابیدہ اٹھ ہنگامہ آرا تو بھی ہو

[1](Awake, O, Muslim.....), had a new message addressed to the poor of the whole world instead of Indians, or Muslims:

اٹھو مری دنیا کے غریبوں کو جگا دو

[2](Awaken the Poor.....)

He now became avowedlly a "Muslim Socialist" (Compare his treatment of Lenin in *Payam-i Mashriq*, where he is lowered to the depth of the Kaiser, with that in *Bal-i-Jibril*, where he is canonized as a saint. In *Zarb-i-Kalim* he hopes that the Soviet people will turn Muslim, and opines that even now they are doing God's work unconsciously.) That is why he attacks "Atheist Socialism" in his Lectures, but never Socialism. He said it very explicitly more than once, that if he were made a "dictator" of a Muslim State, he would first make it a Socialist State.

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 236.
2. *Bal-e-Jibril*, P. 149.

But it is as a poet that Iqbal stands or falls, ultimately. And it is a proof of his immortality as a poet, that he realized creatively that poetry and life are inseparable. His poetry is not topical, but contemporary—alive with the life of today. And that alone may live tomorrow that lives today! To most of us Iqbal is not only the greatest of all the poets of the present and the past, but also a great teacher and a great guide. Already a legend of sainthood is growing around him. But he was not a saint. He was "human, all too-human !" And that was the secret of his greatness.

I have not made any reference to Iqbal's "poetic" qualities, his vital sound patterns, his sensitive imagery, his vibrant rhythms and subtle use of multi-syllabic rhyme-endings.

In modern times when the resources of human knowledge and power are almost unlimited it is perhaps impossible for one individual to achieve Iqbal's ideal of manhood. But if the creation of new values is any test, Iqbal was a superman. He gained the right to be an Immortal.

(Introduction to V.G. Kiernan's *Poems from Iqbal*, Bombay, 1947, pp. 11-15).

Mulk Raj Anand

THE POETRY OF SIR MUHAMMAD IQBAL

A renaissance has been taking place in the East, a renaissance social, political, and intellectual. Muhammad Iqbal is one of its foremost champions. A great poet, and a profound philosopher, he has been indirectly responsible, not only for a prodigious share in strengthening the backbone of the Indian literary and national revival, but also for supplying to Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Afghanistan, Arabia, and almost all Muslim societies, the inspiration and the fecundation of a poetic-philosophic consciousness, during the process of their regeneration.

Iqbal was born in 1876[1] at Sialkot, Punjab, into a middle-class Muslim family of strong sufiistic tendencies, a fact which is significant in view of the influence on him of *Maulana Jalal ud-Din Rumi* and other mystical poets of Persia. As a child he attended a local Government school at Sialkot, and had the good fortune to sit at the feet of an old refined Persian and Arabic scholar "Shams-ul-'Ulema" (the Sun of the Learned), *Maulana Sayyid Mir Hassan, who, like a few other* old-world people, was carrying on the traditions of Mughal culture in India of the Victorian age: and it was under the tutorship of this kindly sage that there was kindled in the poet the love of Persian literature *which is the conspicuous feature of his mature writing. Like most* Indian youths of his day, Iqbal also read voraciously in Ghalib, Zok, Mir, Hali, and other Urdu poets who had already built up a vast body of poetical literature on the debris of the new language which had *grown up in the mixed camps of Mughal civil and military life.* It seems that it was his study of these poets that first inspired him into writing poetry himself, for he is known as a boy to have sent some of his verses for correction to Nawab Mirza Khan Dag Dihlawi, the then *greatest Hindustani poet and sometime tutor to the Nizam of Hyder*abad, which that illustrious poet laureate returned with the remark that there was not much room for correction.

---

1. See Appendix 'A'

The fine efflorescence of Iqbal's genius did not appear, however, till he came as an undergraduate to the university town of Lahore ; for here in the seething atmosphere of student life he had increased facilities for social intercourse and wider experience of things, and the bud bloomed forth into a full flower at the magic tough of knowledge. From the very beginning of his career, probably on account of the sufistic atmosphere which surrounded the home of his parents, Iqbal had been acutely interested in philosophical speculation. On coming to Lahore, he sought naturally the guidance of the late Professor Sir Thomas Arnold, the celebrated Orientalist who had come to teach at the University of North India with the reputation of a scholar deeply interested in Islam, and as one who had already stimulated many an Indian intellect to the study of Eastern thought and culture at the Muslim University of Aligarh. That guidance was unstintedly placed at his disposal, and Iqbal's poem to Arnold is an eloquent record of his indebtedness to this learned and lovable teacher.

It was at this time, about the beginning of the twentieth century, that Iqbal's poetic activity really began, for it was on coming to Lahore that he uttered those exquisite lines :-

Divine grace the dew of remorse has gathered,
Thinking them pearls, as they studded my forehead, [1]

which attracted the attention of the cultured world towards him. Nawab Zulfiqar Ali Khan of Malerkotla has paid a glowing tribute to the poet Sir in his comment on these lines :- "In one sublime verse the poet depicts the angelic sanctity of a soul after its resurrection. How the divine love rejoices to see the ennobling virtue of remorse. Supremely exquisite is the analogy of drops of perspiration to pearls whose purity assembles the chastity of awakened conscience. The poetic euphony which embellishes the dignity of the human soul with incomparable vesture lays claim to be enjoyed as a free work of art". *It is said that*

---

[1] موتی سمجھ کے شانِ کریمی نے چن لئے
قطرے جو تھے مرے عرقِ انفعال کے

(Wahid-ud-Din, F.S. *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Vol. II, p. 73)
(Ist ed.), Karachi, 1904, p. 73.

many a poet and critic thought of laying down their pens in defeat when they heard that the author of this varse was a young man newly arrived at Lahore, and they unanimously proclaimed the coming into the field of Hindustani poetry of the greatest force since Ghalib.

From now onwards Iqbal frequently began to be dragged by his college friends to 'musha'iras' (poetical festivals that are held every now and then all over northern India), and he began to write more consistently than he had done duriug his schooldays at Sialkot. At one of these 'musha'iras' he read his well-known poem on the "Himalayas".[1] written under partly English and partly Persian influences, and his reputation emerged from its first stronghold in the hearts of the student community to become a national name. The strong flavour of patriotism that distinguished it had struck a new note in Indian poetry. Added to this was Iqbal's powerful lyric gift. The "Himalayas" captured the tongue of the nation, so that, like many of his later songs, notably the one about India which has become the Indian national anthem, it spread throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan with the rapidity and intensity of a cyclone, and the lanes and alleys of village, town, and city resounded with the echoes of little boys and girls, who ran about wildly singing it in deafening choruses. Iqbal was at once greeted as the foremost prophet of the national awakening.

Looking at the first authentic period of Iqbal's poetic activity, which begins about 1901 when he came to Lahore, and lasts till 1905 wnen he sailed for England to prosecute higher studies there, one finds that although the English and Persian influences so peculiarly noticeable in the poem on the "Himalayas" are not perfectly assimilated, the poet has already achieved that mastery of conception and expression which is the seal of finality in art. Already there is a throbbing, palpitating rhythm in his song, already he marches with a majestic dignity, with his gorgeous golden power of thought beautifully in tune with his silver speech, so that this his first utterance is, I think, also his noblest ; nowhere else except in his later Persian verse does he rise quite so high. No doubt many of these poems are expressly stated to

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 3-6.

be written on English models—for instance,"Hamdardi"[1](Sympathy) is fashioned on Cowper, "Piam-e-Subh"[2] (The Message of the Morning) on Longfellow, "Ishk Aur Maut"[3] (Love and Death) on Tennyson, "Rukhsat-Ai-Bazm-Jahan"[4] (Farewell, O World) and "Ek Pahar aur Ek Gulehri"[5] (The Squirrel and the Mountain) on Emerson ; but such is the charm, the loveliness, of that extravagant metaphor and imagery which in the true Oriental manner breaks, as it were, the limits of space and time in its fantastic flights, that one sits caught and imprisoned in the meshes of his exquisitely melodious harmony, careless as to the sources of his complicated rhythm.

In one of his Urdu poems (6 a prayer of the poet uttered at the pious moments of dawn, to breathe the secret of his newly awakened consciousness) the words of the song are so beautifully woven on the chain of music that it has become a sort of rosary to many of his admirers, in telling which they lose themselves in the realms of the boundless joy. Who would not lose himself by saying such a prayer as this :-

When the world-illumining Sun
Rushed upon night, like a brigand,
My weeping bedewed the face of the rose,
My tears washed sleep away from the eyes of the narcissus,
My passion waked the grass and made it grow.....[7]

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 20-21.
2. *Ibid*, pp. 47-48.
3. *Ibid*, pp. 48-50.
4. *Ibid*, pp. 56-59.
5. *Ibid*, pp. 15-16.
6. This is incorrect. The writer is here referring not to an Urdu poems but to the prologue of *Asrar-e-Khudi*.

7 راه شب جوں مہر عالمتاب زد
گریۂ من بر رخ گل آب زد
اشک من از چشم نرگس خواب شست
سبزہ از ہنگامہ ام بیدار است

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 3.

My being was an unfinished statue,

Uncomely, worthless and good for nothing.

Love chiselled me; I became a man

And gained knowledge of the nature of the Universe,

I have seen the movement of the sinews of the sky,

And the blood coursing in the veins of the moon.[1]

Iqbal's early success depended, however, not only on the delicacy and refinement of his musical sentiments, but on his attempting to perform another remarkable feat. He is trying to enrich the poor vocabulary of Urdu by introducing into it the touching metaphors and the tender images of Persian as well as of Punjabi and other Indian dialects. He is seeking to mould Urdu into shape, to modernize it because he dreams of a national India possessing a national language. In one of his verses he draws a true picture of the state of Urdu of his day:-

The comb seeks still the locks of Urdu to tame,
This wild-hearted moth still burns the flame; [2]

and in the homage to the spirits of Ghalib and Dag, the last two greatest names in Indian poetry, he consciously proclaims himself their true successor, imposing on himself the task of reforming the language which they before him had striven to perfect.

---

1 * بود نقش هستیم انگارهٔ
ناقبولے نا کسانے ناکارهٔ

عشق سوهان زد مرا آدم شدم
عالم کیف و کم عالم شدم

حرکت اعصاب گردون دیده ام
در رگ که گردش خون دیده ام

(*Ibid*, p. 10).

2 * گیسوئے اردو ابھی منت پذیر شانه هے
شمع به سودائی دل سوزیٔ پروانه هے

(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 10).

The hardships Involved in achieving this ideal which Iqbal placed before himself are clearly reflected throughout the verses of his first period. But he is a born fighter, a vigorous propagandist, and he never swerves an inch from his course in the face of obstacles and impediments. Whenever he feels he is in difficulties, he raises his pen to relate himself to his forerunners in the same cause. His poem to Sir Sayyid Ahmad, the great educationist who united the ideals of Western universisties and the spirit of the ancient "madrassas" and "ashrams" of the East in founding the University of Aligarh, and who himself fixed the conventions of Hindustani prose, is, for instance, written in such a state of mind, and it is Iqbal's noblest Indian dedicatory poem because it suited the poet to write it. There is one other thing Iqbal wants to do. He wants to express his vehement support of the belief then generally hold in India that the blending of the East and West would produce a better world. Whatever contribution the Western nations might make to further this ideal, Iqbal believed he would answer for India, where the ideal was already beginning to be fulfilled, and seemed most possible of realization. India must, however, be adequately prepared for this formidable task by being rid of its social evils, and its diverse elements must be united. Hoping to weld its heterogeneous forces into a solid whole, Iqbal sings of "our India which lives while Greece and Rome Egypt lie dead".[1] Indians begin to feel proud of themselves on hearing this, and the strong suggestion issuing from the poet's virile pen transmutes them into a self-conscious nation. Seeking to remove racial and communal hatred, he sings of the "Nia-Shiwala"[2] (the New Temple) of universal worship, where

> *Our pilgrimage will be higher than all the pilgrimages of this* world,
>
> We will raise the pinnacles of our temple to meet the very edge of the sky,

---

1. یونان و مصر و روما سب مٹ گئے جہاں سے
اب تک مگر ہے باقی نام و نشاں ہمارا
(Bang-e-Dara, p. 82).

2. *Ibid*, pp. 88-89.

We will rise every morning to sing sweet hymns,

We will dispense to all warshippers the wine of love. [1]

For

Power and peace is in the songs of the devoted,
The true end of the men of earth is to love each other. [2]

In 1905 the poet booked a passage to England. It was a fortunate circumstance that immediately on arriving he came into contact with such outstanding men as MacTaggart, the Hegelian, then at the height of his fame as a philosopher; E. G. Browne, the brilliant historian of Persian literature; and Paofessor R. A. Nicholson, the translator of his long philosophical poem the *Asrar-i-Khudi* (*The Secrets of the self*). The two important preoccupations af his soul in his younger days, philosophy and Persian literature, which had been clouded by the dust of nationalism that his pen had raised, emerged into a new life and matured under the influence of these friends. The lectures of Mac-Taggart taught him the scientific mode of philosophizing, which he like most other students from the Indian soil lacked; and the friendship of Browne and Nicholson moulded into final shape the vast knowledge of Persian he had already amassed by his discursive studies at home. The outcome of his researches in England was an essay on the *Development of Persian Thought*,[3] later accepted by the University of Munich for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, an illuminating little treatise,

---

1 • دنیا کے تیرتھوں سے اونچا ہوا اپنا تیرتھ
دامان آسماں سے اس کا کلس ملا دیں

ہر صبح اٹھ کے گائیں منتر وہ میٹھے میٹھے
سارے پجاریوں کو مے پیت کی پلا دیں
(Bang-e-Dara, pp. 88-89)

2 • شکتی بھی شانتی بھی بھگتوں کے گیت میں ہے
دھرتی کے باسیوں کی مکتی پریت میں ہے
(Ibid, p. 89)

• 3. *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia.*

soundly written, and important not only because it is still the only book on the history of Persian philosophy, but also in view of Iqbal's philosophical Persian poems, to the writing of which he was soon to dedicate all his fiery genius.

During the period of his stay in Europe, Iqbal wrote very little poetry. Most of what he wrote, however, betrays the intense influence on him of Persian romanticism. The poet seems to have been at that critical period of life when the beauty of the child's dream-world of fancy becomes the beauty of the heart's passionate desire crying for expression and fulfilment by union with concrete objects. Love dominates this phase of Iqbal's poetry. He is seeking at first to analyze all its implications in the traditional young poet's ways. What is "love"?[1] he asks himself. What is the "truth in beauty"?[2] What is the relation of "beauty and love"?[3] What is fulfilment"?[4] All the incidential situations that arise in the everyday thoughts of lovers claim his attention. He bursts into a rhapsody, "On seeing a cat in her lap;" [5] he celebrates "the splendour of her beauty;" [6] he writes "Messages of love, [7] and weeps on the irony of "separation," [8] idolizes the moon and the stars, wakes up and down to see his earthly beloved enshrined in every particle of nature, and sings to the tune of his pulpitating heart tossed and buffeted by the angry waves of passion in the stormy sea of love.

When, however, the futile attempt has been made to fathom the depths of that sea and to battle with its waves, the path is clear for the poet to soar up from earth to heaven. The Oriental poet does not regard earthly love as real. For him it is an illusion which has only enough of the real in it to lead him to God, whose love alone is true and desirable. Iqbal has a glimpse of the secret. So he writes in

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 115-116.
2. *Ibid*, pp. 116-117.
3. *Ibid*, pp. 121-122.
4. *Bang-e-Dara*, 126-127.
5. *Ibid*, pp. 122-123.
6. *Ibid*. p. 135.
7. *Ibid*, pp. 137-138.
8. *Ibid*, p. 139.

memory of that God-intoxicated genius of the India of the nineteenth century, Swami Ram Tirath, still connected in the minds of America as *one of the greatest* Hindus he brought the spiritual message of the East to them; and the poet has sheltered himself under the wings of the phoenix who is going to bring him immortality. In poems like "Kali" (Bud), [1] "Salima" [2] "Tanhai" [3] (Solitude), and "An Evening on the River Neckar near Heidelberg", [4] Iqbal seems already to have emancipated himself from the love bound by the circumstances of space and time, and to have reached the realms of divine love.

But as soon as the ecstasy of love's youthful fire had burnt itself out, and as soon as the phoenix of dvine love arose from the ashes, he found the atmosphere of Europe uncongenial to him. The outcome of his revolt was the poem in which he sounded a prophetic warning to Western Nations of the dangers inherent in their blind devotion to matter and the enjoyment of the senses. In the following translation *of this poem one can perceive a prologue to his own proclamation of* the new Muslim religious and political theocracy in his later writings:

The veil shall soon be lifted, the One Beloved
to disclose,
The secret hidden behind love's nature to expose.
No longer shall Saqi to secret drinkers wine
dispense,
The world shall soon a tavern be, openly shall
wine be served hence.
In towns shall rest those who wildly wandered,
Their naked feet in meadows fresh shall be
comfortable rendered.
Hejaz in silence has to anxious ears proclaimed
That God's old compact with desert dwellers shall
be reordained.

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 123-124.
2. *Ibid*, pp. 127-128.
3. *Ibid*, p. 137.
4. *Ibid*, p. 136.

The lion which sprang from the wilds and shattered Rome,
The angles say, shall be reborn in its old home.
O ye who in Western lands reside, learn, God's home
is not a business concern,
The gold you think is pure, soon shall impure turn,
A suicide's death awaits your civilization,
A slender bough to rest a nest is no safe position.
In angry seas, where storms and furies rage, the ant shall ride,
Contemptible, but safe, in a frail rose-leaf caravan
it shall stride.
For when one day to the dove I breathed "The freemen here
are slaves to earth",
Suddenly the buds cried out, "He has discovered the
secret of our birth". [1]

---

1 • زمانہ آیا ہے بے حجابی کا عام دیدار یار ہوگا
سکوت تھا پردہ دار جس کا وہ راز اب آشکار ہوگا
گذر گیا اب وہ دور ساقی کہ چھپ کے پیتے تھے پینے والے
بنے گا سارا جہاں میخانہ ہر کوئی بادہ خوار ہوگا
کبھی جو آوارۂ جنوں تھے وہ بستیوں میں پھر آ بسیں گے
برہنہ پائی وہی رہیگی مگر نیا خار زار ہوگا
سنا دیا گوشِ منتظر کو حجاز کی خامشی نے آخر
جو عہد صحرائیوں سے باندھا گیا تھا پھر استوار ہوگا
نکل کے صحرا سے جس نے روما کی سلطنت کو الٹ دیا تھا
سنا ہے یہ قدسیوں سے میں نے وہ شیر پھر ہوشیار ہوگا
دیارِ مغرب کے رہنے والو ! خدا کی بستی دکاں نہیں ہے!
کھرا جسے تم سمجھ رہے ہو وہ اب زرِ کم عیار ہوگا
تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خودکشی کرے گی
جو شاخِ نازک پہ آشیانہ بنے ناپایدار ہوگا
سفینۂ برگِ گل بنا لے گا قافلہ مورِ ناتواں کا
ہزار موجوں کی ہو کشاکش مگر یہ دریا سے پار ہوگا
کہا جو قمری سے میں نے اک دن یہاں کے آزاد پابگل ہیں
تو غنچے کہنے لگے ہمارے چمن کا یہ رازدار ہوگا

(*Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 149-151)

It was the last poem that Iqbal wrote in Europe, and may fitly be considered his parting word to the West; and, though not very complimentary, it seeks to diagnose its disease with precision. "You have made of God's home a shop", he says to the Western people. "You have corrupted yours civilization; you will soon commit suicide with the very weapons with which you have forged your destinies".[1] And if there is hardly a word of doubt in his casting the horoscope of Europe, his message of hope to the Orient, too, is extended with an almost baffling sureness and certainty of the promise of that greatness which it was soon to achieve. He had felt the inner rhythm of the rising Eastern tide, and he could talk about its future with authority. "A new era is about to begin", he says to Asia. He heralds a new awakening. The world shall soon become a tavern where everyone will come to drink the wine of ideas, for all men are equal before God. Then there will no longer be an intellectual aristocracy usurping all rights to knowledge. The culture of the East, he explains—the little, but redoubtable ant—shall dominate history once more. The centre of this cultural renaissance will, of course, be Hejaz, for it was there that the prophet's faith first flourished in its pure simplicity; and its motive force will be the compact God made with the people of Arabia in the holy Koran:- "God has promised those of you who believe and do the things that are right that He will cause them to be the rulers of the earth, as He made those who were before them, and that He will establish for them that religion which He has chosen for them, and that after their fears He will give them security in exchange. "This divine promise, Iqbal believed, made the Arabs the masters of the civilized world in the seventh century; this and other precepts kept their star in ascendance so long as they followed them. But they forgot themselves, he thinks, when their religious zeal gave place to the evils which luxury and wealth brought to the courts of the Caliphs; they forgot the exhortation in the Koran which enjoins the faithful "to be virtuous,

---

[1] • دیارِ مغرب کے رہنے والو! خدا کی بستی دکاں نہیں ہے!
کھرا جسے تم سمجھ رہے ہو وہ اب زرِ کم عیار ہوگا
تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خود کشی کرے گی
(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 150)

and God commands you to be scrupulously just and act in a manner that people may be grateful to you". Now Iqbal announces that the believers would rediscover the meaning of those old ideals and rise to form an ideal Muslim Empire—a Utopia with its pivot at Mecca, to which all Muslims will look up as brothers belonging to a common faith, in love with Allah and devoted to the prophets.

This was the "Muezzins call," the call of the "Muezzin" of the new Ka'aba. He would go home to the East and stand on the highest pinnacle of the mosque of glory, and day and night call the forgetful men and women of the old faith to prayer with his new message of love and life. The full implication of Iqbal's call was not yet worked out. As soon, however, as he reached India in 1908 he set to work to elaborate his plan, and since then each successive volume of verse that has come from him has been concerned in some way or other with the furtherance of the ideal he conceived in Europe.

The love of Persian literature which Iqbal's studies both in India and England had fostered in him was bound sooner or later to come out openly. He realised about this time that Urdu was still too poor and immature a language to be made the vehicle of a philosophy such as he had lately conceived, and he knew, too, that he had now to appeal to the whole Muslim world and not only to the Muslims of India. So while continuing to write occasionally in his native language for the benefit of his co-religionists at home, he adopted Persian to express himself to the rest of the Muslim world.

He has published four volumes of Persian verse—the *Asrar-i-Khudi* (*The Secrets of the Self*), the *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi* (*The Mysteries of Selflessness*), the *Payam-Mashriq* (*The Message of the East*), the *Zabur-i-'Ajam* (*The Psalms of Persia*)—all which embody, in the words of Professor Nicholson, "a new and inspiring song, a fiery incantation scattering ashes and sparks and bidding fair to be the 'trumpet of a prophecy".

On the publication of Professor Nicholson's English translation of the first of Iqbal's volumes of philosophical poetry, the *Asrar-i-Khudi*, Mr. Herbert Read, reviewing it together with the works of some Western poets, pointed out with remarkable insight one of the most important influences on Iqbal's mature poetry that, of Walt Whitman's

ideal of pragmatism, and wrote: "This ideal of Whitman's is a critical ideal of workability, of direct use. Applying it here and now, I can think of only one living poet who in any way sustains the test, and almost necessarily he is not of our race and creed. I mean Muhammad Iqbal, whose poem, *Asrar-i-Khudi* (*The Secrets of the Self*), nas recently been translated from the original Persian by Dr. Reynold Nicholson and published by Macmillan. Whilst our native poetasters were rhyming to their intimate coteries about cats and corncrakes and other homely or usual variations of a Keatsian theme, there was published in Lahore this poem, which we are told has taken by storm the younger generation of Indian Muslims. "Iqbal", writes one of them, "has come amongst us as a Messiah and has stirred the dead with life". And what catchpenny nostrum, you will ask, has thus appealed to the covetous hearts of the market place? You will then be told, as I tell you now, that no nostrum, neither of the jingo nor of the salvationist, has wrought the wonder, but a poem that crystallizes in its beauty the most essential phases of modern philosophy, making a unity of faith out of its multiplicity of ideas, a universal inspiration out of the esoteric logic of the schools".

Mr. Read's tribute, coming as it does from one of the profoundest of Western poets and critics, is a compliment to Iqbal of which he may deservedly be proud. The poem is indeed one of the most remarkable attempts yet made to present a vigorous philosophy in the garb of poetry. But what, it may be asked, is this philosophy? What is the nature of Iqbal's prophecy?

The answer to this question, which is poetically given in the pages of the *Asrar-i-Khudi* and *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi*, and resuscitated in the two later works, the *Payam-i-Mashriq* and the *Zabur-i-'Ajam*, is clearly set down in a short account of his philosophy written by Iqbal at the request of his translator, and included in the introduction to the English rendering of *Asrar*. I shall try to summarize the main points of Iqbal's statement below :

> Reality is a process of becoming or change, not a state of being nor an eternally fixed entity. The Hegelian Absolute, the Vedantic Brahma, and the Sufi God, is a fiction of the mind, an hallucination of the neurotic imagination, As against

the Absolute, the finite centres of experience, which Bradley condemned as infected with relativity, are for Iqbal the fundamental facts of the universe. All life is individual; there is no such thing as a universal life; God himsslf is an individual. He is the most supreme individual. Individuals partake of the nature of God. Man not only absorbs the world of matter by mastering it; he absorbs God himself into his Ego by assimilating divine attributes. Love, which in its highest form "is the creation of desires and ideals" and the endeavour to realise them, is the essence of life. Desires are good or bad according as they strengthen or weaken the individual Ego, the personality.' The individual has to be a member of the ideal community of Islam in order to realize perfection, because Islam is immortal, and by a whole-hearted devotion to it the individual will lose himself in the Muslim knidom of God upon earth.

These hard bare products of metaphysical speculation are threaded into a necklace of pure pearls in the *Asrar* and the *Ramuz*, so that their appeal is not to the head but to the heart. His thoughts no longer remain the bare stuff such as logic is made of, but assume all the brightest and most glowing hues of flowers in a beautiful garden.

Conscious of his own high destiny, the poet first proclaims himself a prophet—an apostle, not of this age but of to-morrow :-

I am waiting for the votaries that arise at dawn!
Oh, happy they who shall worship my fire!
I have no need of the ear of to-day.
I am the voice of the poet of to-morrow. [1]

Then, Persian fashion, he invokes the "Saqi" "to fill his cup with wine and pour moonbeams into the dark night of his thought".

That I may lead home the wanderer
And imbue the idle lookers-on with restless impatience,

---

* [1] انتظارِ صبح خیزاں می کشم — اے خوشا زرتشتیانِ آتشم
نغمه ام از زخمه بے پرواستم — من نوائے شاعرِ فرداستم
(Asrar-e-Khudi, p. 5)

And advance hotly on a new quest
And become known as the champion of a new spirit. [1]

He indicates the source of his inspiration. It is Maulana Jalal-ud-Din Rumi, the great mystical poet of Persia:

'T was night; my heart would fain lament,
The silence was filled with my cries to God,
I was complaining of the sorrows of the world
And bewailing the emptiness of my cup;
At last mine eyes could endure no more,
Broken with fatigue, I went to sleep.
Then appeared the Master, formed in the mould of truth,
Who wrote the Koran of Persia;
He said, "O frenzied lover,
Take a draught of love's pure wine,
Strike the chords of thine heart and loose a tumultuous strain,
Dash thine head against the cupping glass and thine eyes against the lancet. [2]

And although the pantheistic "beauty-worshipping and love-making" of Jalal-ud-Din and his poetizing are not the aim of this

---

1 تا سوئے منزل کشم آوارہ را ذوقِ بیتابی دہم نظارہ را
گرم رو از جستجوئے نو شوم روشناسِ آرزوئے نو شوم
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 7)

2 شب دلِ من مائلِ فریاد بود خامشی از یاریم آباد بود
شکوہ آشوبِ غمِ دوراں بدم از تہی پیمانگی نالاں بدم
ایں قدر نظارہ ام بیتاب شد بال و پر بشکست و آخر خواب شد
روئے خود بنمود پیرِ حق سرشت کو بحرفِ پہلوی قرآں نوشت
گفت اے دیوانۂ اربابِ عشق جرعۂ گیر از شرابِ نابِ عشق
بر جگر ہنگامۂ محشر بزن شیشہ بر سر دیدہ بر نشتر بزن
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 8)

"masnavi", as Iqbal calls his *Asrar*, evidently modelled on Rumi's famous poem, he pays due tribute to his master :-

Inspired by the genius of the Master of Rum,
I rehearse the sealed book of the secret lore;
His soul is the source of the flames;
I am but as the spark that gleams for a moment;
His burning candle consumed me, the moth;
His wine overwhelmed my goblet;
The master of Rum transmutes my earth to gold,
And clothes my barren dust with beauty. [1]

The cardinal principles of his philosophy are explained thus:-

The form of existence is an effect of the Self;
Whatsoever thou seest is a secret of the Self. [2]

Action is the mainspring of a life seeking to perfect the Self:-

Subject, object, means and causes-
They all exist for the purpose of action. [3]

"Flower out, manifest thyself by forming desires, O Individual", he seems to exhort, for

We live by forming ideals,
We glow with the sunbeams of desire. [4]

---

1 • باز بر خوانم ز فیضِ پیر روم — دفترِ سر بسته اسرارِ علوم •
جانِ او از شعله‌ها سرمایه دار — من فروغِ یک نفس مثل شرار
شمعِ سوزان تاخت بر پروانه ام — باده شبخون ریخت بر پیمانه ام
پیرِ رومی خاک را اکسیر کرد — از غبارم جلوه ها تعمیر کرد
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 7-8)

2 • پیکرِ هستی ز آثارِ خودی است — هر چه می بینی ز اسرارِ خودی است •
(*Ibid*, p. 12)

3 • می شود از بهرِ اغراضِ عمل — عامل و معمول و اسباب و علل •
(*Ibid*, p. 13)

4 • ما ز تخلیقِ مقاصد زنده ایم — از شعاعِ آرزو تابنده ایم •
(*Ibid*, p. 18)

Love is the source of all ideals. and tne means of their realization :-

The luminous point whose name is the Self
Is the life spark beneath our dust;
By love it is made more lasting.
More living, more burning, more flowering;
From love proceeds the radiance of its being
And the development of its unknown possibilities;
Its nature gathers fire from love;
Love instructs it to illumine the world. [1]

Be not weak, donot beg or ask, is his advice to the ideal Muslim, for the Self is weakned by asking :-

Be a man of honour, and, like the bubble, keep the cup
inverted ever in the midst of the sea! [2]

As an uncompromising critic of absolute idealism Iqbal vehemently denounces "Plato, the prime ascetic and sage", as "one of that ancient flock of sheep", [3] and makes the Sheikh in his story of the Sheikh and the Brahman address the Hindu priest thus :-

O wanderer in the lofty sky,
Pledge thyself to be true for a little to this earth.
Thou hast lost thy way in the wilderness of speculation,

---

1. نقطهٔ نورے کہ نامِ او خودی است — زیرِ خاک ما شرارِ زندگی است
از محبت می شود پائندہ تر — زندہ تر سوزندہ تابندہ تر
از محبت اشتعالِ جوہرش — ارتقائے ممکناتِ مضمرش
فطرتِ او آتش اندوزد ز عشق — عالم افروزی بیاموزد ز عشق
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 18-19)

2. چوں حباب از غیرتِ مردانہ باش — ہم بہ بحر اندر نگوں پیمانہ باش
(*Ibid*, p. 26)

3. راہبِ دیرینہ افلاطوں حکیم — از گروہِ گوسفندانِ قدیم
(*Ibid*, p. 34)

Thy fearless thought has passed beyond heaven. [1]

The final invocation, a passionately ecstatic appeal of the wild and insane lover of free souls, of unlimited, infinite and perfect minds, is a fitting epilogue to the battle which Iqbal has waged against the shackles of slavery to dogmas through sixteen hundred verses of intense beauty :-

O thou that art as the soul in the body of the universe,
Thou art our soul and thou art never fleeing from us,
Thou breathest music into life's lute;
Life envies death when death is for thy sake.
Once more bring comfort to our sad hearts,
Once more dwell in our breasts,
Once more let us hear thy call to honour,
Strengthen our weak love. [2]

The *Payam-i-Mashriq*, written in response toG oethe's *West-Oestlicher Divan*, consisting of short poems grouped together very much on the lines of its prototvpe. and the *Zabur-i-'Ajam*, a long poem comprising two parts, reiterate the philosophical position of the *Asrar* and *Ramuz* only working it out in more detail, and relating it to other systems of thought.

The dedicatory poem to Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan in the *Payam* declares Iqbal's intention in writing that book :-[3]

• 1 ..... اے طائفِ چرخِ بلند — اندکے عہدِ وفا با خاکِ بند •
تا شدی آوارۂ صحرا و دشت — فکرِ بیباک تو از گردوں گذشت
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 66)

• 2 اے چو جاں اندر وجودِ عالمی — جانِ ما باشی و از ما می رمی •
نغمہ از فیضِ تو در عودِ حیات — موت در راہِ تو مقصودِ حیات
باز تسکینِ دلِ ناشاد شو — باز اندر سینہ‌ها آباد شو
باز از ما خواہ ننگ و نام را — پختہ تر کن عاشقانِ خام را
(*Ibid*, p. 86)

3. The translation given below of lines from this book are by R. A. Nicholson.

The sage of the West, the German poet who was fascinated by the charms of Persia,

Depicted those coy and winsome beauties, and gave the East a greeting from Europe.

In reply to him I have composed the *Payam-i-Mashriq*,

I have shed moonbeams on the evening of the East.[1]

So deep does Iqbal dive into the labyrinth of the sea of thought for pearls that his books become rather difficult to understand. A letter written to the poet by one of his friends may suggest the nature of the complexities. It runs : "One must have read much, pondered much, doubted much, to be able to soar in thought to the heights to which you, in your easy manner, wish to take your readers. The work is only for those who are deeply conversant with the game of getting one's self wilfully entangled, far those who make it an article of faith to go on from one trap to another. You, it seems, have explored the whole world of human emotions from the highest ecstasy to the darkest doubt. In your case it may be said with perfect truth "rast az yak band ta uftad dar bande digar"[2] (that you are driving us from pillar to post). We others who have neither felt much nor seen as much have not the courage or qualifications to abide in this super-spiritual world. Still occasionally we peer in."

There is an echo of the old, old theme of the *Asrar* and *Ramuz* in the *Payam*, which the poet drives home with ever new power :-

Knowest thou life's secret ? Neither seek nor take
A heart unwounded by the thorn, Desire.
Live as the mountain, self-secure and strong,
Not as the sticks and straws that dance along ;

---

[1] پیرِ مغرب شاعرِ المانوی آن قتیلِ شیوه‌هائے پهلوی •
بست نقش شاهدانِ شوخ و شنگ داد مشرق را سلامے از فرنگ
در جوابش گفته ام پیغامِ شرق ماه تابے ریختم بر شامِ شرق
(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 2)

[2] رست از یک بند تا افتاد در بند دگر .

For fierce is the wind and merciless is the fire.[1]

"Life and Action", a poem in reply to Heine's "Fragen", also recalls the *Asrar* doctrine :-

"I have lived a long, long while", said the fallen shore.
"What I am I know as ill as I knew of yore."
Then swiftly advanced a wave, from the sea up shot ;
"If I roll, I am", it said ; "if rest, I am not."[2]

Time, which in the *Asrar* was declared to be everlasting, is the subject of a malodious song from which I shall quote two stanzas :-

Sun and stars in my bosom I hold ;
By me, who am nothing, thou art ensouled,
In light and in darkness, in city and wood,
I am pain, I am balm, I am life manifold.
Destroyer, quickener, I from of old.
Chenigiz, Timur—specks of my dust they came
And Europe's turmoil is a spark of my fiame,
Blood of his heart my spring flowers claim,
Hell fire and Paradise I, be it told. [3]

1* اگر ز رمزِ حیات آگہی مجوی ومگیر دلے کہ از خلشِ خار آرزو پاک است
بخود خزیدہ و محکم چو کوہساراں زی
چو خس مزی کہ ہوا تیز و شعلہ بیباک است

(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 108)

2* ساحل افتادہ گفت گرچہ بستے زیستم ہیچ نہ معلوم شد آہ کہ من چیستم
موج ز خود رفتہٗ تیز خرامید و گفت ہستم اگر میروم گر نروم نیستم!

(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 150)

3* خورشید بہ دامانم انجم بہ گریبانم در من نگری ہیچم در خود نگری جانم
در شہر و بیابانم در کاخ و شبستانم من دردم و درمانم من عیش فراوانم
من تیغ جہاں سوزم من چشمۂ حیوانم
چنگیزی و تیموری مشتے ز غبارِ من ہنگامۂ افرنگی یک جستہ شرارِ من
انسان و جہانِ او از نقش و نگارِ من ذون جگر مرداں سامان بہارِ من
من آتشِ سوزانم من روضۂ رضوانم

(*Ibid*, p. 102)

Iqbal's criticism of Western life and thought is both amusing and instructive. His general complaint against it is that

Amassing lore, thou hast lost thy heart to-day
Ah, what a precious boon thou hast given away ! [1]

The League of Nations is described with peculiar irony :-

To the end that wars may cease on this old planet, the suffering
Peoples of the world have founded a new institution.
So far as I can see, it amounts to this : a number of undertakers have
Formed a company to allot the graves ! [2]

"Hegel", writes Iqbal, "is a hen that by dint of enthusiasm lays eggs without association from the cock".[3] Nietzsche, with "whose will to power", meaning "the fullest possible realization of a complete self-reliant personality", Iqbal has much sympathy, is nevertheless attacked as the "madman of the European china-shop" because he is an atheist :-

If song thou crave, flee from him ! Thunder roars in the reed of his pen.

He plunged a lancet into Europe's heart ;
His hand is red with the blood of the cross.
He reared a pagoda on the ruins of the Temple.
His heart is a true believer, but his brain is an infidel.
Burn thyself in the fire of Nimrod,

• 1 دانش‌اندوختهٔ ، دل ز کف انداختهٔ آه زان نقدِ گرانمایه که در باختهٔ
(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 226)

• 2 بر فتد تا روشِ رزم دریں بزمِ کہن دردمندانِ جہاں طرح نو انداخته اند
من ازیں بیش ندانم که کفن دزدے چند بہرِ تقسیمِ قبور انجمنے ساخته اند
(*Ibid*, p. 233)

• 3 ما کیاں کز زور مستی خایه گیرد بے خروس
(*Ibid*, p. 245)

For the garden of Abraham is produced from fire.[1]

Iqbal renders Bergson's message thus :-

If thou wouldst read life as an open book.
Be not a spark divided from the brand,
Bring the familiar eye, the friendly look,
Nor visit stranger-like thy native land.
O thou by vain imaginings befooled,
Get thee a reason which the heart hath schooled,[2]

Einstein is styled "the hierophant of light, the descendent of Moses and Aaron, who has revived the religion of Zoroaster".[3] Lenin, proclaiming the triumph of Communism to Kaiser Wilhelm, gets the retort that the people have only exchanged one master for another: "Shirin never lacks a lover; if it be not Khusrau, then it is Farhad".[4]

Iqbal's leanings towards Socialism are suggested by the dialogue between "Comte and the Workman",[5] the "Kismetnameh of the

---

گر نوا خواهی ز پیشِ او گریز در نیٔ کلکش غریرِ تندر است[1] •
نیشتر اندر دلِ مغرب فشرد دستش از خونِ چلیپا احمر است
آنکه بر طرحِ حرم بت خانه ساخت قلبِ او مومن دماغش کافر است
خویش را در نارِ آن نمرود سوز زانکه بستانِ خلیل از آذر است

(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 241)

تا بر تو آشکار شود رازِ زندگی خود را جدا ز شعله مثالِ شور مکن[2] •
بهرِ نظاره جز نگهِ آشنا میار در سوز و بومِ خود چو غریبان گذر مکن
ننهشے که بسقهٔ همه اوهامِ باطل است عقلے بهم رسان که ادب خوردهٔ دل است

(*Ibid*, p. 247)

کرده زردشتے ز نسلِ موسیٰ و هارون ظهور ! [3] •

(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 240)

"نمانه ناز شیریں بے خریدار اگر خسرو نباشد کوهکن هست" [4] •

(*Ibid*, p. 250)

5. (*Ibid*, pp. 244-245)

capitalist and the Workman",[1] *and the "Workman's Song", from* which last I quote a stanza :-

Clad in cotton rags I toil as a slave for hire
To earn for an idle master his silk attire.
The Governor's ruby seal 'tis my sweat that buys,
His horse is gemmed with tears from my children's eyes. [2]

Severe as are his judgments of the West, he is, however, no ungrateful wretch, as is evident fsom this poem to England :-

An Eastern tasted once the wine in Europe's glass,
No wonder if he broke old vows in reckless glee.
The blood came surging up in the veins of his new-born thought.
Predestination's bond slave, he learnt that man is free.
Let not thy soul be vexed with the drunkard's noise and route !
O Saqi, tell me fairly who 'twas that broached this jar.
The scent of the rose showed first the way into the garden,
Else how should the nightingale have known that roses are ?[3]

(Taken from *Indian Art and Letters*, London, 1931, N.S. Volume V. No. 1, pp. 19-39).

---

1. (*Ibid*, pp. 255-256)

• زمزد بندهٔ کرپاس پوش و محنت کش نصیبِ خواجهٔ ناکرده کار رختِ حریر[2] •
ز خوئے فشانیٔ من لعلِ خاتمِ والی ز اشکِ کودکِ من گوهر ستامِ امیر

(*Ibid*, p. 257)

• مشرقی باده چشید است ز میناے فرنگ[3] •
عجبِ نیست اگر توبهٔ دیرینه شکست
فکرِ نو زادهٔ او شیوهٔ تدبیر آموخت
جوش زد خونِ به رگ بندهٔ تقدیر پرست
ساقیا تنگ دل از شورش مستانِ نشوی
خود تو انصاف بده این همه هنگامه که بست
"بوئے گل خود به چمن راه نباشد ز نخست
ور نه بلبل چه خبر داشت که گلزارے هست"

(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, pp. 254-255)

Postscript[1]

In my youth I was disciple of the Great poet. In fact, I owed to him the inspiration to leave home and go to study philosophy in Europe ; and after my disillusionment with the main current of Western civilization, I was inclined to share with the poet of the East, the need for the (re) discovery of our values, whether due to some synthesis with the dynamic thinking of the West. All of my writing has been dedicated therefore to the rediscovery of Asia and the search of a miscellaneous number of ideas which seek to reconcile philosophy and humanism but which, primarily, sanction the pursuit of truth in a variety of ways. I am afraid this philosophy has not yet become coherent but perhaps it is better not to make a system. Instead it is possible to put out from inside the means by which to integrate human personality and promote solidarity ; in other words, to bring about the harmony necessary for peaceful co-existence.

I owe a great deal of these departures for many researches to the poetical wisdom of Iqbal. Later, I hope to do homage to him at length. Meanwhile I am allowiag this old lecture, inspired by the enthusiasm of young blood, to be printed.

---

1. Dictated to the Editor by Mulk Raj Anand in London in 1966.

S. A. Vahid

IQBAL AND HIS POETRY

Iqbal had no patience with people who talked of art for art's sake. According to him, art must be for life, and the true aim of all the arts is to make human life rich and beautiful, and art that fails to do this has failed in its great mission.

If art does not contribute to the fulness and exuberance of life and fails to provide guidance for humanity in the various problems that baffle it, that art is meaningless.

To Iqbal art represents man's attempt to grasp the realities of life, and for him great artists cannot be conceived to have girded themselves to their great efforts merely to provide intellectual toys for human entertainment. According to Iqbal the keynote of all art must be a desire to impress upon mankind those great truths which alone can bring about the amelioration of the human race. The main object of his poetic art was to come to the help of his readers in the struggles of life, and to achieve this, he sang mainly of life.

Heaven had undoubtedly made him a great artist, but he was not a mere decorative artist. The aim of his art was, while pleasing, to provide succour and guidance to humanity on its onward march. He utilized his great art to utter those truths which alone can bring salvation to mankind, and therein lies the true significance of Iqbal's art for humanity. And it is this feature which tends to make the appeal of his art universal. For Iqbal, the two powerful impulses to artistic expression are his faith in human capacity for limitless development and man's unique position in the universe, and both these impulses serve to impart an unparalleled charm to his poetry. But *this is not all. In addition to these, there is the vast range of his potery* to fascinate his readers. In the first intance, he has left us poetry in two languages, and was actually planning to write a prose-poem in a third language when death snatched him away. Then there is no kind of poetry, except the dramatic, that he did not write in Urdu and

Persian. He wrote lyric, philosophic, epic, metaphysical, descriptive and satiric poetry. In each kind of poetry his work will stand comparison with that of the world's greatest. This vast range of poetry needs wide and varied sensibility not met with even in the greatest poets of the world. And it is unnecessary to emphasize the difficulties which beset one trying to survey the poetry of such a versatile supercraftsmen.

It is not intended in this brief survey to attempt a critical study of Iqbal's poetry. All that will be attempted is an enumeration of the main characteristics of the important kinds of poetry left by him.

Iqbal started his poetical career by writing lyrical poetry in the form of "ghazals", and today his lyrics are perhaps better known than any other kind of poetry written by him. Lyric poetry is poetry in its highest, intensest and purest form, as in it the poet sings of emotions which constitute the very life—of love, fear, joy, anger, hope and devotion. Owing to the elementary human emotions with which it deals, the appeal of lyric poetry is universal. Other kinds of poetry may be more difficult to produce and may represent a combination of more niceties of poetic art, but no other poetry contains so much of the true poetic "ore". The magical cadence and musical ecstasy of Iqbal's lyrics have made them universally popular. He turns our simple experiences of life into passionate experiences, and communicates these in such vivid and moving imagery that it cannot fail to strike a sympathetic response. In his songs, even the abstruse notions of philosophy and religion are set free from their academic isolation and become a part of the common life of men. This could be accomplished only by a great artist By formulating a life of ceaseless striving and discountenancing all views of life which advocated renunciation and self-annihilation, Iqbal has actually widened the scope of lyric poetry so far as the Urdu and Persian languages are concerned. If man is not to don the ascetic's sackcloth, but is to live an active life with his fellow-men, there will be many more occasions for the play of his emotions—joy over success, grief over disappointments, exultation in effort. Life, according to Iqbal, is nothing but a progressive succession of fresh ends, purposes and values. This in itself ensures an unending succession of those thrills of souls, those rapturous glows of feeling, which provide the very substance which makes the finest lyrical poetry.

Two things are essential for a perfect lyric—original emotion of great intensity and depth, and a corresponding mastery over language *to give it a fitting* utterance. Iqbals's emotions were of great intensity, and he had a keen ear for melody and harmony, and instinctively selected those words and notes which served to enhance the rhythm of his language. In order to illustrate this, we have only to refer to two of his well-known "ghazals";

For once, O awaited Reality, reveal thyself
in a form material,

For a thousand prostrations are quivering
eagerly in my submissive brow.

Know the pleasure of tumult, thou art a true
consort with the ear ;

What is that melody worth which bides *itself*
in the silent chords of the harp.

My dark misdeeds found no refuge in the
wide world ;

The only refuge they found was in Thy benign
forgiveness.

Even as I laid down my head in prostration
a cry arose from the ground :

Thy heart is enamourned of the Idol, what,
shalt thou gain by prayer ? [1]

---

[1] کبھی اے حقیقتِ منتظر! نظر آ لباسِ مجاز میں
کہ ہزاروں سجدے تڑپ رہے ہیں مری جبینِ نیاز میں

طرب آشنائے خروش ہو، تو نوائے محرمِ گوش ہو
وہ سرور کیا کہ چھپا ہوا ہو سکوتِ پردۂ ساز میں

تو کہیں جہاں میں اماں ملی، جو اماں ملی تو کہاں ملی
مرے جرم خانہ خراب کو ترے عفو بندہ نواز میں

جو میں سر بہ سجدہ ہوا کبھی تو زمیں میں سے آنے لگی صدا
ترا دل تو ہے صنم آشنا تجھے کیا ملے گا نماز میں

(*Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 320-321)

Not inclined to worship the apparent,
I broke the Idol-House;

I am that crushing torrent which sweeps
aside all obstacles.

About my being or not-being, Intellect
had doubts;

Love revealed the secret that I am!

In a temple I offer homage, in the Ka'ba
I offer prayers,

I have the sacred thread on my shoulders
and a rosary in my hand. [1]

There are two main characteristics of Iqbal's lyrics. The first is healthy mysticism which enables him to portray healthy sentiments which will interest healthy minds in all ages and in all countries. The other characteristic of Iqbal's lyric poetry is his conception of beauty and love. While Iqbal saw beauty in every thing, the beauty which appealed to him most was the beauty of power and perfection. Beauty is a mental experience and not a quality of things, and different types of beauty appeal to different people. Iqbal seesbeauty in everything that is powerful and perfect. This new conception of beauty has imparted to his lyric poetry that robust vitality and manliness which is singularly lacking in Oriental lyric poetry. His lyrics possess that vitalizing glow and that invigorating touch which is singularly absent in other poets. He sees beauty in the eagle and the hawk, which is more inspiring than the beauty of the nightingale and the lark.

Thou hast turned my night into day by thy
radiance;

---

* 1 صورت نه چرستم من بتخانه شکستم من
آن سیلِ سبک سیرم هر بند گسستم من
در بود و نبودِ من اندیشه گمانها داشت
از عشق هویدا شد این نقطه که هستم من
در دیر نیازِ من در کعبه نمازِ من
زنار بدوشم من تسبیح بدستم من
(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 179)

Thou hast the radiance of Phoebus, which calleth
for unveiling;

Thou art wealth for the indigent, thou bringest
solace to the disconsolate;

Thou art a remedy for the heartsick. but not
readily available!

By thy glory I harbour no other desire in my heart

Except the prayer that Thou mayest grant
the strength of the eagle to the pigeons. [1]

While Iqbal has sung of all human emotions in poetry. the theme of love is permanent. Great emphasis is laid on the part love plays in the developments of human personality and character, and the term is used by him in a vary wide sense.

Iqbal's poetic genius was so comprehensive that even in the field of lyric poetry he displayed great versatility. He could write poems whose perfection resides in their spontaneity. But he could also produce poems whose perfection lies in their art. Yet again he could write poems in which both spontaneity and artistry seem to function more intensely than usual, and at the same time harmoniously This combination makes Iqbal one of the greatest lyrical poets of the world. He ranks with Hafiz, Ghalib, Ronsard, Burns and Shelley. It is true that total output is small as compared with the works of well-known lyric poets in Urdu and Persian, but nobody finds fault with a violin because it has only a few strings.

Iqbal spent his childhood in Sialkot along the foothills of the outer Himalayas. Amongst these beautiful surroundings, he developed

---

*1 شبِ من سحر نمودی که به طلعت افتابی
تو بطلعت آفتابی سزد ایں که بے حجابی

تو عیار کم عیاراں تو قرارِ بے قراراں
تو دوائے دل فگاراں مگر ایں که دیر یابی

بجلالِ تو که در دل دگر آرزو ندارم
بجز ایں دعا که بخشی بکبوتراں عقابی!

(Zabur-e-'Ajam, pp. 56-57)

early a love of nature, which inspired some noble poetry. And one of his early popular poems was on "The Himalayas", [1] which he had then only seen from a distance. Some of his poems dealing with nature bring to mind the finest poetry of Wordsworth. Describing a pastoral scene, he writes :

Arrayed along both sides are verdant trees,
The clear water of the river reflecting the scene.
So entrancing is the scene of the hilly country
That water rises in ripples to view it;
Flowery boughs stoop towards the water
Like a damsel seeing her beauty in a mirror.
When dew falls for flowers to perform ablutions,
Tears should suffice for my ablutions and
wails for prayers. [2]

Nature is always steeped in his personal feelings. For example, when describing the advent of spring, he says :

Arise! for on hills and dales
The spring has arrived!
Mad in singing are nightingales,
Cuckoos, partridges and quails,
Along the banks of the brook
Have sprung the rose and the poppy.
Come out and see
Arise! for on hills and dales

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 3-6

2 ندی کا صاف پانی تصویر لے رہا ہو
پانی بھی موج بن کر اٹھ اٹھ کے دیکھتا ہو
جیسے حسین کوئی آئینہ دیکھتا ہو
رونا مرا وضو ہو نالہ مری دعا ہو
(*Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 35-36)

The spring has arrived! [1]

The description of the spring is not only enchanting, it also epitomizes Iqbal's message: "Awake, arise and get busy. There is no time to be wasted!" The effect of the spring is to bestow life and vitality on everything, and as we go through the poem, we feel our very being pulsating with life.

When describing an evening on the Neckar in Heidelberg. Iqbal emphasizes the prevailing calm by saying that the magic of tranquillity has even turned the tempestuous motion of the river into restful gliding. When reading the poem, we feel as if the spirit of tranquillity is enveloping us and we are being lulled to sleep.

Light from the moon is tranquil;
Branches of every tree are still;
Nature has become unconscious,
Slumbering in the lap of the night. [2]

Describing Kashmir, which he loved, Iqbal says:

Alight in Kashmir and behold the mountains,
the hills and the dales.

Behold the green grass all over and gardens
full of poppies,

Enjoy spring breeze in wave after waves;
see birds in myriads,

• 1 خیز کہ در کوہ و دشت خیمہ زد ابرِ بہار
مست ترنم ہزار طوطی و دراج و سار
بر طرفِ جوئبار کشت گل و لالہ زار
چشمِ تماشا بیار
خیز کہ در کوہ و دشت خیمہ زد ابرِ بہار کی
(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 104)

• 2 خاموش ہے چاندنی قمر کی شاخیں ہیں خموش ہر شجر کی
فطرت بیہوش ہو گئی ہے آغوش میں شب کے سو گئی ہے
(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 136)

The wood pigeons and the starlings in
pairs on the poplars.

The poppies have sprouted from the dust,
ripples play on the stream surface;

Behold the dust full of sparks and water
wrinkled by ripples! [1]

In the beginning, like Wordsworth, Iqbal was a pantheist in his treatment of nature, but later on his views about the immanence of God underwent a profound change. And finally he regarded every object in nature as endowed with a distinct and unique personality. Thus his treatment of nature covers a wider range than that of Wordsworth.

Apart from his subjective treatment of nature, Iqbal used nature for his metaphors, similes and illustrations, which he employed with wanderful effect. He also used nature as a background to his potery. Nature is brought to sustain by sympathy the inner significance of the message of the poem. Often nature is described in a way to prepare the ground for the message the poet wants to convey. For example, in "Saqi Namah", Iqbal says :

The azure sky overhead, the air charged with joy,

Even the birds will not stay in their nests!

And behold yonder the mountain stream leaping,

Conquering obstructions, swaying and crawling;

See it jumping over or slipping by obstacles and
then eddying on,

Dashing forth in spite of many a curve and twist!

• 1 رخت به کاشمر کشا کوه و تل و دمن نگر
سبزه جهان جهان ببیں لاله چمن چمن نگر

بادِ بهار موج موج مرغِ بهار فوج فوج
صلصل و سار زوج زوج بر سر نارون نگر

لاله ز خاک بر دمید موج به آبجو تپید
خاک شرر شرر ببیں آب شکن شکن نگر

(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 155)

How the stream conveys the message of life; [1]

The whole description of nature is used as a background for *conveying* the poet's philosophy of life by referring to the mountain stream. Just as the stream advances steadily in spite of all obstructions, so man must develop his personality by surmounting all his obstacles.

In the beginning, like Wordsworth, Iqbal was a pantheist in his treatment of nature. He says:

Every object has a gleam of eternal
beauty;
In man it is speech, in a bud it is
bursting;
In multiplicity lies the secret of
unity;
What is glitter in a glow-worn is scent
in a flower. [2]

But later on Iqbal's views regarding pantheism underwent a profound change. *He began regarding each object as endowed with a* distinct personality. Thus Iqbal's treatment of nature shows a wide sensibility and an extensive range.

In his satires, Iqbal resembles Byron. He describes the Mulla, the self-styled religious leader of Islam, a religion which does not recognize priesthood or any religious office, *in the following lines :*

فضا نیلی نیلی ہوا میں سرور ٹھہرتے نہیں آشیاں میں طیور [1]
وہ جوئے کہستان اچکتی ہوئی اٹکتی لچکتی سرکتی ہوئی
اچھلتی پھسلتی سنبھلتی ہوئی بڑھے بیچ کھا کر نکلتی ہوئی
سناتی ہے یہ زندگی کا پیام!

(*Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 166)

2 حسنِ ازل کی پیدا ہر چیز میں جھلک ہے
انساں میں وہ سخن ہے غنچے میں وہ چٹک ہے
کثرت میں ہوگیا ہے وحدت کا راز مخفی
جگنو میں جو چمک ہے وہ پھول میں مہک ہے

(*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 84)

I was present there and could not hold
my tongue

When God ordered the Mulla to Paradise.

Submissively I uttered : "Forgive me,

He will not care for houri, wine and
verdant fields.

Paradise is not the place to bicker,
argue, and quarrel,

And quibbling and wrangling form the
very nature of this man,

Throwing mud on people and faiths is
his vocation

And in Paradise there is no mosque,
No church no fire-temple".[1]

With his incisive humour and penetrating wit, Iqbal delighted in writing satires, which are characterized by smoothness of verse, *lucidity of style, and urbanity of manner. The pride, pedantry and* stupidity of the religious leaders are assailed with invective and humour in the following lines :

True religion has sunk lower than irreligiousness,
For the Mulla, though religious, is branding
people as irreligious.

---

1 • میں بھی حاضر تھا وہاں ضبطِ سخن کر نہ سکا
حق سے جب حضرت ملاؒ کو ملا حکمِ بہشت !
عرض کی میں نے الٰہی مری تقصیر معاف
خوش نہ آئیں گے اسے حور و شراب و لب کشت
نہیں فردوس مقامِ جدل و قال و اقول
بحث و تکرار اس اللہ کے بندے کی سرشت
ہے بد آموزیٔ اقوام و ملل کام اس کا
اور جنت میں نہ مسجد نہ کلیسا نہ کنشت
(*Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 159)

The religion of the kafir consists of planning
for earnest endeavour,

The religion of the Mulla is creating
trouble in the name of God. [1]

While admiring much in Western civilization, Iqbal was never slow in pointing out its defects. Referring to unemployment and the falling *birth-rate in many European countries, he says :*

One might ask the sage from Europe

Whose genius even Hind and Hellas admire,

Is this the goal of social evolution?

Unemployment amongst men and sterility
amongst women. [2]

While Dryden in his satires makes his victims look ludicrous by associating them with heroes of epic grandeur, and Pope reduces them to the level of worthless vermin, Iqbal, like Byron, simply depicts them as they are.

No study of Iqbal's poetry can be complete without a reference to his long poems, known in Urdu and Persian as "mathnawis." There are critics who maintain that a long poem is really a contradiction in terms, because according to them, poetry is essentially the language of excitement, and, as excitement is always of brief duration, there can be no such thing as a long poem. While the force on this argument cannot be totally denied, it must be said that this criticism of long poems is to a certain extent based on a misunderstanding of the true nature of poetry. While the universal appeal of short poems, mostly lyrical, cannot be denied, it must be admitted that long poems, by giving the

---

• [1] دینِ حق از کافری رسواتر است — زانکه ملا مومن کافر گر است
دینِ کافر فکر و تدبیر جہاد — دینِ ملا فی سبیل اللہ فساد
(*Jawid Nama*, pp. 84-85)

• [2] کوئی پوچھے حکیمِ یورپ سے — ہند و یوناں ہیں جس کے حلقہ بگوش
کیا یہی ہے معاشرت کا کمال — مرد بیکار و زن تہی آغوش
(*Zarb-e-Kalim*, p. 90)

poet an opportunity for sustained effort, provide a truer test of his art. Even the greatest poets find it difficult to keep up the flow of thought for any length of time, and for this reason even some of the best long poems of the world contain dull passages, and it is only superb artists who are capable of keeping out dullness when excitement is at a low ebb. While it will be wrong to suggest that the excellence of a poem depends upon its length, it can safely be said that a long poem can be successfully composed only by a great poet.

While appreciation of long and short poems depends a good deal upon our temperament, the study of a poet's long poems is necessary in order to arrive at a true estimate of his poetic art, because it is only the long poems that provide a true and correct test. Iqbal has written a number of long poems and while, according to the classification adopted in Persian and Urdu literatures, most of these can be classified as "mathnawis", this is not a very satisfactory classification. Amongst Iqbal's important "mathnawis" may be mentioned *Asrar-i-Khudi*, *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi*, "*Gulshan-i-Raz Jadid*" and *Jawid Namah*.

The first two poems are metaphysical, and the third is philosophical. While *Jawid Namah* is an epic poem, many sudents of Iqbal have classified *Asrar* and *Rumuz* also as philosophical poems. In most cases, all classification of poetry is purely artificial, arbitrary and formal, but, in the case of Iqbal, classification is particularly difficult owing to several reasons. There is no harm in treating all these poems as philosophical, but we have to bear in mind the strong prejudice against all poetry which is supposed to be philosophic, although this prejudice is primarily based on a misunderstanding. The line of division between lyric and philosophic poetry is after all a thin one because a philosophic poem exhibits the poet's intensity of passion just as does a lyric, but perhaps not in the same degree. As regards philosopy itself, no poet can really compose a great poem unless he has a background of ideas and the highest moral perception. As remarked by Ruskin, "That art is the greatest which conveys to the spectator, by any means whatever, the greatest number of ideas". But we have to remember that in philosophic poetry we have to consider the value of the thought along with the poet's success in giving it a poetic rendering. All that is wanted is that the philosophy offered to us by a poet will be transfi-

gured by imagination and feeling into poetry. In the hands of a poet. the truths of life acquire a higher potency and value,

(*Asrar-i-Khudi* was first published in 1915. It describes fundamental principles affecting the development of human personality. This poem attracted world-wide attention owing to its translation into English by Professor R. A. Nicholson of Cambridge. In his introduction to the translation, Professor Nicholson remarked : "The artistic quality of the poem is remarkable when we consider that its language is not the author's own. I have done my best to preserve as much of this as a literal translation would allow. Many passages of the original are poetry of the kind that once read is not easily forgotten".

Hailing the advent of a fully-developed personality or ego, Iqbal says :

Appear, O rider of Destiny,

Appear, O light of the dark realm of change.

Silence the voice of the nations,

Imparadise our ears with thy music !

Arise and tune the harp of brotherhood,

Give us back the cup of the wine of love,

Bring once more days of the peace to the world.

Give a message of peace to them that seek battle.

Mankind are the cornfied and thou the harvest.

Thou art the goal of life's caravan.[1]

In *Runuz* Iqbal has described the basic principles on which the organization of an ideal human society should be based. This is also

---

* 1 اے سوارِ اشہب دوران بیا — اے فروغِ دیدۂ امکاں بیا
شورشِ اقوام را خاموش کن — نغمۂ خود را بہشت گوش کن
خیز و قانونِ اخوت ساز دہ — جامِ صہبائے محبت باز دہ
باز در عالم بیار ایامِ صلح — جنگجویاں را بدہ پیغامِ صلح
نوعِ انساں مزرع و تو حاصلی — کاروانِ زندگی را منزلی
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 51)

a poem of great artistic value, and an English translation by Professor A. J. Arberry has recently been published.

"Gulshan-i-Raz Jadid" deals with abstruse mystical problems; the poet sets himself nine questions and then goes on to give replies to them. In spite of the philosophical character of the poem its poetical fluency is remarkable.

But Iqbal's magnum opus is the *Jawid Nama*. In this poem, the poet, accompanied by Rumi, who is to him what Virgil is to Dante, visits the various planets and meets historical personalities who in their dialogues elucidate eternal truths. The poet first visits the moon. Here Rumi introduces him to a Hindu sage known as Jehan Dost. Rumi tells Jehan Dost that for mankind the way to progress lies through the synthesis of Eastern and Western cultures. The east has been concentrating on the shiritual and neglecting the material, while the West has been concentrating on the material and neglecting the spiritual.

The East saw God but failed to see the world
of matter,

The West got embroiled to the world and
neglected God. [1]

Later on the poet goes over to the Vally of Yarghmeed, where he comes across the tablets of Buddha, Zoroaster, Christ and Muhammad, the four spiritual leaders and teachers of mankind. Then the poet is transported to Mercury, where he meets Jamaluddin Afghani and Sa'id Halim Pasha. The poet tells Afghani the mistakes Eastern Nations are making in Westernizing themselves. Sa'id Halim Pasha compares the East and the West and paints out that the salvation of mankind lies in the synthesis of the two cultures, or as the poet puts it, in wedding reason to love :

In the West, intellect is the source of life,

In the East, love is the basis of life;

---

[1] شرق حق را دید و عالم را ندید غرب در عالم فزید از حق رمید

(*Jawid Nama*, p. 35)

Through love, intellect grows acquainted
with reality

And intellect gives stability to the work
of love.

Arise and lay the foundation of a new world
By wedding intellect to love. [1]

Afghani exhorts the poet to tell the Russians that without faith and religion all their progress will come to naught.

From Mercury the poet is transported to Venus, and from Venus to Mars, and thence to Jupiter. Here he meets the poet Ghalib, the poetess Tahira and the mystic Mansur Hallaj. The poet then reaches *Saturn, where he meets those mean souls who have been guilty of* treason against their own countries and masters.

From Saturn, the poet reaches a trans-Heaven region, and here the *first person he meets is Nietzsche, who tried all his life to grasp* Godhood but failed completely because in his attempts he relied mainly on intellect alone. After seeing Nietzsche the poet flies up to a higher region, where he gets a glimpse of the palace of Sharfun-Nisa, the daughter of *Abdus Samad, the Governor of the Punjab. Later he meets* the saint Syed 'Ali Hamdani and the poet Ghani of Kashmir. The poet refers to the sale of Kashmir by the British in the following lines :

O Breeze, if you pass by Geneva
Convey this message of ours to the League of Nations.
They sold peasants, crops, rivers and gardens.

---

* 1 غربیاں را زبرکی ساز حیات شرقیاں را عشق راز کائنات
عشق چوں با زیرکی همپر شود نقشبند عالم دیگر شود
خیز و نقش عالم دیگر بنه عشق را با زیرکی آمیز ده

(*Javid Nama*, p. 71)

In short, sold a whole nation, and that too so cheap.[1]

The poet then meets the Hindu poet Bhartarihari and three Eastern potentates, Nadir Shah, *Abdali and Tippu Sultan.* Ahmad Shah refers to the growing tendency in Eastern countries to adopt Western methods of living and styles of dress, and remarks on the futility of this blind imitation :

The secret of the West's strength is not
in lute and guitar,
Nor in the promiscuous dancing of her daughters,
Nor in the charm of her bright-faced beauties,
Nor in bare shins, nor in bobbed hair.
Her strength is not from irreligiousness
Nor is her rise due to Latin characters.
The strength of the West is due to knowledge
and science,
Her lamp is alight from this fire only,
Knowledge does not depend on the style
of your garment,
And a turban is no obstacle to the
acquisition of knowledge.[2]

It is not possible to attempt a critical analysis of *Jawid Nama,* but some of its outstanding features deserve mention. The most noticeable feature is the marvellous variety of effect produced by the introduction of lyrical interludes. These lyrical interludes serve to heighten the effect of variety by providing changes in rhythm and style at intervals. The second characteristic is the complete absence of any

---

باد صبا اگر به جنیوا گذر کنی — حرفے ز ما به مجلس اقوام باز گوے[1]*
دهقان و کشت و جوے وخیابان فروختند — قومے فروختند و چه ارزان فروختند

قوت مغرب نه از چنگ و رباب — نے ز رقص دختران بے حجاب[2]*
نے ز سحر ساحران لاله روست — نے ز عریان ساق و نے از قطع موست
محکمی او را نه از لادینی است — نے فروغش از خط لاطینی است
قوت افرنگ از علم و فن است — از همیں آتش چراغش روشن است
حکمت از قطع و برید جامه نیست — مانع علم و هنر عمامه نیست

conscious and laboured effort on the part of the poet. Again and again, the highest truths are uttered in language so natural and inevitable that it extorts our admiration. The poet seems to strike a lofty note without any effort. The third characteristic of the poem is that the language used by every character reflects his or her personality. The very sounds of the words suggest the characteristics of the person talking. The vivacious talk of Satan reflects his great passion for action, The passionate devotion of Tahira to the cause she espoused is reflected in every word she utters. Another remarkable feature of the poem is the great sympathy and regard with which the poet treats his characters, irrespective of their religious or political views. In fact, the only persons for whom the poet displays any feelings of disgust and contempt are those who proved traitors to their countries and masters. Even when describing these traitors, the language used in the poem is particularly free from roughness,

This brief survey of Iqbal's poetry will show that all those who turn to it will find in it a wealth of thought and beauty of art not often met even in the greatest poets of the world. After reading Iqbal's poetry, one is irresistibly reminded of Gabriele d'Annunizio's remarks: "Poetry is everything: it can define the indefinable, it can embrace the illimitable, it can speak the ineffable, it can penetrate the abyss, it can measure eternity". Iqbal himself said of his poetry :

No one hath told the secret which I will tell
Or threaded a pearl of thought like mine
Come, if thou wouldst know the secret of
everlasting life!
Come, if thou wouldst win both earth and
heaven.[1]

We cannot end this survey better than by repeating the lines of rare prophetic vision in which Iqbal foretold Europe the abyss towards which her materialistic civilization was leading her.

---

[1] هیچ کس رازے کہ من گویم نگفت همچو فکر من در معنی نه سفت
سِرّ عیشِ جاوداں خواهی بیا هم زمیں هم آسماں خواهی بیا

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p, 6)

O residents of the West, God's earth is
not a shop.

The gold you are thinking to be genuine
will now prove to be of low value.

With her own dagger your civilization will
commit suicide,

Insecure is the nest made on a fragile bough. [1]

(Taken from *The Islamic Review*, Woking, April, 1954 pp. 30-34)

---

[1] دیار مغرب کے رہنے والو ! خدا کی بستی دکاں نہیں ہے !!
کھرا جسے تم سمجھ رہے ہو وہ اب زر کم عیار ہوگا !
تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خود کشی کرے گی
جو شاخ نازک پہ آشیانہ بنے گا ناپائیدار ہوگا

(*Bang-e-Dara*, P. 150)

John A. Haywood

THE WISDOM OF MUHAMMAD IQBAL—SOME CONSIDERATIONS OF FORM AND CONTENT

Of writings about Muhammad Iqbal there seems to be no end. So at the present time, in April, 1967, it is extremely difficult to make any fresh contribution to the study of his genius. His works have been translated into many languages, Eastern and Western. Every aspect of his thought and philosophy would appear to have been explained and expended—so much so that, while some see him as the latest in a long line of distinguished Islamic philosophers, others see him as a link between the philosophical schools of East and West—or even as an Eastern interpreter of modern Western science and Technology. His literary merits, too, have been much discussed; but it is probably true to say that the general tendency has been to pay much greater attention to his thought than to his poetical worth. In searching for some aspect of his work to consider today, it occurred to me that Iqbal's place in the great tradition of the poetry of Islamic nations—particularly that of the Arabs, Persians and Pakistanis—has not perhaps received its due share of attention. Iqbal is in the long line of Classical Islamic poets (and I do not use the term "Islamic" here in a narrowly religious sense). Indeed, he is perhaps the last great Classical Islamic poet. He has *more of* the Classical spirit than, say, Hali, though both are preoccupied with the problems of religious, cultural, and national regeneration in the Indo-Pak Sub-continent. The scholar familier with the poetical classics of Arabic and Persian has the feeling, after reading Iqbal, that he is very much in the same tradition. Indeed, the last way to think of Iqbal is as a Pakistani poet. Rather does he speak for Islam universal, and for the common ground between Islam and other major world religions such as Christianity.

All too few critics of Iqbal have considered him as a poet in the long Islamic tradition. There were fairly well-defined canons of criticism for Classical Arabic poetry, and in the main they were

subsequently applied to the Classical poetry of Persian and Urdu. They can best be illustrated from the introduction to the *Kitab al-shi'r wal-shu'ara (Book of Poetry and Poets)* by Ibn Qutayba, who lived in the 8th Century A. D. (3rd Century A. H.). He says: "I have reflected on poetry, and come to the conclusion that it is of four sorts. One sort is beautiful in expression and excellent in meaning Another sort is beautiful and charming in expression, then when you examine it, you find there is no meaning of value . ...Another sort is deficient in both its meaning and its expression. "This may seem, at first sight, a rather facile and trite categorisation of the truism doubtless applicable to poetry in every language. But it should be considered in the light of the traditional forms and techniques of Arabic poetry, which have been adopted by other Islamic peoples. It must be borne in mind that Islamic people's poetry has been based almost exclusively on the quantitative verse or "bayt" divided into two halves, each of which is called a "misra". Each "bayt" had to be complete in itself, embodying a single thought, whose effect in both sound and sense could be eonsidered as a single unit A poem was likened to a necklace, each verse being a pearl or jewel. Even the most weighty of early Classical Arabic poems—the "qasida" or ode—seldom exceeded a hundred lines in length. "Hamasa" (chivalry) poems were considerably shorter, as were later forms such as "ghazal" or lyric. Poems tended to be entities by virtue of the occasion inspiring them, rather than by any unchangeable logical order of the verses. The critic tended to judge a poem as a series of verses, bestowing the highest praise on the poem, the greatest proportion of whose verses were jewels in both matter and manner. Thus Abu l'Atahiyya (748-828 A. D.) was criticised by the grammarian al-Asma'i in the following terms: "His lines are like the public square in front of the king's palace, whereon fall pearls, and gold, and dust, and potsherds, and fruit kernels". Yet Abu'l Atahiyya's best poems—the "zuhdiyyat" or ascetic poems—appeal very strongly to European poetical taste, because they take a simple theme and follow it through logically and pithily, in simple language free of artificiality. The fact is that, by accepted Islamic poetical canons, Wordsworth's poetry would rate very low - much lower than Shelley's - whereas to most English tastes these two poets are rated almost equal. Iqbal could never have been the leader of a revolution in poetical technique, because he was traditional in manner, though original in matter.

Thus, according to the Islamic tradition, in the ideal poem, every verse would be a quoteable pearl, embodying a thought apt to the subject and situation, expressed in language made attractive and telling by all available lexical and rhetorical resources, yet not farfetched or exaggerated. But because continuity was often lacking and the verse was a unit, verses might be interchanged, or even removed or interpolated, without any noticeable prejudice to the train of thought. The educated could, and did, quote a verse ("bayt") or even a himistitch ("Misra") in any situation of ordinary life where it seemed applicable. The thought or meaning need not necessarily be elevated or philosophical. Thus the following verse by the "Shakespeare of the Arabs", al-Mutanabbi, about his patron Sayf al-Daula, is excellent in both matter and manner.

Wa-rubba muridin darrahu darra nafsahu:

Wa-hadin ilaihi l-jaysha ahda wa-ma hada.[1]

> Many a man who desired to injure him has injured himself, and many a one leading an army against him, has benefited him and been himself misled.

This verse expressed the military superiority of Sayf al-Daula all the more effectively for using the rhetorical devices of "jinas" and "izdiwaj". When, however, the thought expressed was of universal application, and could be quoted rather as proverbs are quoted in many diverse situations, it was termed "hikma" (plural "hikam"). The word means "wisdom", or perhaps, in English slang, "hitting the nail on the head." This type of poetry is sometimes called gnomic, and it is quite common in many languages,– in welsh, for instance. In Arabic, an example is the first verse of al-Mutanabbi's elegy on the mother of Sayf al-Daula.

Nu'iddu l-mashrafiyyata wa-l—a'wali
wa-taqtuluna l-manuna bila qitali.[2]

> We make ready swords and lances, and
> death slays us without a battle.

---

*1 و رب مريد ضره ، ضر نفسه و هاد اليه الجيش اهدى وما هدى

*2 نعد المشرفيه ـ والعوالى و تقتلنا المنون بلا قتال

Arabic poetry had two severe restrictions, which were to be removed in Persian and Urdu. Firstly, it was not designed for religious or philosophical subjects-despite the "zuhdiyyat" of writers like Abual Atahiyya—being largely occupied with personalities, concerned with a *special moment in time, and* overwhelmingly dependent on patronage. It is, perhaps, significant, that the short lyric ("ghazal") on love and wine, became the vehicle of mystical religious poetry. Secondly Arabic poetry did not easily lend itself to larger forms, such as the epic owing to the mono-rhyme system which prevailed. The social environment probably also meant that neither the reciter-poet nor his hearers had staying-power. Any large work would have to be disjointed and episodic: and it is probably no accident that Arabic fiction was largely anecdotal, and that a large work like *The Thousand and One Nights* was merely a string of anecdotes or short stories. It is true that Arabic writers of the Silver Age did produce some long didactic poems; a famous example is the rhymed grammatical treatise by Ibn Malik (1203-1273 A. D.), which was called *The Alfiyya* because it was about a thousand lines long In such poems, poets took some common metre, such as "rajaz", and rhymed the two "misra's" of each "bayt" changing the rhyme from verse to verse. (In the "qasida" or ode it had been customary to rhyme the two hemistitches of the first verse, and thereafter to maintain the rhyme merely at the end of the verse). A rhymed couplet poem of this type became known as a "mathnawi" ("masnavi") or in Persian, "du bayti". It seems likely that this form originated in Persian rather than Arabic.

The Persians took over Arabic poetical canons. But they also felt the urge to compose *historical and religio—philosophical poems of epic* proportions. While in poems of medium length—longer than "qasidas" but shorter than epics—various stanza patterns were used, as in Arabic popular poetry termed "Muwashshaht"; "ruba'i" "mukhammas", and "musaddas", for instance: for epic, "mathnawi", was the favoured verse-form. The "mathnawi"—as already stated—is in rhymed couplets. For comparison purposes it is worth reminding readers that in English epic poetry by Milton and others, blank verse is used. Unfettered by rhyme, blank verse is made even more flexible by the acceptability of sentences running over from one line to the next. Rhymed couplets used by writers like Pope, though effective in satire, never achieved the

same strength in English, though they were extremely successful in other languages such as French. Occasionally long English poems were composed in stanzas—like Spenser's *Faerio Queene* and Byron's *Don Juan*

Persian epic poetry may be divided into two categories—the heroic-historical like Firdaussi's *Shahnamah* and the religio-philosophical, which at first sight often seems secular especially to Europeans. The secnod type is exemplified by 'Attar's *Mantiq al-Tayr*, and of course by the greatest of all, the *Mathnawi* of Rumi (1207-1273), to whom Iqbal so often refers. Rumi's book is a long, sprawling work, divided into six books which are in turn divided into series of sections, mostly of an anecdotal-allegorical nature. *Mantiq al-Tayr* is divided into episode-sections, again allegorical. The allegory in both works is, as in many other Persian epics, religious and mystical. They both illustrate the fact that through the epic was an esteemed form in Persian, no closely knit epic structure emerged. In general, interest is focussed on the parts rather than the whole—the whole can be appreciated merely as an agglomeration of the parts. Urdu poets like Iqbal had to face up to this problem of cohesian in the poetical epic. Some would say that he begged the question by using Persian as the medium of his epics. However that may be, the result of this lack of obvious cohesion in the Persian epic was that its highlights were the "hikma" verse divided into two hemistitches with internal rhyme Arberry assesses the effect of the "mathnawi" rhyme very ingeniously. [1] He rightly asserts that, by ridding poetry of the restrictive Arabic mono-rhyme, it made the poetical epic possible. He goes on to say: "Rhyme, then..... may be said to have resumed its original function as a characteristic of elevated or emphatic prose utterance. (Here he quotes as an example the English proverb, A stitch in time save nine)[2]... . It invests the statement with a kind of magical authority; but, being readily contrived in Arabic and Persian, which abound in rhyme, in these languages it carries very little rhetorical weight. It is not a conscious 'poetical' device". This is a penetrating remark, revealing Arberry's deep insight

---

1. A.J. Arberry, *Tales from the Masnavi*, London, 1961, pp. 18-19.
2. of urdu ek akela do ka mela. (ایک اکیلا دو کا میلا)
   (One is solitary, two are company).

into Islamic culture. But if it implies that there is no inherent monotony in thousands of "mathnawi" couplets one after the other, I venture to suggest that it contains an element of "special pleading". The tyranny of the verse unit is still there, because the tradition derived from Arabic demanded that each verse should be a meaning-unit as well as a metrical unit. The "mathnawi" poem is therefore disjointed rather than continuous : in musical terms, it is staccato rather than legato. At the same time, this facilitates the inclusion of *verses embodying gnomic wisdom-"hikma"—succinct philosophising*-epigrams—or whatever term one chooses to use. The maintenance of verse-separateness, and its use as a vehicle for succinct philosophisings, is an important constant feature of the poetry of Islamic peoples. At the same time, as Arberry senses and implies, Rumi was able to mitigate the monotony of the "mathnawi" form by his anecdotal method, and by his avoidance of artificial language, especially in his "hikma line". The latter point is illustrated by the following verse :

'Aqil an bashad kih girat 'ibrat az
marg-i-yaran dar bala-yi-muhtaraz. [1]

The wise man is he that in (the hour of) shunned tribulation takes warning from the death of his friends. [2]

The following is an example of metaphorical hikma in simple language :-

sahl shiri dan kih safha bishkunad
shir anast an kih khwud-ra bishkunad.[3]

Deem of small account the (champion) lion that breaks the ranks (of the enemy): the (true) lion is he that breaks (conquers) himself.

All this may appear, at first sight, to have only marginal relevance

---

1. عاقل آن باشد که گیرد عبرت از مرگ یاران در بلائے محترز

2. Book I, verse 3114. Text and translation are taken from R.A. Nicholson's *The Mathnavi of Jalaluddin Rumi*, Gibb Memorial Series, New Series, IV, I and IV, 2 London, 1926.

3. سهل شهرے دان که صفها بشکند شیر آنست آن که خود را بشکند

to Iqbal's poetry. But it represents the heart of the problem facing any Islamic poet who wished to eschew the light-weight lyricism of the "ghazal" and compose lengthy and serious poems on philosophical or religious themes. And this was undoubtedly Iqbal's aim. It is undoubtedly true that, from pre-Islamic times, when the Arab poet was the spokesman of his tribe, the poet in Islamic nations had a respected role in society—a role which not even the later sycophancy prevalent in the courts of the Islamic Empire could altogether hide. In the Middle East, in the Arab awakening of the last century, the poet was a cross between a teacher and a prophet. To Iqbal, the poet's function was to stir and stimulate his readers: the poet had some of the attributes of the prophet. "Nations", he said, "are born in the hearts of poets".[1] At the same time while not a Sufi poet, he was inimical to facile and simple poetry. He once wrote: "Mathew Arnold is a very precise poet. I like, however, an element of vagueness in poetry since the vague seems profound to the emotions".[2] Though undoubtedly seeing himself as a teacher of his fellow Indian Muslims, he had little in common with the direct didacticism and plain speaking of the Aligarh movement, epitomised by Hali. "The old poetic diction with its cloying touches, soon to be revived by Iqbal, has been *discarded*", says Sadiq,[3] speaking of Hali. Iqbal had to find forms and means of expression suiting his temperament and his purpose. It is, perhaps, not surprising that he chose to write his weightiest works in Persian. At the same time, the poet's function as an inspirer of his people demanded that he produce "hikma" verses embodying important truths—gnomic verse, in fact, which would be remembered and quoted by the reader or hearer, and which in the tradition of Islamic poetry, was moulded in the unit of the verse of two hemistitches. Not for Iqbal, then, the experiment of "azad sha'iri" (free verse) and metrical innovations.

Iqbal's early poetry, later collected in *Bang-i-Dara*, consists of short poems in varied forms and metres. Some are "ghazal", some "musaddas" (for example "Shikwa" and "Jawab-i-Shikwa"). Some are taken from European writers like Longfellow and Emerson, some

1. Syed Abdul Vahid, *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal* Lahore 1964, p. 77.
2. *Ibid*, p. 78.
3. Muhammad Sadiq, *A History of Urdu Literature*, O.U.P., 1964, p. 267.

are written specially for children. Iqbal had not yet felt the urge to embody his ideas in a long poem of epic or near-epic proportions. When he did, the result was *Asrar-i-Khudi* (1915), to which a companion piece *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi* was later added. This work, as Schimmel says, "was written in the style and metre (and, she might have added, language) of Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi's famous "mathnawi", and according to a family tradition, the great mystic had appeared to Iqbal in a vision, urging him to write this poem in order to promulgate the new way of life. Rumi appears in this and all the following poetical works of Iqbal as his spiritual guide".[1] *Asrar-i-Khudi* abounds in gnomic verses which linger in the memory. It is not perhaps, Iqbal's greatest work, and resemblances with Rumi should not be over-stressed. Though divided into a prologue and eighteen parts, its total length is considerabely less than the average book of Rumi's work. Again it is more directly philosophical. It does not conceal spiritual significance under external secularity. When it appeared, however, it was clearly the work of a totally new and original poetical-philosophical genius. It may well be that Iqbal realised that in the "mathnawi", excessive length was a disadvantage: or may be that his distilled thought was repelled by the idea of prolixity. It may also be that contemporary trends were against inordinately long poems. *The Mathnawi-i-Sihr-ul-Bayan* of Mir Hasan (1727-1786), with 4,442 lines, is somewhat longer than *Asrar-i-Khudi*. The *Khawar Namah* (1649) of Kamal Khan Rustami of Bijapur contains 24,000 verses, nearly as many as Rumi.

If *Asrar-i-Khudi* was a tautly constructed "mathnawi", Iqbal's next major work, *Pavam i-Mashriq* (1923) was basically a varied Persian "diwan", united merely by the author's thought patterns—a "diwan" written in answer to a "diwan": Goethe's *West-oestliche Divan*. Here Iqbal was in his element, ranging over Western and Eastern ideas, untrammelled by limits of form. The opening poem, "Lala-i-Tur" which has been translated by Arberry,[2] consists of 193 "ruba'iyyat" (quatrains), and it is full of memorable lines. The following, for example, begins, like Abu l-'Atahiyya :-

---

1. A. Schimmel, *Gabriel's Wing*, London, 1963, p. 42.
2. A.J. Arberry, *The Tulip of Sinai*, London, 1947.

Sikandar raft-u shamshir-u-'alam raft
Kharaj-i-Shahr-u-ganj-i-kan-o-jam raft;
Umam-ra az shahan payinda-tar dan,
Na-mi-bini kih Iran mand-u-Jam raft? [1]
Gone is Iskandar with his sword and throne,
His tribute and his treasure, all is gone;
Know then, that folk endure beyond their kings:
Though Jam is dead, yet Persia liveth on.
(Translation by A. J. Arberry, p. 27)

Compare this with Abu l-'Atahiyya :-

Ma lana la natafakkar? Aina Kisra, aina Quaisar? [2]
What ails us that we do not ponder?
Where is Chosroes, where is Caesar?

Iqbal gives a new turn to the old idea that even great men have a limited life-span, and *are levelled to the dust like everyone else, by* adding that nations outlive their rulers. (Arberry's "folk", as a translation of "umam"—peoples, nations,—is doubtless dictated by *metrical considerations, but it does not quite give the sense).* Such an idea would have been foreign to Abu l-'Atahiyya. The following puts one in mind of 'Umar-i-Khayyam :

bi-Yazdan ruz-i-mahshar Barhaman guft
farugh-i-zindagi tab-i-sharar bud.
wa-laikin gar na-ranji ba tu guyam
sanam az admi payinda-tar bud. [3]
The Brahman spoke on Resurrection's day
To God: "Life's lustre is a spark at play:

---

1. سکندر رفت و شمشیر و علم رفت خراج شهر و گنج کان و جم رفت
اسم را از شهان پائنده‌تر دان نمی بینی که ایران ماند و جم رفت
(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 78).

2. مالنا لانتفکر ؟ این کسریٰ؟ این قیصر

3. به یزدان روز محشر برهمن گفت فروغ زندگی تاب شرر بود
و لیکن گر ترنجی با تو گویم صنم از آدمی پائنده تر بود
(*Payam-e-Mashriq*, p. 19).

But if I may so speak without offence.
The Idol lasted more than Adam's clay".

(Translation by A. J. Arberry, p. 2)

Passing over *Zabur-i-Ajam* (1927), to which Professor Arberry paid high tribute, and which he translated as *Persian Psalms* (Lahore, 1948), we now come to Iqbal's greatest large-scale philosophical poem, undoubtedly his finest work, the *Javid Namah*. This also is a "mathnawi'. To sum up this work one cannot do better than quote Syed Abdul Vahid :

> In this poem, the poet, accompanied by Rumi, who is to him what Virgil is to Dante, visits the various planets, and meets historical personalities, who in their dialogues elucidate eternal truths..... *So far as style is concerned, Javid Namah* belongs to the very first rank of Persian verse. It is unsurpassed in grandeur of expression, in beauty of diction, and in richness of illustration. As regards theme, the poem deals with the everlasting confict of the soul, and by telling the story of human struggle against sin, shows mankind the path to glory and peace".[1]

In this poem, the potential monotony of the "mathnawi" form is relieved by the introduction of lyrical interludes, and by the somewhat dramatic form, with sections of dialogue of varying lengths. It may be that in this, Iqbal was influenced by Goethe's *Faust*—especially Part II—with which he was, of course, familiar. Certainly the characters who take part in the dialogues are varied in the extreme: Rumi, Zoroaster, Jamal al-Din al-Afghani, Lord Kitchener, A Sudanese Dervish, the Seer from Mars, Hallaj, Ghalib, Satan, and so on. The author himself figures as Living Stream (Zinda Rud). An incongruous group, no doubt; but then, so are the characters, earthly and heavenly, in Goethe's *Faust*. When one comes to know the *Javid Namah*, one realises that, despite first appearances, it is a triumph in form as well as in content and language, and that the form suits both the theme and the author's genius. In this work—of which there are now, fortunately, two English translations[2]—Iqbal solved, in his own way, the problem of Islamic epic form.

---

1. S.A. Vahid, *Iqbal, His Art and Thought*, London, 1959, p. 159.
2. By Shaikh Mahmud Ahmad as *The Pilgrimage of Eternity*, Lahore, 1961, and more recently by Arberry.

In *Javid Namah* we have whole necklaces of pearls of wisdom, from which almost endless quotations could be made, all of them based on the couplet unit. The following are merely examples :-

(1) Banda-yi-haqq bi niyaz az har maqam
ne ghulam u-ra nah u kas ra ghulam. [1]

The man of God transcends all rank and class,
Being no man's master, no man's slave.

(Translation by S. M. Ahmad, p. 61)

(2) Madhhab-i-'asr-i-nau ayine nigar
hasil-i-tahdhib-i-la-dini nigar
zindagi-ra shar'-u-ayin ast 'ishq
asl-i-tahdhib ast din, din ast 'ishq.[2]

Look at the creed of this new-fangled age
The fruit of disbelief. Love is the law
And principle of life; a culture's soul
Is faith, and faith is love.

(Translation by S. M. Ahmad, pp. 103-104)

(3) bi-admi na-rasidi, Khuda chih mi-juyi?[3]

What search for God will profit thee,
When thou failed reaching man?

(Translation by S. M. Ahmad, p. 177)

These, like a large proportion of the verses in this work, are truly gnomic poetry—"hikma", wisdom, in the highest sense of the word. Morever, they are not wisdom only to Muslims, or to Orientals, but to

---

1 • بندهٔ حق بے نیاز از هر مقام نے غلام او را نے او کس را غلام •
(*Javid Nama*, p. 78)

2 • مذهب عصر نو آئینے نگر حاصل تهذیب لادینے نگر •
زندگی را شرع و آئین است عشق
اصل تهذیب است دیں، دین است عشق!
(*Ibid*, p. 129)

3 • با آدمے نرسیدی خدا چه می جوئی •
(*Ibid*, p. 220).

men of every creed and race. This is one of Iqbal's great achievements that he bridged the gap between East and West, and gave utterance to the common ground in the great religious and philosophical systems of the world.

Iqbal's poetical career is like a sandwich The weighty Persian poems divide the Urdu poetry of his early and later writings. *Bal-i-Jibril* dates from 1936, and *Zarb-i-Kalim* from 1937. He is, indeed, a unique figure in modern Islamic literature. Though at times expressing modesty over his command of both Persian and Urdu, he preferred to write major epics in Persian, a foreign language, while employing Urdu in the traditional short forms such as "ghazal" and the medium-length "ruba'i" (though of course he wrote these in Persian also). Unfortunately some early Punjabi poetry seems to be lost. Many like Arberry, have highly esteemed his command of Persian, others have been slightly less enthusiastic. Some regret that he did not write exclusively in Urdu. V. G. Kiernan says : "By comparison, the Urdu poems, addressed to a real and familiar audience near at hand, have the merit of being direct and spontaneous utterances on tangible subjects; and it is probably the case that nearly all the leading ideas of the 'serious' Persian works are expressed more briefly, and sometimes *more effectively, in the Urdu*".[1] *Whether this is true or not, it is* rather paradoxical that, while Iqbal is regarded as a major figure in Urdu literature, it is more often his Persian works which are quoted as evidence of his genius.

I have already quoted Sadiq's dictum about Iqbal's old fashioned diction—and Sadiq, making this assertion in a history of Urdu literature, is speaking of Iqbal's Urdu works. The real truth, however, lies mid-way between Sadiq and Kiernan. There is a wide range of treatment in the Urdu poems. Yet in the main, he does appear to have turned his back on those stylistic changes in Urdu which were a by-product of the Aligarh movement. When one compares Iqbal with Hali, it is like comparing Shelley, Keats, or Coleridge with Wordsworth. *The following quatrain by Hali with its homely proverbial philosophising* does not have the Iqbal stamp:-

1. In *Poems of Iqbal*, translated by V.G. Kiernan (Wisdom of the East Series) London, 1966, Preface p. xiii

jo log hain nikiyun men mashhur bahut
hon nikiyun par apni nah maghrur bahut
niki hi khwud ik badi hai gar ho nah khalus
niki se badi nahin hai kuchh dur bahut.[1]

Those people who are very famous for their virtue;
Are not over-proud of their virtue;
Virtue itself is a vice if it is not pure;
There is no great gap between vice and virtue.

Yet Iqbal could write simply in his Urdu verse, as the following examples show:-

(1) Apni millat par qiyas aqwam-i-maghrib se nah kar
khas hai tarkib men qaum-i-rasul-i-hashimi.[2]
Do not judge your own nation by the standards of the peoples of the West.
The people of the Hashemite Prophet are distinct in make-up.

(2) Shahid-i-mahabbat nah kafir nah ghazi
mahabbat ki rasmen nah turki nah tazi[3]
The martyrs of love are not Muslim nor Paynim,
The manners of love are not Arab nor Turk.

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan, p. 54)

Some of the best Urdu poems are by no means simple. There is, for example, marvellous music in the poem about the mosque of Cordoba, especially in the opening where the word "silsila" occurs at the end of five out of the first eight lines. This gives an effect of which

---

*1. جو لوگ ہیں نیکیوں میں مشہور بہت ہوں نیکیوں پر اپنی نہ مغرور بہت
نیکی ہی خود اک بدی ہے گر ہو نہ خلوص نیکی سے بدی نہیں ہے کچھ دور بہت

*2. اپنی ملت پر قیاس اقوام مغرب سے نہ کر خاص ہے ترکیب میں قوم رسول ہاشمی

(From "Madhhab", *Bang-i-Dara* p. 279)

*3. شہید محبت نہ کافر نہ غازی محبت کی رسمیں نہ ترکی نہ تازی

(From "Muhhabat", *Bal-i-Jibril* p. 197)

any Arab, Persian or Urdu poet would be proud and many parallels for it could be found going back as far as pre-Islamic Arabic poetry.

In this paper I have been concerned as much with the means used by Iqbal to put over his wisdom itself. But I cannot end without stressing the universal appeal of his wisdom. His oft-repeated message on the importance of love, "faith is love" ("din ast 'ishq"), Sufii in origin, is also at the heart of Christianity. His belief in the development of the individual, and in action liberated by love, appeals as much to the West as the East.

I now return to the ideas of Ibn Qutayba with which I opened this paper. According to his dictum, the best poetry must excel in both meaning and expression. How far does Iqbal's poetry come up to this standard? There is no doubt that he expressed noble meaning in beautiful language. It cannot be denied that the language and imagery used—especially in his Persian poetry—seem today to be somewhat old-fashioned, being derived from Classical Persian metaphysical poetry. In his verse form, too he was conservative, using the traditional "mathnawi" verse of two hemistitches as the vehicle for his gnomic utterances. However, in the *Javid Nama* he was able to clothe the "mathnawi" form with great flexibility, and produced an epic original in every sense.

Postscript :

I am only too well aware that this paper is somewhat strange in form, ranging from Classical Arabic literature, through Persian to Urdu. My justification is that I am myself primarily interested in Iqbal as a poet, not as a national figure, or even as philosopher. And I agree with Sadiq that "it is astonishing how little has been written about the formal aspect of Iqbal's poetry".[1] If I have made some small contribution towards filling this gap, I shall be well satisfied.

(Text of a paper read on an Iqbal Day meeting in London in April, 1967).

---

1. *A History of Urdu Literature*, p. 372.

H.T. Sorley

IQBAL

Iqbal has been proclaimed as "the poet" of the new state of Pakistan· This is not fair to Iqbal's reputation as a poet. He is being judged now not by the standards of literary excellence, which should be those applicable to a poet, but by standards of national hero worship. Had Iqbal been alive today, nothing perhaps would have surprised him more than the extravagant adulation now lavished upon him as one of the spiritual creators of Pakistan. To those who are familiar with the Muslim "national" sentiment, which preceeded Iqbal by about one hundred and fifty years at least, and to those who are acquainted with the inevitable political consequences of the excessively Hindu nationalism of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi this strange phase of Iqbal-adoration reveals itself as an object of acute psychological curiosity. There were earnest Muslims preaching the need for a Pakistan at the beginning of the nineteenth century as those who have read Mr. Hampton's excellent study of the history of English education in India know. The one certain result of the success of Gandhi's political campaigns was clear to sapient observers a generation ago. Every successive year meant the growth of greater distrust amongst Muslims lest, under any such Hindu-dominated raj, the spiritual independence of Muslims, which is venerated amongst Muslims as second only to their religion, could not be assured under political conditions which would not keep Islam safe. Iqbal had in fact very little to do with these inescapable and unforgiving facts of time. But he lived and died just about the time when he could be made easily the centre of a cult. Now there are Iqbal societies studying his works just as there were Browning societies in Britain when Robert Browning was regarded as the man with the imperishable message. Time usually deals hardly with these ebullitions. Iqbal is likely to fare in mnch the same way as Browning fared.

Iqbal is indeed a competent poet within his limitations. But he is not more than a minor poet with a narrow range of ideas and of expression. He does occasionally touch the heights of lyric excellence

and some of his earlier poems—few of his later poems come into this category—are worthy of being included in a collection like the present, where the lyrical genius of the centuries is being traced over a great period of time. In the long history of man's likes and dislikes it is only the very best that is regarded by posterity as worthy of record. After all, poets in all ages have been two a penny. The exceptional poet alone will survive. These are the poets with a mission, the poets of passion, sincerity and reverence, whose songs sing themselve out of a warmth of real feeling and so touch the hearts of men of all ages who can experience through the words and the music of them some of the deep emotion that moved the poet to his best. The competent artificer in words does not usually win fasting esteem, nor does he deserve to do so.

In lyric poetry, as this volume will, I think, show, it is authentic passion, the conviction that passes into the action and heartfelt sincerity that move men. Expertise in diction will not do it. Purple patches fashioned out of jewelled phrases, however skilfully arranged, may indeed interest, but they will not enthral. That was one of the weaknesses of Hugo's output as a poet. It is likely that a similar defect will in the course of time darken the bright light that is now flashed round the brows of Iqbal.

The life of Mohammad Iqbal was comsletely uneventful. He was born at Sialkot in 1873, and he spent the greater part of his life in Lahore, where he died in 1938. He lived a placid, sheltered existence for sixty-five years. He was a student, practising lawyer, and a part-time literateur who played small part in any events of the kind that really move the imagination or stir the fiercer emotions of men. The greatest historical event of his lifetime was the First World War of 1914-1918, which, had it ended differently, would have made impossible the emergence of both India and Pakistan as independent states. Yet there is no evidence that it meant anything whatever to Iqbal as a poet, though he came from and lived in the Punjab, the sword arm of India. He must have seen thousands of young soldiers from the villages all around him gathering to fight and die for freedom on distant battlefields. There is nothing to suggest that Iqbal gave this tremendous phenomenon, so pregnant of the fate of the future, one single thought. In his scholarly contemplation and his philosophical

half-world the immense thing passed for nothing. He was a man who sat in a study polishing words. He did not live events.

It is rare in such circumstances for poetry of the highest order ever to be created. He did not live dangerously like Catullus or Ibn Zaidun, or adventurously as Tyrtaeus and Solon, or Seneca or the Cavalier poets, or even romantically like Byron and Hugo. He never felt the burning sense of mystical reality that Shah Abdul Latif shares with Blake and Francis Thompson. Poets of the study sometimes produce great poetry of the lesser kind. Herrick wrote "Gather ye resebuds", which, as a lyric, is as fine as the work of Mimnermus, and Gray wrote "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard", which has made millions think on serious things. But neither of these poems lives like the verse of the poets who put their fortune to the test to win or lose it all. Even Shelley, who lived a vivid short life, perished of an adventure on which a man like Iqbal would never have embarked. Iqbal would have been a better poet if he had had the spirit to climb Mount Everest. But he did not care for such things of the pulsating and active spirit. The result is that his poetry is the work of a sedate intellectual who at times reaches high levels of achievement but cannot hope to scale the utmost peaks.

Iqbal published four volumes of Urdu poetry and seven volumes of Persian poetry. It is with the Urdu poetry I am here concerned. The writing of Persian verse by persons who are not Persians can never be anything but an interesting literary tour de force. A poet must use his own language or none at all. Of the volumes of Urdu poems the earliest connection seems to me the one where the lyric genius is most alive. I have translated twelve poems from the *Bang-i-Dara* which I prefer to translate literally, and not less poetically, as *The Summons of the Camel-bells* because it is here that in my opinion Iqbal is at his freshest and most natural. The later volumes of the *Bal-i-Jibril (Gabriel's Wing)* and the *Zarb-i Kalim (The Sword of Moses)* lost their lyrical touch in a gradually deepening solemn philosophy. There are in the *Bal-i-Jibril* some lyrics worthy to be placed with the spontaneous singing of most of the *Bang-i-Dara* but these are not numerous. In the *Zarb-i-Kalim* the poet is buried beneath the philosopher. The flute has been cast away from the strophe of the expositor. In the *Bang-i-Dara*, however, Iqbal shows a genuine lyrical grace which entitles him to be

placed with the poets translated in this collection. At his best as a lyrical poet Iqbal is a curious mixture of the fresh observation of W.H. Davies with the solemn logical beauty of the Bridges of "The Testament of Beauty". He has the qualities in part of both of these very considerable English poets. Of the poems which I have translated here I rank the poem on "Love"[1] as the best. It has beautiful thought and a finely controlled yet vivid imagination, and it obviously expresses deep feeling. But as a lyrical gem the prize must be shared between "The Firefly"[2] and "Withered Rose".[3] Each of these is worthy of inclusion in a world collection of the best lyric verse. I got greater pleasure from putting these two poems into suitable English rhyme than from the translation of any of the other Iqbal poems.

Urdu is a poetic medium seems to me to suffer from the weakness that is characteristic of all the poetry of the East which has come under the influence of Persian. It is utterly conventional—there is no doubt that the oriental public likes conventionality both in poetry and music, and resists change. But the fact remains that at the best this kind of poetry, as pointed out by E. G. Browne in his classic work on the literary history of Persia, can never be anything but derivative. Urdu poetry is indeed still just an Indian summer of late Persia. The language is a literary language not understood of the common people. The metaphors and similes and the arrangement of subject and thought are predetermined by the classic forms of *Persian* art.[4] There is no seope for the free spirit. The Urdu poets are for ever raking the poppy beds and the rose gardens of Iran and bewailing the sad fate of separated lovers. The imagination in this little hortulus is indeed rich; but oh! how it palls with the continual reiteration. If one wants to find this kind of poetry, why should not one go to the fountain-head to drink deep of Hafiz, Fariduddin Attar, Jalaluddin Rumi and Jami, who in their own line stand unrivalled and are amongst the greatest poets of the world within their lyrical range?

Urdu literature has not yet had a romantic revival as the literatures of England, and France and Germany and Italy and Spain have

---

*1. (*Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 115-116).

*2. *Ibid*, pp. 83-84.

*3. *Ibid*, pp. 41

all had. Until that romantic revival comes, the literature will remain clever but completely conventional and restricted, like a gentleman in evening dress who has been bound with ropes and left in the lockup. There are at present few signs of any romantic revival in Pakistan.

As long as the "ghazal" retains its metrical tyranny, the voice of individualism heard so ecstatically by Coleridge and Wordsworth in the *Lyrical Ballads* and by Hugo in the *Odes et Ballades* will send no vibrations throughout the air of the Indian sub-continent. Horace Walpole would still find in the poetry of India and Pakistan the pseudo-Gothic summer-houses and the tidy landscapes of Capability Brown that he admired so much in an age of strict conformity and rule. Music and poetry in the East continue to be the weak slaves of a four-hundred-year-old fashion. Though Iqbal has written poems on many subjects that Rumi could never have envisaged in his simpler day, he has not done anything to break the bonds. It is rather a pity.

محبت

عروس شب کی زلفیں تھیں ابھی نا آشنا خم سے
ستارے آسماں کے بے خبر تھے لذت رم سے
قمر اپنے لباس نو میں بیگانہ سا لگتا تھا
نہ تھا واقف ابھی گردش کے آئین مسلم سے
ابھی امکاں کے ظلمت خانے سے ابھری ہی تھی دنیا
مذاق زندگی پوشیدہ تھا پہنائے عالم سے
کمالِ نظمِ ہستی کی ابھی تھی ابتدا گویا
ہویدا تھی نگینے کی تمنا چشم خاتم سے
سنا ہے عالم بالا میں کوئی کیمیا گر تھا
صفا تھی جس کی خاک پا میں بڑھ کر ساغر جم سے
لکھا تھا عرش کے پائے پہ اک اکسیر کا نسخہ
چھپاتے تھے فرشتے جس کو چشم روح آدم سے
نگاہیں تاک میں رہتی تھیں لیکن کیمیا گر کی
وہ اس نسخے کو پڑھ کر جانتا تھا اسم اعظم سے
بڑھا تسبیح خوانی کے بہانے عرش کی جانب
تمنائے دلی آخر ہر اک معنی بہم سے

بھرایا فکر اجزا نے اسے میدان امکاں میں
چھپے گی کیا کوئی شے بارگہ حق کے محرم سے
چمک تارے سے مانگی چاند سے داغ جگر مانگا
اڑائی تیرگی تھوڑی سی شب کی زلف برہم سے
تڑپ بجلی سے پائی ، حور سے پاکیزگی پائی
حرارت لی نفسہائے مسیح ابن مریم سے
ذرا سی پھر ربوبیت سے شان بے نیازی لی
ملک سے عاجزی ، افتادگی تقدیر شبنم سے
پھر ان اجزا کو گھولا چشمۂ حیواں کے پانی میں
مرکب نے محبت نام پایا عرش اعظم سے
مہوس نے یہ پانی ہستیٔ نوخیز پر چھڑکا
گوہ کھولی ہنر نے اس کے کاروبار عالم سے
ہوئی جنبش عیاں، ذروں نے لطف خواب کو چھوڑا
گلے ملنے لگے اٹھ اٹھ کے اپنے اپنے ہمدم سے
خرام ناز پایا آفتابوں نے ، ستاروں نے
چٹک غنچوں نے پائی ، داغ پائے لالہ زاروں نے

LOVE

The ringlets of night's bridal knew naught of
circling curve.
The taste of rum's? wild ecstasy showed stars
not how they ran.
The moon looked somewhat strangely in its new
unwonted dress.
It guessed not what great change would come from
God-resigned faith's plan.
From the dark house of What-Might-Be the world
had just had birth.
Life's savour still lay hidden from the world
of the known;

(As it were but the beginning of creation's
social scheme),

When the wish to fix the jewel, in the Maker's
sight was grown.

There toiled some Alchemist, 'twas heard, aloft
in heaven's domain.

The dust of his feet shone clearer than Jamshed's
wondrous bowl.

At heaven's base lay written out the elixir of life

And angels were, concealing it from the eye of
Adam's soul.

But the vision of the Alchemist kept watch with
searching gaze :

It rooked the recipe above the sound of God's
Great Name.

Pretending to repeat his beads he took the heavenly
road,

And, what his heart desired by will, by toil
achieved his aim.

Thought's atom sent him wandering across What-
Can-Be's plain.

Could aught elude the search of Friend of the
Meeting-hall of moon:

And snatched a little blackness from the tangled
locks of night.

He gathered from the lightning speed: from huri
what is pure:

And heat from breath of Jesus, the son of Mary, drew:

He plucked a grain of grandeur from the greatness of the
Lord;

Humility from angels, prostration from the dew.

He melted all in water down from out creation's spring.

The mixture gained the name of Love from the vast heaven on high:

Rain spread the shower across the frame of Being new up-sprung

And skill undid the knots as though by sage's wizardry.

The atoms rose together in a fusion all their own.

The sun and stars set out to march with proudly flaunting gait:

Buds opened: in the poppy-beds were the flowers' dark centres grown.

کلی[1]

جب دکھاتی ہے سحر عارض رنگیں اپنا
کھول دیتی ہے کلی سینۂ زریں اپنا

جلوہ آشام ہے یہ صبح کے پیمانے میں
زندگی اس کی ہے خورشید کے پیمانے میں

سامنے مہر کے دل چیر کے رکھ دیتی ہے
کس قدر سینہ شگافی کے مزے لیتی ہے

مرے خورشید! کبھی تو بھی اٹھا اپنا نقاب
پھر نظارہ تڑپتی ہے نگاہ بیتاب

تیرے جلوہ کا نشیمن ہو مرے سینے میں
عکس آباد ہو تیرا مرے آئینے میں

زندگی ہو ترا نظارہ مرے دل کے لئے
روشنی ہو تری کہوارہ مرے دل کے لئے

ذرہ ذرہ ہو مرا پھر طرب اندوز حیات
ہو عیاں جوہر اندیشہ میں پھر سوز حیات

---

* 1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 123-124.

اپنے خورشید کا نظارہ کروں دور سے میں
صفت غنچہ ہم آغوش رہوں نور سے میں
جان مضطر کی حقیقت کو نمایاں کر دوں
دل کے پوشیدہ خیالوں کو بھی عریاں کر دوں

THE BUD

When the bud shows itself in the morning's fresh beauty
It reveals at that moment its bosom of gold:
It quaffs sparkling wine from the tavern of dawning.
And draws from sun's goblet the life it can hold.
It rends the sun's heart, its own head extending:
And oh: what delight it has of that rending.
At times, o sun mine, you too raise your veil:
As the glamour my gaze spins all restless apace.
Let the heat of your radiance in me find abode
And that vision's reflection fill all mirror's space.
Let your gleaming become as the life of my heart
And my soul in your light as in cradle-bed swing.
And little by little bring again flowing joy
In my grief shining clear as the jewel in a ring.
The vision of you let me put far away
And just like a bud live in your lap of light.
Let me bare to its nakedness my hidden thought;
Make plain all the truth of being's sad plight.

شمع و پروانہ [1]

پروانہ تجھ سے کرتا ہے اے شمع پیار کیوں؟
یہ جان بے قرار ہے تجھ پر نثار کیوں
سیماب وار رکھتی ہے تیری ادا سے
آداب عشق تو نے سکھائے ہیں کیا اسے

---

* 1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 27

کرتا ہے یہ طواف تری جلوہ گاہ کا
پھونکا ہوا ہے کیا تری برق نگاہ کا

آزار موت میں اسے آرام جاں ہے کیا؟
شعلے میں تیرے زندگی جاوداں ہے کیا

غم خانۂ جہاں میں جو تیری ضیا نہ ہو
اس تفتہ دل کا لیکل تمنا ہرا نہ ہو

گرنا ترے حضور میں اس کی نماز ہے
ننھے سے دل میں لذت سوز و گداز ہے

کچھ اس میں جوش عاشق حسن قدیم ہے
چھوٹا سا طور تو — یہ ذرا سا کلیم ہے

پروانہ اور ذوق تماشائے روشنی!
کپڑا ذرا سا اور تمنائے روشنی!

MOTH AND CANDLE

Why is the moth your lover, O flame,
Giving life in a yielding move?

You make its ways the quicksilver's ways.

You taught it, what rites of love?

The creature circles around your flare.
How burnt in your flash of sight!

Does it know life's peace in the throes of death?
Life endures in your ardour bright?

Had your lustre not been in the world's house of woe
The tree of hot love had been green.

Moth sinks before you making its prayer,
Frail heart to feel scorching keen.

It must throb like one loving the beauty of old:
Small prophet! small mountain of fire!

The moth with its urge to envisage the flame!

Poor worm, with its light's desire!

ابر [1]

اٹھی پھر آج وہ پورب سے کالی کالی گھٹا

سیاہ پوش ہوا پھر پہاڑ سرین کا

نہاں ہوا جو رخ مہر زیر دامن ابر

ہوائے سرد بھی آئی سوار توسن ابر

کرج کا شور نہیں ہے۔ خموش ہے یہ گھٹا

عجیب میکدۂ بے خروش ہے یہ گھٹا

چمن میں حکم نشاط مدام لائی ہے

قبائے گل میں گہر ٹانکنے کو آئی ہے

جو پھول مہرکی گرمی سے سو چلے تھے، اٹھے

زمیں کی گرد میں جو پڑ کے سو رہے تھے، اٹھے

ہوا کے زور سے ابھرا ، بڑھا ، اڑا بادل

اٹھی وہ اور گھٹا لو ! برس پڑا بادل

عجیب خیمہ ہے کہسار کے نہالوں کا

یہیں قیام ہو وادی میں پھرنے والوں کا

CLOUD

Today again from the east the thick black nimbus fares

And Surban's mountain-crest a dark-hued covering wears.

When the face of the sun was hid in the skirt of its misty course,

A chill wind raced on the cloud as a horseman speeds his horse.

---

*1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 92.

There is no rumble of thunder: the silence is thick as a pall:

In the strange wine-shop of the heavens *a quiet lies over all.*

It has ordered a scheme for the garden of joy that will always bless

And has come to fasten a gem on the hem of the flower's long dress.

The blooms that once had nodded in the heat of the sun's fierce ray

To fall in earth's lap, it roused from sleep to a lifting day.

With the wind's wild blast the nimbus grew to mounting and *soaring mass,*

And towering still higher it showered the rain out over the grass.

It has made for the mountain saplings their own miraculous tent.

Here let them rest, the wanderers, who from journey in vale are spent.

انسان [1]

قدرت کا عجیب یہ ستم ہے

انسان کو راز جو بتایا — راز اس کی نگہ سے چھپایا

بیتاب ہے ذوق آگہی کا — کھلتا نہیں بھید زندگی کا

حیرت آغاز و انتہا ہے

آئینے کے گھر میں اور کیا ہے؟

ہے کرم خرام موجِ دریا — دریا سوئے بحر جادہ پیما

بادل کو ہوا اڑا رہی ہے — شانوں پہ اٹھائے لا رہی ہے

تارے مست شراب تقدیر — زندان فلک میں پا بہ زنجیر

خورشید، وہ عابد سحر خیز — لانے والا پیام "بر خیز"

مغرب کی پہاڑیوں میں چھپ کر — پیتا ہے مئے شفق کا ساغر

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 134-135.

لذت گیر وجود هر شیے سرمست مئے نمود هر شیے
کوئی نہیں غمگسار انسان !
کیا تلخ ہے روزگار انسان !

MAN

By fate's hard decree
What a strange mystery!
The Power that fashioned man's riddle
Kept the riddle concealed from man's eye.
Mind hath restless desire to find meaning:
Yet life's secret mind cannot descry.
Beginning and ending in wonder!
In the House of the Mirror! What's Why?
The wave of the stream hath its spreading.
The stream oceanwards hath its flow.
The wind rises up to the cloud shapes,
Bearing cloud on its shoulders to blow.
The stars of fate's liquor are drunken:
In heaven's prison the feet wear a chain.
The sun that doth worship the morning
Hath its message "Arise" for refrain.
It secretly sips in West's mountains
The wine twilight's cup may bestow.
All tastes of the savour of being:
All's mad with the liquor of show.
About man alone no one enquires:
How bitter O man, what your life requires!

خطاب به جوانان اسلام [1]

کبھی اے نوجواں مسلم ! تدبر بھی کیا تو نے
وہ کیا گردوں تھا تو جس کا ہے اک ٹوٹا ہوا تارا

تجھے اس قوم نے پالا ہے آغوش محبت میں
کچل ڈالا تھا جس نے پاؤں میں تاج سر دارا

تمدن آفریں، خلاق آئین جہاں داری
وہ صحرائے عرب، یعنی شتربانوں کا گہوارا

سماں الفقر فخری کا رہا شان امارت میں
"بآب و رنگ و خال و خط چہ حاجت روئے زیبا را"

گدائی میں بھی وہ اللہ والے تھے غیور اتنے
کہ منعم کو گدا کے ڈر سے بخشش کا نہ تھا یارا

غرض میں کیا کہوں تجھ سے کہ وہ صحرانشیں کیا تھے
جہاں گیر و جہاں دار و جہاں بان و جہاں آرا

اگر چاہوں تو نقشہ کھینچ کر الفاظ میں رکھ دوں
مگر تیرے تخیل سے فزوں تر ہے وہ نظارا

تجھے آبا سے اپنے کوئی نسبت ہو نہیں سکتی
کہ تو گفتار، وہ کردار، تو ثابت، وہ سیارا

گنوا دی ہم نے جو اسلاف سے میراث پائی تھی
ثریا سے زمیں پر آسماں نے ہم کو دے مارا

حکومت کا تو کیا رونا کہ وہ اک عارضی شے تھی
نہیں دنیا کے آئینِ مسلّم سے کوئی چارا

مگر وہ علم کے موتی کتابیں اپنے آبا کی
جو دیکھیں ان کو یورپ میں تو دل ہوتا ہے سیپارا

"غنی روزِ سیاہ پیرِ کنعاں را تماشا کن
کہ نورِ دیدہ اش روشن کند چشم زلیخا را"

ADDRESS TO MUSLIM YOUTH

Have you ever pondered, O Muslim youth,
On deep and serious things?

• 1. (*Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 198-199)

What is this world in which this "You"
Is only a broken star?

You come of a stock that nourished you
In the close embracing of love,

A stock that trampled under foot
Dara who wore the crown.

Civilization's grace they forged
To a world-disposing law,

Those folk that came from the Arab sands
That cradled their camel-men.

The simple life was the pride they had
In their deeds of glorious show.

How does the lovely face feel need
Of rouge and mole and art?

In pure plain life and in fear of God
They lived their modest way.

The rich man stood in no fear of the poor
That he give his wealth in fee.

In short, in words can I tell to you
What were these desert men?

Holders, Keepers, Saviours, Adorners
Of what we call the world.

If I should draw the sketch aright
Limning the form in words,

The vision I'd draw would be better far
Than all your fancy paints.

There is no standard by which to judge
Yours and your father's worth.

You utter words but they did deeds.
They roamed: you stay at home.

We have despoiled the inheritance
That we from *our fathers won.*

The heaven from the zenith has dashed it down
And cast it on the ground.

What is this weeping at ordered things
That it is the affair of a day?

Except the help of all-certain law
The world has no other plan.

But if those pearls of learning's lore,
Those books our fathers wrote

We see in Europe made scholar's joy,
The heart is rent with grief.

Rich man, behold the *darkened day*
Kinan's old man once knew,

That the light of his eyes to Zuleikha's eyes
Might bring the brightness of sight.

موج دریا [1]

مضطرب رکھتا ہے میرا دل بیتاب مجھے
عین ہستی ہے تڑپ صورتِ سیماب مجھے

موج ہے نام مرا بحر ہے پایاب مجھے
ہو نہ زنجیر کبھی حلقۂ گرداب مجھے

آب میں مثل ہوا جانا ہے توسن میرا
خارِ ماہی سے نہ اٹکا کبھی دامن میرا

میں اچھلتی ہوں کبھی جذبِ مہِ کامل سے
جوش میں سر کو ٹپکتی ہوں کبھی ساحل سے

ہوں وہ رہرو کہ محبت ہے مجھے منزل سے
کیوں تڑپتی ہوں یہ پوچھے کوئی میرے دل سے

زحمتِ تنگیٔ دریا سے گریزاں ہوں میں
وسعتِ بحر کی فرقت میں پریشاں ہوں میں

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 55.

THE WAVE OF RIVER

My restless heart doth never keep me still:
This inner core of me is mercury.
They call me wave. The ocean is my goal.
No chain of whirling eddy holdeth me.
My steed like air upon the water rides.
My garment's hem on thorn of fish e'er tore.
When moon is full sometimes I leap all fey;
Sometimes all mad I dash my head on shore.
I am the pilgrim loving journey's stage.
Why am I restless? If my heart make quest.
I flee from the cramped torment of the stream,
Away from the sea's wide spaces, all distressed.

گل پژمردہ [1]

کس زباں سے اے گلِ پژمردہ تجھکو گل کہوں؟
کس طرح تجھکو تمنائے دلِ بلبل کہوں ؟
تھی کبھی موجِ صبا گہوارۂ جنباں ترا
نام تھا صحنِ گلستاں میں گلِ خنداں ترا
تیرے احساں کا نسیمِ صبح کو اقرار تھا
باغ تیرے دم سے گویا طبلۂ عطار تھا
تجھ پہ برساتا ہے شبنم دیدۂ گریاں مرا
ہے نہاں تیری اداسی میں دلِ ویراں مرا
میری بربادی کی ہے چھوٹی سی ایک تصویر تو
خواب میری زندگی تھی جس کی ہے تعبیر تو

همچو نے از نیستانِ خود حکایت می کنم
بشنو اے گل! از جدائیها شکایت می کنم!

---

1. (*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 41).

WITHERED ROSE

How shall I call you, withered rose,
How shall I call you rose?

How shall I call you the wish, the wish
That the heart of the bulbul knows?

For once the wave of the breeze would rock
Your swinging cradle awhile

And midst the bounds of the flowery grounds
Your smile was the rose's smile.

A covenant there was of your favour done
When morning zephyr played:

And the fragrance spread as sweet as e'er
In the perfumer's bowl was made.

My eyes are weeping: from weeping eyes
Falls the dew of my tears unbid:

And in your suffering loneliness
My desolate heart is hid.

You are as a tiny miniature
Of my ruined misery.

My life was a life of dreams and you
Interpret my dreams to me.

I tell my tale as I were the reed
That is reft from its bed of reeds.

O hear me, rose, when I tell the woes
That are separation's deeds.

فراق[1]

تلاشِ گوشۂ عزلت میں پھر رہا ہوں میں
یہاں پہاڑ کے دامن میں آ چھپا ہوں میں

---

* 1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 139.

شکستہ گیت میں چشموں کے دلبری ہے کمال
دعائے طفلکِ گفتار آزما کی مثال
ہے تختِ لعل شفق پر جلوسِ اخترِ شام
بہشتِ دیدۂ بینا ہے حسنِ منظرِ شام
سکوتِ شامِ جدائی ہوا بہانہ مجھے
کسی کی یاد نے سکھلا دیا ترانہ مجھے
یہ کیفیت ہے مری جانِ ناشکیبا کی
مری مثال ہے طفلِ صغیرِ تنہا کی
اندھیری رات میں کرتا ہے وہ سرود آغاز
صدا کو اپنی سمجھتا ہے غیر کی آواز
بونہی میں دل کو پیامِ شکیب دیتا ہوں
شبِ فراق کو گویا فریب دیتا ہوں

SEPARATION

I am wandering in search of some lonely retreat.
I have hid myself here by the great mountains' feet.
Like the halting attempts of a small boy to pray,
The spring's music is broken—my joy hath full sway.
To the red twilight's throne comes the eve's starry race;
'This a vision of heaven thus to see beauty's face.
Still eve's separation's excuse for my mood;
Some memory has taught me how music is good.
My life is all restless—unrest is mine own—
It is just as I were like some small boy alone.
When the night is all dark he commences to hum
And he thinks that the sound from some other has come.
The lessons of patience I teach to my heart,
As though to night's sev'rance I show a false part.

دعا [1]

یا رب دلِ مسلم کو وہ زندہ تمنا دے
جو قلب کو گرما دے جو روح کو تڑپا دے

پھر وادیٔ فاراں کے ہر ذرّے کو چمکا دے
پھر شوقِ تماشا دے پھر ذوقِ تقاضا دے

محرومِ تماشا کو پھر دیدۂ بینا دے
دیکھا ہے جو کچھ میں نے اوروں کو بھی دکھلا دے

بھٹکے ہوئے آہو کو پھر سوئے حرم لے چل
اس شہر کے خوگر کو پھر وسعتِ صحرا دے

پیدا دلِ ویراں میں پھر شورشِ محشر کر
اس محملِ خالی کو پھر شاہدِ لیلا دے

اس دور کی ظلمت میں ہر قلب پریشاں کو
وہ داغِ محبت دے جو چاند کو شرما دے

رفعت میں مقاصد کو ہمدوش ثریا کر
خود داریٔ ساحل دے آزادیٔ دریا دے

بے لوث محبت ہو بیباک صداقت ہو
سینوں میں اُجالا کر دل صورتِ مینا دے

احساس عنایت کر آثارِ مصیبت کا
امروز کی شورش میں اندیشۂ فردا دے

میں بلبلِ نالاں ہوں اک اُجڑے گلستاں کا
تاثیر کا ساحل ہوں محتاج کو داتا دے

PRAYER

O Lord grant quick desire to Muslim heart.
To warm that heart, fill soul with restless urge.
Illuminate once more all Faran's vale;
Make sight see end, once more make keen-ness surge.
To view of grief once more grant clear-eyed sight.
Make that which I have seen to others known.

---

* 1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 237-238.

Bring safety once again to far-strayed deer.
Grant desert's space to townsmen cramped down.
To heart laid waste bring Rising-Day's wild stir.
Let Laila come to fill the empty palquinframe.
In this rough time to each tormented heart.
Show sign of love that puts the moon to shame.
Let thy firm purpose climb Suraiya's height;
Mak strong the share, give freedom to the brine.
Let love be selfless and truth unafraid.
Set breast aglitter; heart like jewel shine.
Change fear of pending doom to kind presentiment;
Today's wild din permute into the morrow's thought.
I am a bulbul crying in the garden waste;
I beg acceptance. Giver, give what wretch has sought.

جگنو

جگنو کی روشنی ہے کاشانۂ چمن میں
یا شمع جل رہی ہے پھولوں کی انجمن میں
آیا ہے آسماں سے اڑ کر کوئی ستارہ
یا جان پڑ گئی ہے مہتاب کی کرن میں
یا شب کی سلطنت میں دن کا سفیر آیا
غربت میں آ کے چمکا گم نام تھا وطن میں
تکمہ کوئی گرا ہے مہتاب کی قبا کا
ذرّہ ہے یا نمایاں سورج کے پیرہن میں
حسنِ قدیم کی یہ پوشیدہ اک جھلک تھی
لے آئی جس کو قدرت خلوت سے انجمن میں
چھوٹے سے چاند میں ہے ظلمت بھی روشنی بھی
نکلا کبھی گہن سے، آیا کبھی گہن میں
پروانہ اک پتنگا، جگنو بھی اک پتنگا
وہ روشنی کا طالب، یہ روشنی سراپا

ہر چیز کو جہاں میں قدرت نے دلبری دی
پروانہ کو تپش دی، جگنو کو روشنی دی

رنگیں نوا بنایا مرغانِ بے زباں کو
گل کو زبان دے کر تعلیمِ خامشی دی

نظارۂ شفق کی خوبی زوال میں تھی
چمکا کے اس پری کو تھوڑی سی زندگی دی

رنگیں کیا سحر کو، بانکی دلہن کی صورت
پہنا کے لال جوڑا شبنم کی آرسی دی

سایہ دیا شجر کو، پرواز دی ہوا کو
پانی کو دی روانی، موجوں کو بیکلی دی

یہ امتیاز لیکن اک بات ہے ہماری
جگنو کا دن وہی ہے جو رات ہے ہماری

حسنِ ازل کی پیدا ہر چیز میں جھلک ہے
انساں میں وہ سخن ہے، غنچے میں وہ چٹک ہے

یہ چاند آسماں کا شاعر کا دل ہے گویا
واں چاندنی ہے جو کچھ یاں درد کی کسک ہے

انداز گفتگو نے دھوکے دیئے ہیں ورنہ
نغمہ ہے بوئے بلبل، بو پھول کی چہک ہے

کثرت میں ہو گیا ہے وحدت کا راز مخفی
جگنو میں جو چمک ہے، وہ پھول میں مہک ہے

یہ اختلاف پھر کیوں ہنگاموں کا محل ہو؟
ہر شے میں جبکہ پنہاں خاموشیٔ ازل ہو

FIREFLY

Is the firefly aglow in the garden's abode?
Or blazes a lamp in the throng of the flowers?
Has a star fluttered down that high aloft rode?
Has a ray of the moon won some life-throbbing powers?
Has the envoy of day come to realms of the night?
Come humbly, a gleam to his own land unknown?
Has there fallen a whorl that moon's cloak once bedight?

From the robes of the sun has a sequin been shown?
Here is hidden the sheen of old beauty and bright

That nature uncovers for men of our day.
In this little moon are both darkness and light,
As eclipse may advance, or eclipse pass away.

The moth and the firefly through air both take wing.
One seeks for the light: one in light's all arrayed:
On earth nature grants all some soul-gladd'ning thing.

For the moth was the heat, for the firefly light made.
On birds that were tongueless it dowered melody:
Gave a tongue to the rose but withheld from it song.

For sunset it fashioned sheer half-light to see;
Set fairy a-glitter but her life made not long:
The morning made brilliant like sweet bride of love:

Clad down in red robes—with dew's mirror dawn plays.
It brought the tree shadiness, caused air to move,
Sent motion to water, taught waves' restless ways.

Yet this is a puzzle that troubles our mind.
The day of the firefly for us is the night.
In everything lustre of beauty we find;

In man there is speech: opening buds smile delight.
This moon of the sky is as heart of the bard.
There shines the bright moon: here is anguish of pain.

There must be some trick in the ways of the Word:
Else the bird would be fragrance, the flower sing refrain
The riddle of union's in beauty rich hid.

The glitter of firefly is fragrance of flower.
Then why comes perversely this discord unbid
When all things at heart hide this silence of power?

ایک پرندہ اور جگنو [1]

سر شام ایک مرغِ نغمہ پیرا — کسی ٹہنی پہ بیٹھا گا رہا تھا
چمک اک چیز کی دیکھی زمیں پر — اڑا طائر اسے جگنو سمجھ کر
کہا جگنو نے او مرغِ نوا ریز — نہ کر بیکس پہ منقارِ ہوس تیز
تجھے جس نے چمک، گل کو مہک دی — اسی اللہ نے مجھکو چمک دی
لباسِ نور میں مستور ہوں میں — پتنگوں کے جہاں کا طور ہوں میں
چمک تیری بہشتِ گوش اگر ہے — چمک میری بھی فردوسِ نظر ہے
پروں کو میرے قدرت نے ضیا دی — مجھے اس نے صدائے دل ربا دی
تری منقار کو گانا سکھایا — مجھے گلزار کی مشعل بنایا
چمک بخشی مجھے، آواز تجھکو — دیا ہے سوز مجھکو، ساز تجھکو
مخالف ساز کا ہوتا نہیں سوز — جہاں میں ساز کا ہے ہم نشیں سوز
قیامِ بزم ہستی ہے انہیں سے — ظہورِ اوج و پستی ہے انہیں سے
ہم آہنگی سے ہے محفل جہاں کی
اسی سے ہے بہار اس بوستاں کی

FIREFLY AND BIRD

Early one Evening the sweet voice was heard,
As it sat on a twig, of a carolling bird.
When it spied something glittering there on the ground
It flew to the place and a firefly it found.
The firefly said; "Bird of the musical charm,
Take your sharp beak away: do a poor one no harm,
Allah granted you song and gave the flower scent:
That same Allah to me did my lustre present.
My being is hidden in garments of light,
The zenith of creatures that flutter in flight.
If your dulcet note has of Heaven the ear,
The eye of that Heaven sees my gleaming clear.

---

* 1. (*Bang-e-Dara*, p. 93-94)

While nature with sparkle did cover my wing
It gave you the song that charms hearts when you sing.
It instructed your beak in all musical grace
And made me the torch of the garden's space.
Flashing it gave you: to me it gave voice.
My portion is radiance: in song you rejoice.
Radiance and song in this world are not foes:
They cling to each other in harmony close.
Creation's firm frame is compact of the two:
All heights and all depths are to both alike due.
They mingle together to make every thing;
In this garden from both comes the beauty of spring".

(Taken from *Musa Parvagans*, Aberdeen, 1953, pp. 169-203).

Iqbal Singh

MOHAMMAD IQBAL—STUDY IN PARADOX

"Verily", Iqbal says in one of his early poems, "Iqbal's being is a sum of contraries". [1] There is no reason, of course, to suppose that he intended this somewhat neo-Hegalian essay in self-appraisal to be taken altogether seriously. It is partly a jest, partly a poetic conceit. Yet many a true thing has been said in jest; and it may well be that in this playful verse Iqbal has furnished us a truer key to his personality than we are ever likely to find in any learned or adulatory exegesis of his work on the market. What is more, the contradictions which were the very stuff of his being did not cease with his death: his life is rounded not only with a sleep' but a great and continuing paradox.

Posthumously honoured to the point almost of an apotheosis as the poet, prophet and philosopher of Pakistan, he nevertheless commands a vast audience in India. His song "Our India"[2] deservedly enjoys a vogue at least as great as the Indian National Anthem. Many of his imperishable lyrics are intended throughout the Indo-Gangetic plain—and even south of the Vindhyas. Official memory is short and much that ought to have been remembered has been forgotten, but it is something that Iqbal's name is still officialy remembered on both sides of an unreal frontier. Thus we have the strange, but merciful, irony that the man whose writings have been so persistently and passionately invoked at once as the inspiration and rationale for the severance of the Indian sub-continent, today serves as one of the remaining intangible bridges across a widening gulf of tragic estrangement.

For so complex and enigmatic a personality, Iqbal's actual career traces a singularly featureless trajectory. He offers to his biograhers no lure of the dramatic incident. Born at Sialkot in 1873, of modest parentage whose remote ancestry was Brahmanical and Kashmiri and

---

1 مجموعہ اضداد ہے اقبال نہیں ہے ...

* *(Bange-Dara p. 51)*

* 2. *(Ibid, p. 82)*

had links with the Saprus, he lived most of his life in Lahore—first as a student, then as a stimulating teacher of philosophy, and later as a distinguished, if not exactly prosperous, member of the Bar. Outwardly, at any rate, this advocate of individualistic dynamism moved in a very narraw orbit. True enough, like many others of his milieu, he did not fail to perform the customery *pilgrimage to the Western* World. He visited Europe twice: once in his youth when he went to Cambridge to study under *Mc Taggart and to Munich and Heidelberg;* and again in his maturity as a member of the Muslim delegation to *the Indian Round Table Conference at* St. James's Palace. But this represents the limit of his major journeyings. There is nothing in the *story of his life to suggest* the restlessness and wander-lust which drives men to the ends of the earth in search of the unkown.

This deficit in his experience might be attributed merely to absence of opportunity, or a deeper temperamental inertia, or a combination of both. It has, however, been sized upon by the more *superficial* critics as a cunvenient argumemt for amiable denigration. A certain H. T. Sorley, M. A., *D. Litt., for instance, introducing some transla-*tions of Iqbal's Urdu verse in his anthology of *Wandering Muse*,[1] has *delivered himself of a rare pearl of critical nonsense* which deserves to be recorded. "He did not live dangerously like Catallus or Ibn Zaidun" *we are solemnly told* "or adventurously as Tyrtasus and Solon, Seneca or the Cavalier poets, or even romantically like Byron and Hugo .. .. *Even Shelley*, who lived a vivid short life, perished of an adventure on which a man like Iqbal would never have embarked. Iqbal would have been a better poet if he had had the sptrit to climb Mount Everest . But he did not care for such things of the pulsating and active spirit. The result is that his poetry is the work of a sedate intellectual who at times reaches high levels of achievement but cannot hope to scale the utmost peaks ....."

If Mr. Sorley finds Iqbal's life wanting in the element of physical *adventure* and "things of the pulsating and active spirit", the wordly-wise are likely to find it lacking in an even more important element-success, as they understand the word. When he died in his house in Mayo Road, Lahore, in the late spring of 1938, he left

1. *Musa Pervagans*, Abardeen, 1953.

behind him little by way of real estate beyond a dozen volumes of verse in Urdu and Persian and two prose works in English dealing with recondite themes, like the development of metaphysics in Persia and the reconstruction of religious thought in Islam. Undoubtedly, ages yet unborn will look upon some of these as priceless treasures of a past beyond recall, but clearly they do not add up to an impressive legacy in terms of the acturial standards of the age of property.

It could not have been otherwise. Success required tact; Iqbal, as Mr. Azim Hussain has remarked in his biography of his father[1] who was outstandingly tactful, lacked tact. It was in no small degree due to this want of tact that, even when he was willing to stoop to compromise, Iqbal only succeeded in making the worst of both worlds. No doubt he managed in the course of years to gather a few crumbs of comfort. His services to literature were duly recognised with a knighthood by a regime not conspicuous for any excessive regard for literature. His own community for a time made use of his gifts by finding him a seat in the Punjab Assembly for a few years. In 1930 he was even asked to preside over the annual session of the All-India Muslim League held at Allahabad. But these were minor consolations. The more luscious prizes and preferments remaind beyond his reach; and those who were loudly to claim him as their own after his death remained indifferent to his genius even when they were not actively hostile to him.

Nor was this neglect and frustration of ambition compensated by any appreciable measure of recognition beyond the frontiers of India. Paradoxically enough, the greatest poet and thinker of contemporary Islam made scarcely any discernible impact on the Islamic World stretching from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Southern Seas. The leader of the Iranian Cultural Mission which visited India in 1944, Professor Ibrahim Poure Daoud, for instance, reflected this indifference when he patronizingly described Iqbal as "only a local poet". And as regards the West, appreciation has been inevitably inhibited by the difficulties of translation.

For, Professor Arberry has certainly not exaggerated in his preface to Iqbal's *Mysteries of Selflessness* when he says that he knows of "no

---

* 1. *Fazl-e-Husain, A Political Biography*, London, 1946.

oreintal poet who confronts the translator with problems so various and so stubborn". This partly explains why only one of Iqbal's poetic works—*Asrar-e-Khudi* or *Secrets of the Self*—could find its way into print in an English translation during his lifetime. It was well received; kindly and thoughtful critics like E. M. Froster and Herbert Read said many kind things in acknowledgement of its grave beauty. But it was nothing like old Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* a la Fitzgerald; it could hardly be expected to set the Thames, or even Bloomsbury and Hampstead, on fire; and it was soon forgotten—Iqbal never enjoyed even a brief vogue and, unlike Tagore, has never become even a name to the British intelligentsia.

On this point we have the testimony of William Rothenstein who befriended Iqbal as he did many other eminent Indian intellectuals. "When Sir Mohammad Iqbal, the most eminent among Muslim poets and philosophers", he observes in his *Men and Memories*,[1] "came over for the Indian Round Table Conference in 1931, little notice was taken of him. He was a little sore that none of the English philosophers seemed aware of his presence in London. When in Paris, he wrote to me letter: I met Bergson. We had an extremely interesting conversation on philosophical subjects. Our conversation lasted two hours. Bergson is old and very ill. He does dot see people, but was good enough to make exception in my case'..... I had wished some of our English philosophers had given some of their time to this eminent visitor..."

Iqbal wished that, too. For, despite protestations to the contrary, like most Indians of his generation—and not only his generation—he hankered after Western recognition even more than that of his own people. What is more, though, he was sure enough of the ultimate worth of his work, he was evidently not sure enough to take the absenice of any tangible reward without a gnawing sense of grievance and bitterness in his heart. These undertones of disappointment are distinctly articulated in his later work as in a letter to William Rothenstein in which he writes, rather bitterly; "As you know, literature is not and has never been a profession in India..... I know this from personal experience. I have written something by way of literature; but I have to earn my daily bread at the Bar. Indeed, my

---

* 1. *Since Fifty (Men and Memories, Volume III)*, London, 1931-1939.

rivals and other interested persons have always carried on a propoganda against me on account of my literary pursuits and tried all sorts of means to prejudice the men in authority against me in order to ruin my career as a professional man. In this they have succeeded so far .....".

They succeeded till the very end. However, professional success is not an appropriate yardstick with which to measure the achievements of a writer, though it is symptomatic of the irreducible ambivalence of an outlook which he shared with the men of his property among whom he lived, that Iqbal, despite constant poetic protest against the values of the cash register, seems never to have wholly shaken himself free of them. Nor, it should be added, is the ability to swim the Hellespont or climb the Everest a relevant test of the depth and compass of a poet's work—in spite of Mr. Sorley. Whether or not doctors of literature know it, there are other seas to explore than those marked on the map and, in the words of Hopkins:

..... The mind, mind has mountains, cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no man-fathomed.
Hold them cheap
Many who ne'er hung there.....

To scale these conventional mountaineering tackle is of little use: only an imagination quickened to the point of maximum agility and an intellectual muscle, at once tough and resilient, will do.

These Iqbal possessed beyond question. It is, therefore, most unforutunate though in the circumstances perhaps inevitable, that Iqbal's reputation as a poet and thinker has been both obscured and magnified by being seen through the heat and dust generated by a fierce controversy that defies dispassionate discussion, because a whole generation is deeply and emotionally implicated in it—the controversy over the origins of the Pakistan idea and Iqbal's role in its gestation. Yet the verifiable facts are not such as to warrant dogmatism of the kind exhibited on both sides of the great divide.

Admittedly, Iqbal was the first eminent Muslim leader to argue—in *his address to the Muslim* League in 1930—in favour of "the formation of a consolidated North-West Indian Muslim state," because "the life of Islam as a cultural force in this living country depends on its cen-

tralisation in a specified territory", [1] though earlier [2] on he had argued that "the piece of earth with which the spirit of man happens to be temporarily associated" [3] does not matter at all. It is true, moreover, that the highly idealised picture of Islamic polity and history which he projected in the seductive language of his verse did set up an ambient climate of exultation in which the modest idea he had planted could germinate and grow far beyond anything he had visualised as practical politics. But to suggest anything more positive than this is to allow deceptive gloss and partisan conjecture to take the place of objective appraisal. And resort to these familiar devices of disingenuousness is the more inexcusable because they add nothing and take away a good deal from the significance of Iqbal's work.

That significance does not necessarily derive from the originality of his ideas. In fact, it would be true to say that, like most leading personalities of India during the past hundred years or more, he was an eclectic rather than an original thinker. His exceptional gift for lucid exposition combined with a habit of audacious generalisation might at times create the illusion of originality. But his thought is seldom of a piece and not always his own. It is more like a multichrome mosaic whose individual elements are drawn from many quarries, Eastern as well as Western reflecting the Prophetic revelation no less than *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. What binds them together and gives the pattern a coherence is the underlying motive of necessity—the necessity to readjust the structure of Muslim society to which he belonged to the hard facts of a secular age subject to economic and political urgencies rather than metaphysical enchantment.

Thus he seems in direct line of descent from those who initiated the Aligarh Movement. It might even be claimed that in him the movement has come of age. Certainly, no more adult interpretation of the Aligarh idea has come so far and is, perhaps, unlikely to come. Inevitably, the gain in maturity is not without its loss. Sensible as we must be of the gravity of his approach to the problem of "reconstruc-

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 171.
2. Not earlier but later.
3. Iqbal's Presidential address delivered at Annual Session of the All-India Muslim Conference at Lahore on 21-3-1932. (*Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 197).

tion" of Muslim polity, we at the same time miss something of the refreshing, if a little naive, radical elan which Iqbal himself had voiced in his youth. Instead of the vigorous rationalism of his early days, we are aware of the constant percussion of the revivalistic note in his argument, possibly the more insistent because it is superimposed upon an inward defensiveness and even doubt. Yet it remains true that the real dynamism of his ideas springs from the impetus of an unfinished reformation trying to complete itself under the guise of revivalism.

His didactic and philosophical writings throughout articulate this peculiar and in some ways characteristic dichotomy. In his *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, for example, he is very harsh on the Liberal doctrine; he repeats what he had told his audience at Allahabad in 1930 that "a Luther in the world of Islam is an impossible phenomenon",[1] he dogmatically rejects the very conception of reformation. And yet, at the end, with that courage of inconsistency which is the infirmity and strength of noble minds, he completely turns the table on his own philosophy. "The claim of the present generation of Muslim liberals," he asserts, "to reinterpret the foundational legal principles in the light of their own experience and the altered condition of modern life, is, in my opinion, perfectly justified", and he adds, "each generation, guided but unhampered by the work of its predecessers, should be permitted to solve its own problems"[2]. For an anti-liberal Iqbal has stated the case for Liberalism with admirable cogency.

Ultimately, however, the proper study of a poet is not prose, but his verse; and in the realm of poetry Iqbal's position remains unaffected by all the current controversies. Those who have read him in the original, at any rate, know that no Asian poet in recent history has left behind so magnificent a legacy. Nobody can be sure of what will survive the delirium of this thermo-nuclear age. But if anything is permitted to survive, it is hard to believe that Iqbal's poetry will not be part of the timeless residue of our time.

Like everything else about him his poetry has its paradoxes of form and theme. But they in no way detract from its beauty; they enhance and deepen it. He has written, for example, strictly within the limits

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 164.
2. *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, p. 168.

of established poetic conventions, employing all the familiar resources of symbol and imagery of the classical Persian and Urdu poetry. Yet in his hand they have become charged with new meanings directly related to contemporary experience. The mirror of his sensibility could at once contain the enchantment of all our yesterdays and reflect all the emotional and intellectual tensions of the world of today. Whether he takes us on a tour of the planetary heavens and hells, in the manner of Dante and Milton, as in his *Book of Eternity*, or unfolds for us the boundless horizons of the universe of the human heart as in the "Tulip of Sinai" and *Psalms of the East*, he reveals a continuous imaginative preoccupation with the living reality. He is, indeed, the last great poet of the Indo-Persian tradition ; and if not the first modern, certainly the only modern so far who can command total attention and response.

Poetry perishes without lyricism, but it cannot live long on lyricism alone. To endure, it must acquire a viable bone structure of thought. Iqbal's verse possesses an ardent, almost incandescent lyricism which invests even some of his polemical and homiletic passages with winged beauty, but lyricism in him is allied to the higher function of criticism of life and values as Matthew Arnold meant it. And something more. Beyond the lyricism, beyond the thought that sustains the lyricism, there is a deeper imaginative awareness. It is an awareness upon which, in Pater's phrase, "all the ends of the world are come". And if it articulates the malancholy of the spirit that knows that "the heart's comfort is not in knowing end not in seeing", it communicates not a sense of defeat or desolation, but the exultation which men have felt since the beginning of time in creating a destiny out of dust.

It may well be a long time before we again hear a voice of such rare melody, at once thoughtful and passionate, possessing the exquisite softness of a petal which, to quote his adaptation of a saying of Bhartrihari, can yet cut the heart of a diamond.....[1]

(Taken from *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, Bombay, December 12, 1964, pp. 38-39.

---

[1] • پھول کی پتی سے کٹ سکتا ہے ہیرے کا جگر .....

(Bal-e-Jibril)

A. A. Haidri

IQBAL'S PERSIAN POETRY

The best of Iqbal's Persian poems are his "mathnavis"; though in other forms also he achieves a high degree of excellence. The only genre of Persian poetry which has failed to attract Iqbal is the "qasideh" *or panegyric. In fact, he only wrote one "qasideh", the* theme of which was Kashmir. In his "ghazals" Iqbal mainly follows the path of Hafez and Sa'di. In his "mathnavis" which form almost half of his Persian poems he is a faithful disciple of Rumi. Moreover the "Mathnavi" of Rumi exercises a considerable influence not only on Iqbal's "mathnavis" but on all his poetical thinking.

The Persian poetry of Iqbal can only be studied and appreciated against the background of traditional Persian literature on which his poetical works are firmly based.

After the 14th century, owing to reasons which are beyond the scope of this paper, poetry markedly declined in Persia. Persian poets, who found little encouragement at home, were attracted by Mughal court and went to *India. These poets stimulated by the new environ-*ment, formed a special school of poetry, which came to be known as "Sabk-e-Hendi" or the Indian style. This new style which reached the height of its glory during the 16th century was not only prevalent in the Mughal Court but it also found its way to Persia itself and became the prevailing poetical style. Although "Sabk-e-Hendi" at its best is not lacking in originality and has a peculiar subtlety of its own, it lost in Persia its quality in the 17th and the subsequent century and never regained this; consequently it lost its appeal; and by the end of the 18th century it had disappeared in Persia, but it still went on in India.

Among the Indian poets who wrote in Persian, Iqbal is the only important one who abandoned traditional "Sabk-e-Hendi" and wrote in the style of Classical Persian poetry. Most of his poetry is written in either the Iraqi style or in the form of "mathnavis".

Iqbal chose Rumi, the author of the famous *Mathnavi*, the great Persian poet of the 13th century, as his spiritual guide. No Persian poet or any poet for that matter,in Iqbal's opinion, is more worthy of esteem than Rumi, and no book in his view equals the *Mathnavi* of Rumi which he calls, like many before him, the Qur'an in Persian.

The *Javid Namah*, which is considered to be Iqbal's masterpiece, is an allegory in which he describes how he saw Rumi in a vision and went with him on a journey to heaven and how, on the different stages of the way, the secrets of creation were revealed by the master to his disciple.

The language of Iqbal in these poems is the classical language of Persian poetry and with the exception of occasional lapses, here and there, it is almost entirely free from alien expressions or even idioms unfamiliar to a Persian ear. Iqbal's choice of words and compounds is felicitous and in keeping with his general style. Here again, though Iqbal follows the classical trend in choosing his vocabulary, he does not refrain, now and then, from using colloquial words, which is an indication of his familiarity with modern idioms. But occasionally Iqbal gives a special meaning or content to certain Persian words which they do not normally bear and which is not sanctioned by Persian usage.

The reason that Iqbal chose Persian to compose most of his verses is not merely because it suited his philosophy and thought or that his poetry would thereby gain a wider audience, but because he was genuinely attracted by the Persian language as such.

In his own words ;

گرچه هندی در عذوبت شکر است
طرزِ گفتارِ دری شیرین تر است

Although Hindi is like sugar in sweetness ; [1]

The manner of Persian speech is sweeter.

Since Iqbal was a thinker as well as a poet and employed poetry to clothe his ideas, he attached more importance to the meaning than to the form of his poems. Like his master Rumi, Iqbal did not

---

• 1 *Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 11.

concern himself with verbal conceits in poetry ; what he was concerned to convey was his thought. This is not to say that he did not compose beautiful and eloquent verses but the meaning which he wished to convey through his poetry was of primary importance to him. As he says :

نغمه گر معنی ندارد مرده ایست
سوز او از آتش افسرده ایست

If the melody has no meaning it is a dead thing ; [1]
Its fire is like that of a fire which has died.

The striking characteristic of Iqbal's Persian poems is the vigour and dynamism of his expression combined with freshness and novelty. He frequently surprises the reader with his originality and often some of his verses have a compelling force which is wholly unusual. These verses may be compared to a gushing spring which pours out from a mountain rock and overwhelms one with its beauty and power. But this is not the only Iqbal. There is another Iqbal who appears in his Persian poems with tenderness and grace. There are abundant examples of this Iqbal scattered through the pages of Persian poems. The poet's sense of separation and loneliness and his grief for the sorrows of mankind also appear in several of his Persian pieces. And finally some of Iqbal's verses such as "Surud-e-Anjum" [2] have a music of their own which is unique, in my opinion, in Persian poetry.

I have only had time to touch upon a few of the salient features of Iqbal's Persian poems and now I should like to add a few words about the growing appeal and fame of Iqbal in my country.[3] Up to some 20 years ago when Iqbal's fame as a great poet was already established in his own country he was still almost unknown in Iran. To my knowledge the first author who introduced Iqbal to Persians was the late Dai-al-Islam, who wrote a pamphlet of some 40 pages in Persian about Iqbal: I doubt very much whether more than a few Persians came to know of this essay or read it. But about this time the late poet laureate Malik-al-Shoara Bahar began to study

1. *Zabur-e-'Ajam*, p. 253.
2. *Payam-e-Mashriq*, pp. 112-115.
3. Iran.

Iqbal's poetical works and was greatly impressed by him. Bahar then composed a lengthy poem[1] of 89 couplets in praise of contemporary Iqbal and introduced him to his fellow-country men in an eloquent manner. In this ode which is written in the autumn of 1943, Bahar pays his tribute to Iqbal in the following verses :

بیدلی کز رفت اقبالی رسید　　بیدلان را نوبتِ حالی رسید
قرنِ حاضر خاصهٔ اقبال گشت　　واحدی کز صد هزاران بر گذشت

If a Bidel went, an Iqbal came
For the sad-hearted ones, the turn for joy is at hand,
The present century became exclusively Iqbal's,
A unique person who surpassed hundreds of thousands.

Four years later a booklet on Iqbal was written by the well-known Persian scholar Mujtaba Minavi, in the opening pages of which he urges his readers to read more of Iqbal's works and to learn more about him. Three years after the publication of this booklet, the poems and speeches which were read by Persian scholars and poets at the Iqbal Day celebrations held in Tehran, were callected and published.

As yet Persian studies on Iqbal are far loss than he deserves, but there is increasing interest in his Persian poetry and he will soon be known to a wider public.

To conclude I should like to pay my tribute to Iqbal. We Persians are greatly indebted to Iqbal for his outstanding contribution to Persian poetry Iqbal will live as long as the Persian language lives.

(Taken from a paper "*Iqbal's Persian Poems*" read at the Iqbal Day meeting held on 17, May 1961 in London)

---

1. For an extract from this poem see, *Appendix 'A'*

M. D. Taseer

IQBAL'S THEORY OF ART AND LITERATURE

Great poets are very seldom great critics. Coleridge was an *exception and amongst our contemporaries T. S. Eliot* alone ranks equally high in poetry and literary criticism. Urdu literature has two great names to offer as a parallel. Hali, whose *Musaddas* has often been called the great Urdu poem of the twentieth century and Iqbal, who has been hailed as a world poet by a great number of discriminating critics, were great poets and great critics.

Hali (1837-1914), was a contemporary of Ruskin and Tolstoy. And like them he declared that "purposiveness" was essential for "great art". He was not fanatical like Tolstoy and did not sacrifice recognised masterpieces of literature on the altar of dogmatic theory. Nor was his political bias as strong as Ruskin's who condemned all the artistic productions of Hindus, Buddhists and Muslims of India and Pakistan on the ground that a people who were capable of barbaric acts during "the Mutiny" of 1857, were inherently incapable of ever producing any work of beauty.

Hali's "purposiveness" was inherited by Iqbal (1873-1936). He condemned "art for art's sake" in no uncertain terms. He criticised the decadent tendencies of his age, in music, architecture, painting and literature. His poem "Bandagi Nama"[1] compares and contrasts the architecture and music of "free people with that of the slave people". The political "bias" is obvious. For Iqbal did not write in a vacuum. He was an activist. And he believed in the social role of art. "The inspiration of a single decadent", writes Iqbal, "may prove more ruinous to a people than whole battalions of an Attila or a Changez".[2] And he affirmed that "the spiritual health of a people

---

• 1. *Zabur-e-Ajam* pp. 245-264.

• 2. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal* P. 145.

largely depends on the kind of inspiration which their poets and artists receive".[1]

Mark the word "receive". It differentiates Iqbal's theory of art from that of modern political doctrinaires. He does not urge the regimentation of artists, because he knows that the mainspring of art, "inspiration", as he terms it, is not a matter of choice. "It is a gift the character of which cannot be critically judged by the recipient before accepting it".[2] But although it comes "unsolicited", it has to be "socialised". It is "subservient to life".[3]

Iqbal's conception of "inspiration" is very significant. I once asked him how he felt "when poetry came". He said that many a time when in the middle of a "poetic experience" he would try to grasp it by introspection. And the moment he started analysing his condition, the flow, the inspiration, would stop. He told me of a period in his life when, for more than a year "no poetry would come". Versify he could, with great ease and facility. But poetry, the inspired word, would not come. So he decided that the gift which had been given to him, had been withdrawn. He therefore planned to write useful books in Urdu prose This was the time when he wrote a primer on the elements of political economy. And then suddenly one night, when he was lying in bed and gazing at the stars poetry poured out of him. It came in torrents! And from that time onwards the gift was never withdrawn. Although unsolicited and unpredictable it came continuously.

But he was not a romantic lyricist. His poetry is thematic, didactic and philosophical. His inspiration, therefore, is not symptomatic of a neurosis or an " irrational seizure". His poetic experience *was rare only in its intensity.*

The nature of this experience was well understood by him. And that is why he adds a rider to his belief that poetry is subservient to

---

• 1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal, p. 144*
• 2. *Ibid.*
• 3 *Ibid.*

Life. "It is", he says, "subservient to Life and Personality".[1] This emphasis on personality saves him from the fallacy of materialism which tends to make poets bondsmen of Party politics or rigid doctrines. His social valuation also centres round the problem of Personality. That which strengthens and sensitivizes the Self is socially good, says Iqbal. And good poetry by being an expression of a sensitive personality is socially good. Art should awaken Desire, the will to live. And by being Art, it is "good". The soul-movement of the ideal artist, says Iqbal, is moved by Love, the acme of Desire. And love is "a unity of Beauty and Power".[2]

دلبری بے قاهری جادو گری است

دلبری با قاهری پیغمبری است

Beauty without Power is mere magic, an illusion, Beauty with power is Prophethood.

Iqbal's personality-ethice saves *him from the entanglements of* sectarian didactics. In this, he is at one with Tolstoy. But unlike Tolstoy, he is not wedded to the Commandments. *His theory is* essentially a psychological theory. It emphasises the growth of personality. And as a psychological *theory of poetic values, it has universal* qualities. For only a psychological theory really covers all the facts of art experience. *It explains the supreme position* that *they* have always taken among other human activities. It avoids the consequences of the Tolstoyian *position, a position which has been adopted* by Totalitarians, with necessary changes in objectives. Iqbal accepts *Tolstoy's position that "communication" and not mere* "expression" is the basis of effective aesthetics. But he does not confine the contents of arts to set *motifs.* And *his* emphasis on personality rehabilitates the artist in the social environment which moulds him and is moulded *by him.*

Iqbal's postulate of equilibrium between "Beauty and Power" saves him from the barrenness of the "equilibrium of impulses" *which* is implied by I.A. Richard's theory. A valuable experience is not

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal* p. 144.
2. *Jbid*
3. *Zubr-e-'Ajam* p. 264.

merely one is which "as many sides as possible of a personality are involved with the least possible interference between these different activities". It has an emotional direction.

In explaining this direction Iqbal criticises the realistic and naturalistic theories. The key word in this context is "Power". He would not let the visible shape the invisible, because that would, says he, mean submission to physical Nature's mastery over the spirit of man. "Power", he writes, "comes from resisting Nature's stimuli and not from exposing ourselves to their action".[1] The resistance of what is with a view to creating what ought to be is health and life. "All else is decay and death. Both God and man live by perpetual creation".[2] He urges the artist to discover within the depths of his own being the shape of the "ought" and not to allow the "is" of Nature to obstruct his search.[3] The great artist is the artist of infinite aspiration.

(Taken from *Pakistan Quarterly*, Karachi, 1949, Volume I, No. 3, pp. 15,17).

---

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal* p. 145.
2. *Ibid*
3. *Ibid*

M.D. TASEER

IQBAL AND THE GHAZAL

A word, a phrare, at most a hemistich, may *form* a *poem*. Such were the unfulfilled wishes of some of our contemporary French symbolists. They could not evolve a type-form which would sustain fragmentary spasms of inspiration, mould waves of consciousness into a stream. The genius of their languages was unaware of the "Ghazal" the most popular verse—form in Persian and Urdu literatures.

The "Ghazal" is a mono-rhyme pattern in which every line ending in a common rhyme is a complete unit. The link between the lines is essentially of sound and not of sense. Each line represents singleness of response as a result of *selectivity of perception amongst* a welter of impressions. It focusses attention on the shortest span of aesthetic experiences. Hence its intensity. This intensity is accompa*nied by the novelty of ideas changing from* line to line. Along with the changing ideas, the mono-rhyme pattern impases change of the rhyme-word. But this change is not altogether unfamiliar. To quote a text-book of psychology : "A strange object grouped with ninety-nine other strange objects does not get attention because there is no reason for the choice of one object more than another. On the other hand, one familiar object placed amongst ninety-nine novel objects does stand out and catch the eye. Paradoxical as the statement is, here familiarity is novel, or at least rare, and strange objects are too common to seem novel." In a set of new words, only the rhyme-word is familiar in pattern. It is familiar in pattern *but is not the same* word and therefore the element of expectancy enhances the feeling of dramatic suspense which repetitive rhymes entail.

But though the ideas and rhymes change, the main sound pattern is repetitive. These three factors of intensity, novelty and repetition, which even in primers of psychology are mentioned as the basic "rules of attention" (qualities by which a phenomenon gains attention) makes

the "Ghazal" the most memorable verse-form. As in form, so in *content, it depicts* kaleidoscopically the jumpiness of experience.

Perhaps its most effective exponent in mediaeval times was Hafiz, whose "Ghazal" inspired Goethe to compose "*West-Eastern Diwan*" *(West-oestliche Divan)* between the year 1814 and 1819. Heine calls the *Diwan* "a votive nosegay sent from the West to the East..... *signifying that the West is tired of thin and icy-cold spirituality and* seeks warmth in the strong and healthy bosom of the East". Goethe wrote a few "Ghazals" following the proper rhyme scheme and rhythmic pattern. And after him many a German poet followed "the Oriental Movement" with great fervour and devotion. Ruckert, (1786-1866) and Platen (1796-1835) wrote "Ghazals" in Eastern metrics and used the same symbols and conceits as we use today.

A century after "*the Diwan*", Iqbal published his *Message of the East*—a nosegay from the East to the West. And in this collection, the "Ghazal", the verse-form which reminded Heine of the Seraglio and the Harem, emerges with a new spirit. It remains a nosegay ; each flower is distinctly different ; the binding strand is of another texture. The harmony is still of mood and attitude and not of logic. *But whereas in Hafiz and other eminent "Ghazalists" of the past, the* "senses swoon" and "the reader's heart grows faint", Iqbal's "Ghazal" awakens the mind to action. The old form is revived by new contents, new themes and motifs, which echo the wishes, ambitions and ideals of a new nation, the people of Pakistan.

Even the old symbols have been revitalized. *The rose and the* nightingale, the tavern and the "Saqi", the hunter and the gazelle, are the same in name but different in significance. Iqbal has thus transvaluated the whole of our poetry. He has given it new meanings.

Let us examine one of his "Ghazals" in *Bal-i-Jibril (Gabriel's Wing)*

Contrary runs our planet now, the stars whirl fast, oh Saqi!
In every atom's heart a Day of judgement blast, oh Saqi!
For our inveterate sickness, our inconstancy of heart,
The cure—*the joyous cup we drained in ages past, oh Saqi!*
Yet of the desert his folk plough, Iqbal shall not despair ;

A little rain, and its soil yields a harvest vast, oh Saqi!

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

The mono-rhyme pattern is typical. There is a recurrent, (repetitive) feminine ending ("O Saqi"), following the single rhyme (fast, blast, past, vast.....) which after the first couplet occur alternately. Each line is complete in itself. Yet the mood of the whole "Ghazal" has a unity of its own. Intensity, novelty, repetition... all the memorable factors are present. The old symbol of the "Saqi" is used for a different purpose. The poet yearns not for the wine that inebriates. He wants to throw off the ailments of feudal sloth and slavery which have kept the Muslim East down for centuries. We have reached a revolutionary epoch. We have great possibilities. Let us drink the wine of elan vital from the cup of early Islam..... Thus speaks Iqbal.

One more quotation may make clear the technics of the "Ghazal" :

From the heavens comes an answer to our long cries at last :
The heavens break their silence, the curtains rise at last !
Little of change love's fortunes inherit: born in anguish
And fire, in fire and anguish its end it buys at last.
The destiny of nations I chart for you at first :
The sword and spear; the zither's, the lute's soft sighs at last.
Outlandish are the customs that Europe's tavern knows !
It steeps men first in pleasure, the wine supplies at last.
The cloistered hour is over, the arena's hour begins ;
The lightning comes to sunder those cloudy skies at last! [1]

---

[1] افلاک سے آتا ہے نالوں کا جواب آخر
کرتے ہیں خطاب آخر اٹھتے ہیں حجاب آخر!

احوال محبت میں کچھ فرق نہیں ایسا
سوز و تب‌وتاب اول سوز و تب‌وتاب آخر!

(To be contd. on page 220)

Here each line is self-contained. But they all reflect different aspects of one system of thought : Iqbal's philosophy of life ! The lightning, the arena, the spear, the zither, the lute and the tavern, are all used as symbols. They are all old symbols. But they have a different significance in Iqbal's context. They do not, as in early "Ghazal" poetry, represent personal and erotic values. They stand for the woes and sorrows, joys and triumphs of a whole nation. The setting is not of the Harem. It is "the arena" of a full life. The ideas change from line to line as the rhyme-word changes (cries, buys, sighs, supplies, skies...) and the "feminine ending" which follows the rhyme ("at last") is constant.

The philosophic harmony of Iqbal's thoughts makes his various "Ghazals", which in themselves are composed of scattered verses, into a symphonic whole. The "Ghazal" was never used like this before. The poetry of Pakistan has been completely revolutionized by Iqbal. The "Ghazal", which was once neglected for its insufficiency as a medium of expression of integrated moods and ideas, is again being revived.

(Taken from *Pakistan Quarterly*, Karachi, April 1947, Volume No. 1, pp. 28,40)

(*Contd. from page 219*)

میں تجھ کو بتاتا ہوں تقدیر امم کیا ہے
شمشیر و سناں اول ۔ طاؤس و رباب آخر !

میخانۂ یورپ کے دستور نرالے ہیں
لاتے ہیں سرور اول دیتے ہیں شراب آخر !

خلوت کی گھڑی گزری جلوت کی گھڑی آئی
چھٹنے کو ہے بجلی سے آغوش سحاب آخر !

(*Bal-e-Jibril* pp. 77-78)

KAMAL MOHAMMAD HABIB

IQBAL'S POETIC ACHIEVEMENT

In this brief essay I have tried to discuss certain aspects of Iqbal's *Urdu poetry which, in my opinion, demand further study.*

The study of Iqbal's development as a poet makes a rewarding and interesting enquiry. His first poem, "Himala,"[1] is a good illustration. In the first stanza—each stanza being a sestet—he visualizes the mountain with its awesome height as the rampart of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent. *In the last line of the stanza, he reflects on* the primordial nature of the mountain and its beauty through a daring simile.

اے ہمالہ! اے فصیل کشور ہندوستاں
چومتا ہے تیری پیشانی کو جھک کر آسماں
ایک جلوہ تھا کلیم طور سینا کے لئے
تو تجلی ہے سراپا چشم بینا کے لئے

O Himalaya, thou that standest like a rampart in our midst, circumscribing the bounds of the immense land of Ind, how the sky boweth to kiss thine snow-clad brow !

Moses had to content himself with one fleeting, momentary glimpse of His manifestation on the mount of Sinai, but thou for ever and for ever *art like a shining vision* that cloyeth not the penetrating sight.

The last verse clearly shows a Pantheistic touch. The verses themselves flow with artless ease, but symbolism is lacking. There is a string of fanciful similes, and the style reminds one of the early Shakespeare under the influence of Ovid in *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece.* Iqbal finally interprets the significance of the mountain to

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara,* pp. 3-6
2. *Ibid,* p. 3.

life as he then understood it—the want of complexity, sophistication, stress and strain, in the primordial state of nature :

اے ہمالہ داستاں اس وقت کی کوئی سنا
مسکن آبائے انساں جب بنا دامن ترا
کچھ سنا اس سیدھی سادی زندگی کا ماجرا
داغ جس پر غازۂ رنگ تکلف کا نہ تھا[1]

Tell me the tale, O Himalaya, of the times when thine valleys opened the portals of their haven to the forbears of men. Let me hear from thee of that life which was not riddled and stained by the complexities and sophistications of our age.

The poet's visual imagery is still plastic ; the conceits and the far-fetched similes as they appear in his later poetry, have not been shaped so far. Eagerness to understand, to get at the heart of things, is the purpose of his earlier poetry. The tone of the last verse in Himala erupts again in Gul-i-Rangin[2] (The Colourful Flower) :

اس چمن میں میں سراپا سوز و ساز آرزو
اور تیری زندگانی بے گداز آرزو[3]

I am afire with the ecstasy of sorrow in the garden of life ; thine life, O flower, is innocent alike of that burning ecstasy and painful desire :

With "Mirza Ghalib"[4]—incidentally the best poem written on the poet Ghalib—Iqbal's metaphors and similes are gradually becoming more and more meaningful and beautiful.

نطق کو سو ناز ہیں تیرے لب اعجاز پر
محو حیرت ہے ثریا رفعت پرواز پر
شاہد مضموں تصدق ہے ترے انداز پر
خندہ زن ہے غنچۂ دلی گل شیراز پر

---

1. *Bang-e-Dara* p. 6
2. *Ibid* p. 6-7
3. *Bang-e-Dara* p. 6.
4. *Ibid* pp. 9-10

آہ ! تو اجڑی ہوئی دلی میں آرامیدہ ہے
گلشن ویمر میں تیرا ہمنوا خوابیدہ ہے[1]

Eloquence laudeth thee time and again on the glorious utterances *from thine lips, while* the blazing, glorious train of thine imagination leaveth the Pleiads to gaze wondrously at its height.

The majesty of thine art mirroreth thine genius. Thou makest the new-born bud of Delhi shower its defiant smile at the full-grown flower of Shiraz (as if to vie with its beauty). Alas! thou seekest quiet repose amid *the ruins of Delhi : a* kindred spirit of thine lieth buried in the rose-scented garden of Weimer.

A few poems in Part I of the Bang-e-Dara comprise short narrative pieces taken from Western literature, from Longfellow, Emerson and Tennyson. Poems like "Aik Arzu"[2] and "Aftab-e-Subh"[3] (The Morn) are again cast in the pattern of "Himala." "Aik Arzu" (One Wish) and "Rukhsat Ai Bazm-e-Jahan"[4] (Farewell, O World) are exquisite poems within their own range, but the theme of both—renunciation of the world for meditation amidst the beauty of nature—is one which the poet definitely abandoned later. Both poems abound in similes, and remind one of William Wordsworth's "Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell."

> "Hopes ! What are they ? Beads of morning strung on slender blades of grass, or a spider's web adorning. In a strait and treacherous path".

The poet's audio-visual imagination is on the way to gradual development, Already "Himala" happens to be a very musical poem; but the poet feels that facility of the language is evading him for the present. His three-verse "Shair" (The Poet)[5] is taking him towards the theory of poetry that he later elaborates further, but, while later his emphasis is on poetry dedicated to stirring humanity to action, at this

---

*1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 9-10
*2. *Ibid.*, pp. 35-36
*3. *Ibid.*, pp. 37-39
*4. *Ibid.*, pp. 56-59
*5. *Ibid*, p. 53

stage at any rate, the emphasis is on the poet's dedication to nationalism. The moralistic and didactic viewpoint so characteristic of his later poetry is already emerging.

محفل نظم حکومت چہرۂ زیبائے قوم
شاعر رنگیں نوا ہے دیدۂ بینائے قوم

مبتلائے درد کوئی عضو ہو روتی ہے آنکھ
کسقدر ہمدرد سارے جسم کی ہوتی ہے آنکھ[1]

The harmony of organisation crowneth the countenance of a nation : likewise, the poet pouring forth his melodious notes is the vision of the nation.

When any part of the body sustaineth a grievous hurt, it is the eye that crieth: verily, immeasurably great is the feeling of the eye for the whole body.

The poet is still groping for his peculiar manner and style, but it eludes his grasp for quite some time ; it is in the book *Bal-i-Jibril* (*The Wings of Gabriel*) that Iqbal finally achieves it. In "Aftab-i-Subh"[2] the poet is searching for the inspiration to light his path-

ڈھونڈتی ہیں جس کو آنکھیں وہ تماشا چاہئے
چشم باطن جس سے کھل جائے وہ جلوہ چاہئے

I cast my glances to and fro, searching for the ultimate vision, the vision that would irradiate my inner eye and open its gates to illumination.

Iqbal is emerging as a humanitarian, but, for the present he is trying to evolve his poetic goal. The same idea recurs in "Tasvir-i-Dard"[3] (A Portrait of Agony) when in the very first verse he says :

نہیں منت کش تابِ شنیدن داستاں میری
خموشی گفتگو ہے بے زبانی ہے زباں میری

---

*1. *Bang-e-Dara* p. 53
*2. *Ibid.*, p. 37
*3. *Ibid.*, pp. 62-73

یہ دستور زباں بندی ہے کیسا تیری محفل میں
یہاں تو بات کرنے کو ترستی ہے زباں میری
اڑائے کچھ ورق لالے نے کچھ نرگس نے کچھ گل نے
چمن میں ہر طرف بکھری ہوئی ہے داستاں میری[1]

My tale is not one that beggeth hearing; it is eloquently expressed by my quietness. What custom hast thou imposed that leaveth one tongue-tied in the assembly? I, *who brim and* seethe with the desire to speak, want to speak but cannot. The leaves of my story have been gathered by the poppy, the narcissus, the rose; everywhere it lieth scattered in the garden.

The poem offers a significant break in Iqbal's poetic art. From *the mere craft of evoking visual images through conceits and similes,* he is now carving definite symbols. It is precisely because his symbols have not assumed specific dimensions so far that the poem is rather obscure in the beginning. The garden symbolizes the poet's immediate environment. while the tale is that of his life which he devotes to didactic poetry. The birds and the flowers of the gardens might imply either that his poetry is being re-echoed from one corner of the country to another, or that he is passing it on to the other poets to take up the tale.

Flowers symbolise the beauty and majesty of his own poetry. On a yet higher plane they might be taken to signify the poet's union with nature, with the living creatures—all of them beauteous and sharing in his grief at the temporary decline of the higher values of life. This becomes clearer in the following verse :

مرا رونا نہیں رونا ہے یہ سارے گلستاں کا
وہ گل ہوں میں خزاں ہر گل کی ہے گویا خزاں میری[2]

This is not my own individual grief; the whole garden broodeth with me. I am like a rose to which the withering away of every other rose spelleth its own death.

1. *Bange-e-Dara,* p. 62.
2. *Bange-e-Dara,* p. 63.

There is thus an utter identification of the poet with the milieu of his time. This aspect becomes increasingly important, as Iqbal is remarkable in the Urdu-Persian classical poetry for the transference of his agony towards a more universal perspective—a perspective that embraces the whole humanity.

I cannot confine myself to a detailed analysis of Tasvir-i-Dard here except to emphasise that the poem's importance lies in helping us to trace Iqbal's progress as a poet in the art of changing the imagery from its audio-visual scope to symbolism, and in attaching a more definite significance to his art of poetry—a theory which he propounds in 1917 with reference to the remark of the Holy Prophet (peace on him) about the Arab poet, Antar,[1] namely, that poetry should have a moral connotation.

It has been said of Iqbal: "Iqbal has drunk deep of European literature; his philosophy owes much to Nietzsche and Bergson, and his poetry often reminds us of Shelley."[2] The early poetry of Iqbal is permeated both by the interaction of the various forces, classical Urdu, Persian, Romantic, and Victorian. The adaptations that he has made from Tennyson, Emerson, and Longfellow go to indicate this. Like Wordsworth and Shelley, Iqbal also started his poetry with short narrative and pictorial pieces. Like both of them, he bronght the power of his poetry to bear on his attempt to cope with the changing social conditions. With Iqbal, as with Wordsworth, it was equally a withdrawal from the poetic fashion of the nineteenth century. The concern of the poet in his age could not alone be with the universalized and yet intensely individual feelings of the poet through the vehicle of love, nor could the social milieu be touched indirectly as in poets like Ghalib and Mir. There had to be a dissociation of sensibility, because the areas of experience had changed. It was this changed base that has brought into the picture the poetry of Hali, Shibli, and Akbar, and on which Iqbal enlarged.

[3]Bilal is the first truly Islamic poem by Iqbal. Written in 1904, it contains symbols which crystallize out more clearly in the *Bal-i-Jibrils*

1. *Maqalat-e-Iqbal*, ed. S. Abdul Vahid Muini, pp. 187-90.
2. Introduction to *The Secret of the Self*, R. A. Nicholson.
* 3. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 78-79.

and *Zarb-i-Kalim*. As long as Iqbal is under the influence of the Romantic and Victorian poets, short narrative pieces, parables, and dialogues abound; but, with the second part of the *Bang-i-Dara* the narration becomes more intellectual and symbolised; the ideas remain organic, but the expression more and more symbolical.

We now come to Iqbal's "ghazals". For the sake of convenience, it would be just as well to consider briefly the "ghazals" in the three parts of the *Bang-e-Dara* under one group.

The first ghazal in Part I has a pronounced doxological accent. It forestalls the later "ghazals" of the *Bal-i-Jibril*.

آیا ہے تو جہاں میں مثال شرار دیکھ
دم دے نہ جائے ہستیٔ ناپائیدار دیکھ

مانا کہ تیری دید کے قابل نہیں ہوں میں
تو میرا شوق دیکھ مرا انتظار دیکھ

View thine earthly span of existence as naught but spark-like. Beware, lest thou be deceived by thine ephemeral existence. May be that I do not deserve to have a fleeting vision of Thine ineffable majesty, but have pity, 0 Lord, on my burning desire, my endless wait.

Ghazal No. 23 has, however, the touch of Dagh, to whom he used to send his ghazals for correction, but whom he had never met personally. Here the characteristics of the nineteenth century ghazal occur, such as the triangular tussle between the lover and the beloved, with the traditional "*naseh*" (*the admonisher*) and the rival thrown in. But Iqbal's heart never lay in such poetry. As I have suggested earlier, the dissociation of his sensibility had gone too far to take to the conventional ghazal with ease. In effect, the spirit that characteries the "ghazal" of Dagh, Momin and Ghalib is lacking in the poet precisely for this reason. If Iqbal took to writing such poetry, it was rather through the influence of the prevailing convention than otherwise. Thus those of Iqbal's "ghazals" as are cast in the style of Dagh convey the inescapable impression that the poet's experience of love is not personal and is vicariously felt.

نہ آتے ہمیں اس میں تکرار کیا تھی
مگر وعدہ کرتے ہوئے عار کیا تھی

تمہارے پیامی نے سب راز کھولا
خطا اس میں بندے کی سرکار کیا تھی[1]

If thou didst not feel like coming to me, I could not have argued with thee, but thou didst withhold from me the consolation of promise even. It was thine courier who divulged thine secret. How can thine humble servant be blamed for it ?

Iqbal, even when writing ghazals, is not a poet of eroticism but of mysticism and abstract concepts in which love is not a personal problem but has been reduced to the extra-temporal level.

When Iqbal uses the-"ghazal" form to express his love of the Prophet, it becomes something different from the usual love poetry,

پھڑک اٹھا کوئی تیری ادائے ماعر فنا پر
ترا رتبہ رہا بڑھ چڑھ کے سب ناز آفرینوں میں[2]

When thou said of God : "We have not accorded thee proper recognition to which Thine glory is entitled", He liked thine humility so much that He conferred on thee a pedestal that transcendeth that of all of His beautiful creations.

The poet here refers to the hadith of Holy Prophet (peace on him): "We have not recognized Thee as we ought to have" or that "We have not done full justice to Thine creations and glory", all of which goes to show that in Iqbal the mystical aspect of love dominates the temporal.

In the second part of the *Bang-i-Dara*, however, the ghazals tend to verge slightly on the side of pessimism, but the shift towards Islamic mysticism is pronounced.

رازِ ہستی راز ہے جب تک کوئی محرم نہ ہو
کھل گیا جس دم تو محرم کے سوا کچھ بھی نہیں[3]

- 1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 100
- 2. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 109
- 3. *Ibid*, p. 143

> The secret of life remains a secret till there is no revelation at hand : when irradiated with revelation, naught remaineth in it but revelation.

The poet implies that once the mysteries of the external world are unravelled, the world is found to be an ephemeral abode and God is the final reality.

"Ghazals" of the third part of the *Bang-e-Dara* are, however, more in line with the poems of the *Bal-i-Jibril*. The symbols are crystallizing out and are acquiring new orientations. Iqbal's insistence on man's ego implies per se that its primary goal is to strive for the union with the Ultimate Reality, with the part joining the Whole (or the seventh stage postulated by the great mystic poet 'Attar, namely, "fana" or annihilation) :

یہ موج پریشاں خاطر کو پیغام لب ساحل لے دیا
ہے دور وصال بحر ابھی تو دریا میں گھبرا بھی گئی[1]

> This is the message that the sea-shore gave to the impatient and sorrow-laden wave : "The ocean liest far, far away : thou hast lost thy heart even in the river".

In the *Bal-i-Jibril* and *Zarb-e-Kalim*, however, even the goal loses its fixity ; it is something that eludes our grasp, and it is therefore our activity through the exercise of the ego that will make all the difference between our present state and the future,

The second part of the *Bang-e-Dara*, (1905-08) commences with the poem, "Muhabbat" (Love)[2], a poem that is frankly Romantic in the tradition of Coleridge and Poe while "Salima"[3] (to commemorate the Arab classical beauty) has a Pantheistic bias. Then comes the great poem on Sicily, in which Iqbal brings out an astoundingly rich array of imagery. The conceits of the early poems have now yielded to symbolic imagery,

---

*1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 316

*2. *Ibid*, p. 115-116

*3. *Ibid*, pp. 127-128.

آہ! اے مسلی ! سمندر کی ہے تجھ سے آبرو
رہنما کی طرح اس پانی کے صحرا میں ہے تو
زیب تیرے خال سے رخسار دریا کو رہے
تیری شمعوں سے تسلی بحر پیما کو رہے !

O, Sicily, thou art the glory of the sea. Thou art like a guide amidst the awesome wilderness of the sea (to show the way to the roving seafarers).

May thine beauteous mole for ever adorn the cheek of the sea, and may thy lights for ever provide solace to the sea-farers.

The phrase, "pani ka sehra" ("the wilderness of the sea") has dual significance. The strait of Messina is associated with fata morgana, a mirage-like phenomenon. Dual symbolism also reappears in the second couplet : the smallness of Sicily is compared to a mole, which heightens the beauty of the face. Similarly "Shama' " (Candle or Light) adds a glow to the countenance : thus within the span of two couplets Iqbal has condensed a remarkable array of images.

Another characteristic of the second part of the *Bang-e-Dara* is the emergence of dialogues and therefore of allegory. Thus in the poem, "Chand aur Taray"[2] (The Moon and the Stars) the stars symbolize or allegorize the life force, while the moon symbolizes that directional activity of man which possesses a definite goal.

چلنے والے نکل گئے ہیں جو ٹھہرے ذرا کچل گئے ہیں
انجام ہے اس خرام کا حسن آغاز ہے عشق انتہا حسن[3]

Those who have enjoined upon themselves this long and arduous journey have gone ahead ; those who have vacillated have been trampled under foot.

The achievement of all this activity is beauty : its beginning is love and its end is pulchritude.

---

*1. *Bang-e-Dara* pp. 141-142

*2. *Ibid.*, pp. 124-125.

*3. *Ibid.*, p. 125.

Iqbal's poems are progressively on the way to becoming more purposive. In one of Urdu literature's finest poems, "Nava-i-Gham"[1] (The Plaint of Sorrow), the poet invokes the power of imagination; the poem itself is part Romantic and part didactic.

جس طرح رفعت شبنم ہے مذاق رم سے
میری فطرت کی بلندی ہے نوائے غم سے![2]

> Like the desire to achieve lofty heights that inspireth the dew to be so high above, the loftiness of my own nature deriveth from the plaintive notes that pour out from my heart.

The allegorical element, which has become so apparent in the second part, moves to its logical evolution in the third part of the *Bang-e-Dara* and thence to the late Urdu and Persian works. In the "Bilad-i-Islam"[3] and "Goristan-i-Shahi"[4] (The World of Islam and The Burial Ground of Kings), Iqbal reflects on the past of Islam, and, though he is deeply moved by it, cannot find a coherent answer. All that he can say for the present is :

آ دبایا مہر ایراں کو اجل کی شام لے
عظمت یونان و روما لوٹ لی ایام نے

آہ! مسلم بھی زمانے سے یوں ہی رخصت ہوا
آسماں سے ابر آذاری اٹھا برسا گیا[5]

> The sun of Iran's glory was at its zenith when the evening of death enveloped it. The glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome were alike pillaged by the *inexorable reckoning* of time.
>
> Alas ! The Muslim also departed from the annals of history. He was like a cloudburst that poured a very heavy shower momentarily, and then disappeared.

• 1. *Bang-e-Dara*, p. 132
• 2. *Ibid.*
• 3. *Ibid.* pp. 155-157.
• 4. *Ibid.* pp. 160-165
• 5. *Ibid.* p. 164

One can easily see how symbolic and powerful is the image of the cloudburst which is in line with the sudden outburst of the transformation wrought by Islam in the course of human history.

Among the later poems of *Bang-i-Dara*, there is yet another masterpiece, the "Navid-i-Subh"[1] (The Pleasant Tidings of the Morn), in which the poet exhorts the Muslim to be like the morn, to illuminate everything around, and to dispel the gloom. Iqbal is more metaphorical here than in his later poems, and his later *Bang-i-Dara* poems are more concerned with the political context of the age. From this he dissociates himself in *Bal-i-Jibril* and *Asrar-o-Rumuz* but returns to it in *Javid Nama*, *Zarb-i-Kalim* and *Armughan-i-Hejaz* with a changed attitude. His emphasis lies not on the promising future of Islam, a promise from which he starts in "*Tulu'-i-Islam of*"[2] (The Dawn of Islam) but on the development of the spiritual values through the progress of the ego in a positive direction. His concern, in other words, is not with what would be but with what should be.

In the third part of the *Bang-i-Dara* Iqbal's poem, "Wataniyat"[3] (Nationhood) demarcates the new Iqbal from the earlier Iqbal in a definite manner. The Iqbal that writes these verses has found his mooring. Reflections on the fate of the Umayyads in Spain, the Arabs in Sicily, and other factors have convinced him that Pan-Islamism is not an ideal alone but a dire necessity, if Islam as an organic nationhood is to survive at all.

In his Presidential address delivered on the occasion of the annual session of the All-India Muslim League at Allahabad in 1930, Iqbal said ; [4]

> "The religious ideal of Islam, therefore, is organically related to the social order which it has created. The rejection of the one will eventually involve the rejection of the other, Therefore the construction of a polity on national lines, if it

---

* 1. *Bang-i-Dara*, pp. 236-237

* 2. *Ibid*, pp. 303-315

* 3. *Ibid*, pp. 173-174

4. *Speeches and Statements of Iqbal : ed Shamloo*

means a displacement of the Islamic principle of solidarity, is unthinkable to a Muslim".[1]

These remarks clearly show the lines on which Iqbal was thinking.

"Shikva"[2] and "Javab-i-Shikva"[3] (The Complaint and The Answer to the Complaint) are the most quoted poems of Iqbal, particularly the former. Through the first poem Iqbal voices the doubts of the individual Muslim. So far as the style of the poem is concerned, it is rather daring. God is directly addressed, and questioned if the early Muslims did not, through the fire of their faith, spread the pennant of Islam in the farthest regions of the world as it was known to man then. In the answer God acknowledges the noble qualities of the early Muslims but shows how the presentday Muslims have deviated from their creed, and have not maintained the solemnity of their covenant with Him.

Iqbal is thus searching for the socio-historic factors that led to the decline of Islam, and in his later poems, both Persian and Urdu, he is primarily concerned with the re-synthesis of Islam both as a political and religious force.

"Sham'a-aur-Shaír"[4] written in 1912, is a major poem. Its poetic style is like that of Himala except that, instead of rhyming couplets, a varying number of verses complete one stanza or band, a form that Iqbal adopts in "Valida Marhuma ki Yad Main"[5] (In the Memory of My Late Mother), "Khizr-i-Rah"[6] (Khizr of the Way) and "Tulu-i-Islam" (The Dawn of Islam). The last two are allied in the treatment of the subject matter—namely, the present and the future of Islam as a politico-religious force. Khizr-i-Rah is a very loosely knit narrative, and it is hardly even a dialogue, as the poet puts a few questions to Khizr and closes the poem after Khizr has replied to the poet's questions regarding the significance of "sahra-nawardi" (wanderlust)

---

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal*, p. 167
2. *Bang-e-Dara* pp. 177-187.
3. *Ibid* pp. 220-232
4. *Ibid* pp. 201-216
5. *Ibid* pp. 252-266
6. *Ibid* pp. 288-303

or, in a broader sense, constant Struggle or "ijtihad," life, government, capital and labour, and the world of Islam.

"Khizr-i-Rah," is, in many ways, the precursor of the "Saqi Namah"[1] and "Masjid-i-Qartaba."[2] The element of monologue is apparent in the poem even on the surface, as the poet just puts a few queries to Prophet Khizr, and then leaves the whole stage to the latter. This mode of the dialogue also obtains in "Sham'a-aur-Shair," where also the poet disappears after voicing his agony. In both poems the characters are like the chorus in Greek tragedy, the parode being denoted by the poets in "Khizr-i-Rah" and "Sham'a-aur-Shair" and the stasimon of the chorus by Prophet Khizr and the Candle. Khizr himself symbolizes time-continuum and the poet a spectator at a point of time. The poet himself has no view of his own ; he has doubts which seek resolution. Thus both as a dialogue and as a piece of narration "Khizr-i-Rah" fails. But there are other features which stamp it as a major poem by Iqbal and one of the best in Urdu literature. In spite of these shortcomings Iqbal has summed up the historical background of Islam and the dilemmas of the current age splendidly.

The stanza on "Saltanat" or sovereignty in "Khizr-i-Rah" has been influenced by the Neitzschean concept of the slave-and-ruler moralities which the latter had postulated in his Genealogy of Morals. The verses also embody a tremendous degree of condensation, as the cycles of oppression and liberation are depicted through the continuous and unabated impact of one splendid image after another. It is something unique not only in Urdu literature but anywhere. Thus, while in his earlier poetry, it is similes and metaphors, later on it is the thought-content that chiefly distinguish his poetry ; his imagery and symbolism are governed by the movement of his thought with the synechdochic symbol and metaphors dominating the poetry.

"Tulu-i-Islam" (The Dawn of Islam) is a poem of regeneration of the glimpses which to the poet augur well for the ascendancy of Islam as a socio-political force ; but the poem has a rather contemporary bias. The Mudania Treaty concluded in October 1922, between

---

1. *Bal-i-Jibril* pp. 166-174
2. *Ibid* pp. 126-136

the Western Allies and Turkey which was led by Mustapha Kemal Pasha as against the defeat of Germany in 1918 had convinced Iqbal that some sort of historical pattern was emerging and that he was justified in pinning his hopes on an Islamic Renaissance. But at the same time Iqbal was convinced that no regeneration is possible unless the structure of the Muslim society, as an organic whole, undergoes a radical change, and for this each Muslim is responsible, *irrespective* of whether he is the ruler or the subject :

ولایت ، بادشاهی ، علم اشیا کی جهانگیری
یه سب کیا هیں فقط اک نقطهٔ ایماں کی تفسیریں!!

> Domination, kingship, suzerainty over the commodities of life, what are they but the rays that emanate from the single point of faith ?

Thus Iqbal felt that, once the Muslims stood united and forged a union of Islamic governments, with faith as the central binding force, progress would be a mere corollary ; the desideratum is the regaining of faith. In the *Bal-i-Jibril* and *Zarb-i-Kalim* it is this emphasis on faith that Iqbal makes, and all his metaphysical incursions in *Asrar* and *Rumuz*, *Payam-i-Mashriq*, the *Javid Namah* and "Gulshan-i-Raz-i-Jadid"[2] hinge upon this pivotal point. The force of faith will have to be centrifugai at first, with everything flowing and converging towards it, and centrifugal later, when the force itself will be strong *enough to generate the eddying currents to spread its influences far* and wide. For a poet of affirmation, there is no question of the validity of such a premise, because validity tacitly accepted, is the starting point. How to cultivate the personality in order to extend the scope of that validity to the whole of the Muslim world, nay, even the whole humanity—is the point that Iqbal takes up from now on, and from which he, even for an instant, does not depart.

In the *Bal-i-Jibril*, one feature that distinguishes it from the *Bang-i-Dara* is that the contemporary Muslim politics become more important than faith itself. May be, Iqbal was disillusioned by the

---

*1. *Bang-e-Dara* p. 309

*2. *Zabur-e-'Ajam*, pp. 201-243

course which Turkey took in October 1925, when it abolished all ecclesiastical schools and orders, and religious laws, hitherto effective, and declared Turkey a secular state.

In this connection it might be worthwhile to quote Karl Heim here. "Augustine says at the beginning of his Confessions: Cor-*nostrum* inquietum est, donec requiescat in to. This means that in all its intellectual and volitional activities, our mind moves restlessly within infinite series, or else clings to something to which it must itself restlessly hold fast—until it finds peace in God. According to Pascal, the self is a bottomless abyss (abime) and I must fall interruptedly into its unplumbed depths without ever reaching the end. God alone can fill the abyss; in Him alone can this fall into the void be halted. So long as I have not found the firm ground which holds my anchor for ever, all I can do is to endure my restless condition, trying to become oblivious of myself through some intensive worldly occupation (divertisement)".[1]

Iqbal is thus at one with Pascal, regarding the self as a bottomless abyss or an infinitely high peak, whichever measure we might chose. It is this sinking into the infinite abyss of the self that Iqbal suggests in the quatrain :

ظلام بحر میں کھو کر سنبھل جا
تڑپ جا پیچ کھا کھا کر نکل جا
نہیں ساحل تری قسمت میں اے موج
ابھر کی جس طرف چاہے نکل جا![2]

Sink into the darkest depths of the ocean, and then regain thine stance. Tremble for a while, and then take a new detour.

Thine destiny, O wave, hath no share: heave thine breast and move wherever thou desirest.

---

1. Karl Heim *Christian Faith and Natural Science*, Harper & Brothers Publishers, New York, pp. 245-46.
2. *Bal-e-Jibril* p. 115.

In the attempt to understand the external world, Iqbal's emphasis is on intuition. He himself says in *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* :

> If God is an Ego and as such an individual, how can we conceive Him as infinite ? The answer to this question is that God cannot be conceived as infinite in the sense of spatial infinity. In matters of spiritual valuation mere immensity *counts for nothing.*[1]

Iqbal's distrust of Plantonism was due to his suspicion that it directs man's attention away from the reality, thereby making his attitude more renunciatory than courageous. But, actually apart from the way of looking at the external world, there is much that is common between Iqbal and Plotinus, the latter-day exponent of Platonism. For Plotinus, "the process is one of interiorization, of turning away from the external world, of rediscovering one's true self by the most vigorous intellectual and moral discipline, and then waiting so prepared for the one to declare His presence, for the illumination and union".[2]

It might be worthwhile to quote a passage from Plotinus and show that it is the difference and not the similarity between him and Iqbal that is superficial. Says Plotinus in *Enneads* (VII. 7.22) :

> "*Each thing has its own particular nature but it only becomes* desirable when the Good colours it, giving a kind of grace to the things desired and inspiring passions in those that desire them. Then the soul, receiving into *itself an outflow from* Thence, is moved and dances wildly and is all stung with longing and becomes love".

Is this concept of love very different from Iqbal's ? The concept that Plotinus enunciates is also expressed by Iqbal :

عشق سے پیدا نوائے زندگی میں زیر و بم
عشق سے مٹی کی تصویروں میں سوز دمبدم

---

1. *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* p. 64.
2. *Plotinus*, (introduction) ed. A.H. Armstrong, Collier Books, p. 37.

آدمی کے ریشے ریشے میں سما جاتا ہے عشق
شاخ گل میں جس طرح باد سحرگاہی کا نم[1]

> Love it is that governeth the cadences in the symphony of life ; love it is that fireth the images of clay with ecstasy. Love, verily, entereth into the fibres of man's innermost self, like the zephyr wind that, lulling the flower in its lap, suffuseth it with the moiety of moisture.

With Plotinus, as with Iqbal, "it is life which makes things beautiful rather than good proportion...a most important and significant departure from the classical Greek aesthetics which found beauty is measure and proportion, with the formation of which Plato had a great deal to do".[2]

Iqbal's poems in the *Bal-e-Jibril*, at least those that have a mystical touch, can be broadly classified into two types : the poems of introspective mysticism and those that have regeneration as a theme. Into the first type fall poems in the first part of the *Bal-i-Jibril* upto the poem written to commemorate the poet's visit to Hakim Sanai's tomb at Ghazni.[3] The next group of poems upto "Masjid-i-Qartaba" (The Mosque at Cordova) are partly mystical, partly didactic. But the poet has already evolved the concept of "khudi" or ego, and this he carries, in one form or the other, in almost all the later poems. Masjid-i-Qartaba is in part a poetic attempt to understand the process of time-continuum in relation to man's achievement through faith :

ہے مگر اس نقش میں رنگ ثبات دوام
جس کو کیا ہو کسی مرد خدا نے تمام
مرد خدا کا عمل عشق سے صاحب فروغ
عشق ہے اصل حیات موت ہے اس پر حرام[4]

---

1. *Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 51
2. Notes to the Enneads. *Ibid* p. 152.
3. *Bal-e-Jibril*, pp 37-41
4. *Ibid* p. 127

> Yet, in[1] this frame of things, gleams of immortal life show where some servant of God wrought into some high shape work whose perfection is still bright with the splendour of love,—Love, the well-spring of life ; Love, on which death has no claim.
>
> (Translation by V.G. Kiernan, *Poems from Iqbal* p. 38)

This interpretation of faith, as manifested through intention and unquestioning devotion, has become an Iqbalean characteristic by now. The Holy Qur'an says :

> And unto Allah make prostration, whatsoever is in the heaven and in the earth, of living creatures and the angels, they do not disobey Him. They fear their Lord above them, and do what they are bidden to do. (16 : 48-50)

Iqbal, in "Self in the Light of Relativity",[1] states :

> "In great action alone the self of man becomes united with God without losing its identity, and transcends the limits of space and time. Action is the highest form of contemplation".[2]

The mystic attitude of Iqbal then follows a course parallel to that of 'Attar ; one would think that "action" would be a part of the third stage of the mystic journey, namely, independence as the assertion of the latter demands action, But the result of this action is something more ; it is "baqa" or immorality, as by that great action the faithful become united with God. It is thus an overnll blend of regeneration, non-morality, ego, and ijtihad or ceaseless striving.

"Lenin Khuda Ke Huzur Main"[3] (Lenin before God) represents Iqbal's disgust with the material values of Europe which would breed a type that would be more robot-like and mentally apathetic, to whom ethical and spiritual values would mean very little.

---

1. *Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal* pp. 110-115
2. *Ibid*, p. 115
3. *Bal-e-Jibril* pp. 144-150

ہے دل کے لئے موت مشینوں کی حکومت
احساس مروت کو کچل دیتے ہیں آلات[1]

Death to the heart, machines stand sovereign,
Engines that crush all sense of human kindness.

(*Poems from Iqbal* p. 43)

In any case the poem strikes a strange note, as Lenin speaks the language of humanism and not of dialectical materialism in the poem: throughout it is the loud thinking on the part of Iqbal that has been expressed through an imaginary address made by Lenin to God. With all its shortcomings, however, the poem glows with warm humanism.

"Zauq-o-Shauq"[2] (Love and Desire) is an exquisite poem. Many of its verses were indited during Iqbal's sojourn in Palestine and the commencing verses succeed in beautifully depicting the desert scene ;

گرد سے پاک ہے ہوا برگ نخیل دھل گئے
ریگ نواح کاظمہ نرم ہے مثل پرنیاں
آگ بجھی ہوئی ادھر ٹوٹی ہوئی طناب ادھر
کیا خبر اس مقام سے گذرے ہیں کتنے کارواں[3]

The air is cleansed of dust, and the date trees have been washed of all sand ; verily, the desert around Kazima looketh soft and rustleth like a long white and pure silken fabric.

A broken hearth here and a torn rope there : who knoweth how many caravans have traversed this way ?

Iqbal now tends to drop his conceits, and takes recourse to images that strike a note of precision. The wide span of the desert, with the sandy layers wafting and blowing in the air, now shaping, deshaping, and finally re-shaping the dunes, visually evoke the folds of a white silken fabric. In the first hemistich of the second couplet Iqbal conveys the pristine historic past of Palestine and its present-day

1. *Bal-e-Jibril* p. 147.
2. *Ibid*, pp. 151-156
3. *Ibid*, p. 151-152

troubled conditions. The second hemistich invokes the historical context of Islam, from the time of Imam Hussain to this day: may be, that another caravan passing this way will provide a new lease of life to faith. Finally, the poet takes up a very polar attitude :

تازہ مرے ضمیر میں معرکۂ کہن ہوا
عشق تمام مصطفی عقل تمام بو لہب

عالم سوز و ساز میں وصل سے بڑھ کے ہے فراق
وصل میں مرگ آرزو ہجر میں لذت طلب [1]

It dawned on me all of a sudden that love is all Mustapha (Prophet of Islam) (peace be on him), while intellect is all Bu-Lehab. In this ceaseless conflict of life, all search excelleth attainment; in accomplishment lieth the death of the desire, whilst in separation it is the desire for attainment that, pulsating, urgeth one on and on.

The second hemistich might be an overstatement. Equating intellect with Bu-Lehab, the arch enemy of the Prophet of Islam (peace be on him) is certainly that, but through such contrasts Iqbal wishes to juxtapose ratiocination against intuition. Ratiocination, according to Iqbal, tends to immure the unwary into the prison walls of material values, and thereby rub away the strength of faith.

Like the modern Existentialists, Camus and Sartre, Iqbal also attempts to utilize philosophy in non-philosophical writings. But unlike the Existentialists Iqbal's effort is not directed "to tear philosophy away from its contemplation of an order that does not exist, so that it may participate in the confusion that does"[2] For Iqbal, as for Hopkins, the alternative for that order is confusion, and it is possible that too much of intellectual questioning might just succeed in achieving that. Again, the validity of that order has to be accepted, because, in the last analysis, the intellect has also its limitations.

"The Saqi Namah" (To the Saqi) is a splendid poem. Humanism pervades the poem all through, and the Islamic connotations have

*1. *Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 155.

2. Everett W. Knight, *Literature Considered as Philosophy : The French Example*, p. 285.

more or less been reduced to the status of natural symbols. The poem has several motifs : regeneration ; the triumph of intuition over reason ; the historical evidences which the poem sees for the resurgence of Islam and Asia ; affirmation ; egohood and the continuous chain of *phenomenal events which in* totality we know as life; and, finally, man's triumph over death through the cultivation of his egohood, for the full success of which all the seven mystic stages will have to be telescoped into a brief life span, Iqbal, even when presenting natural scenery, employs symbols with far greater frequency.

Hafiz commences his "Saqi Namah" (II) with a motif that is partly aesthetic and partly pessimistic, with emphasis on the transient nature of life; it is then that he moves on to mysticism:

بیا ساقی از مے ندارم گزیر — بیک جام ساقی مرا دست گیر
که از دور گردون بجان آمدم — روان سوئے دیر مغان آمدم
بیا ساقی آن جام ساقی صفت — که بر دل کشاید در معرفت

O Saqi, I do not spare any wine. Serve all of it to me for the cruel sky is bowing down my spirit, and, may be, thine wine might banish my gloom. Pass to me, O Saqi, the liquid ruby that reflecteth thine own countenance for I wish my heart to open up, and moving from the present, to transcend beyond the mere temporal.

Unlike Hafiz's "Saqi Namah" (II), Iqbal's *is not personal* or esoteric. Hafiz's "Saqi Namah" starts with the poet's reflections on the ephemeral nature of life : Iqbal's "Saqi Namah" has a regenerative significance from the very first verse. Just take the commencing verses :

هوا خیمه زن کاروان بهار — ارم بن گیا دامن کوهسار !
گل و نرگس و سوسن و نسترن — شهید ازل لاله خونین کفن !
جهان چهپ گیا پرده رنگ میں — لهوکی ہے گردش رگ سنگ میں ![1]

*1. *Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 166.

The caravan of spring has pitched
Its tents; these hillsides are bewitched--
Lily, narcissus, and rose have come,
And poppy from age-old martyrdom
Red-shrouded, with colours to hide earth's face;
Through rock itself hot places race.

(*Poems from Iqbal* p. 47)

The last stanza of the "Saqi Namah" is something so exquisite, so broadly humanistic, and so confident of the ultimate destiny of man, *that it is something without parallel in Urdu literature. The beauty of the "Saqi Namah" as a poem lies in its organic unity*; thoughts, ideas, and images emanate through logical associations and sequences and not at random. For the ego to be a conscious, forward, and progressive force, liberatiod from inertia, which might result from man's entanglement into the merely material world, is essential. This is what Iqbal implies when he says :

خودی کے نگہباں کو ہے زہر ناب
وہ ناں جس سے جاتی رہے اس کی آب
وہی ناں ہے اس کے لئے ارجمند
رہے جس سے دنیا میں گردن بلند
وہی سجدہ ہے لائق اہتمام
کہ ہو جس سے ہر سجدہ تجھ پر حرام
یہ عالم یہ ہنگامۂ رنگ و صوت
یہ عالم کہ ہے زیر فرمان موت
یہ عالم یہ بتخانۂ چشم و گوش
جہاں زندگی ہے فقط خورد و نوش
خودی کی ہے یہ منزل اولیں
مسافر یہ تیرا نشیمن نہیں
یہ ہے مقصد گردش روزگار
کہ تجھ پر ہو تیری خودی آشکار[1]

* 1. *Bal-e-Jibril* pp. 173-175

Bread earned by any servitude,
For the watchman soul is poisoned food ;
If you can eat and hold your head
High among men, you eat good bread...
Kneel to God only : that prostration
Forbids as impious such oblation
To others. Earth's bright panoply,
This vale subject to death's decree,
This idol house of eye and ear,
Whose life *is only belly-cheer,*—
This is the self's fist halting place,
Wayfarer, not your home!...
Time's revolutions have one goal,
To show you what is your own soul.

(*Poems from Iqbal* p. 49)

This is more the poetry of statement than of metaphor. The force of the verse is spontaneous, and its impact is so full, that Iqbal brings in the best of the rhetorical techniques, thesis, antithesis, assonance, and tricolon (in the last each clause having analogous meaning is repeated in order to increase the force of the argument, a technique which is primarily associated with Cicero and repeated with great success by Abraham Lincoln in the famous Gettysburg speech) as in :

Yeh alam, yeh hangama-i-rang-o-saut...
Yeh alam ke hai zair-e-farman-e-maut...
Yeh alam, yeh butkhana-e-chashm-o-gosh.[1]

---

[1] یہ عالم یہ ہنگامۂ رنگ و صوت
یہ عالم کہ ہے زیر فرمان موت
یہ عالم یہ بتخانۂ چشم و گوش

(*Bal-e-Jibril* p. 173)

Like Hafiz, Iqbal has mastered the art of employing the *sibilants at the end of the couplets*, and, if Walter Pater's definition that all great art aspires to the condition of music has justification then Iqbal's music which he instils *in his verses is of a very high* order. Milton also manages to vary the movement of his verse in *L'Allegro* and *L'Pensoroso* inspite of the identical metrical arrangement; the former is light and dancing, while the latter is heavy and contemplative, in keeping with its theme. Iqbal also manages to achieve this *effect. At the beginning the verses of the* "*Saqi Namah*" are light and free; in the middle they display a slower movement; and, towards the end they achieve a partly rhetorical and partly a statement-like effect and display a very swift movement. Inspite of the fact that many of the ideas that Iqbal has set forth in the poem lie interspersed in his earlier poems, it is the first and the last unified version of these ideas in Urdu. It is also the only purely metaphysical poem that Iqbal has written *in Urdu so that it is a miniature* of *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius. Lucretius' poem is very great, and a monument to, Latin achievement; but Iqbal's is a reversal of the Lucretian thesis. For Lucretius the answer to our existence lies in resignation, so that human life may be made more livable. Iqbal's idea is just the opposite: resignation implies stagnation, and the underlying slogan is therefore: onwards, human soldiers, for the sky is your limit. One might contrast the following lines *from Lucretius's De Rerum with the last lines of the* "*Saqi Namah*":

For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, shalt quit the living pain...
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot,
And from each other's ruins are begot:
For life is not confined to him or thee;
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property...
But all the dismal tales, that poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell. [1]

Iqbal's humanism is something akin to Milton's. God Himself declares, in *Paradise Lost*, His eternal purpose for mankind:

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace

1. *De Rerum Natura*, Book III, (Translation by John Dryden).

Elect above the rest; so is my will.[1]

This is very much like the Islamic view, in which by a noble action, man *schieves election to the rank of the chosen.* In "Farishtay Adam ko Jannat se Rukhsat Kartay Hain"[2] (The Valedictory Song of *the Angels) he echoes the* same idea:

گراں بہا ہے ترا گریۂ سحرگاہی

اسی سے ہے ترے نخلِ کہن کی شادابی [3]

Thine morning prayer is precious beyond any price, and it is from thine repentance that thine old seed will prosper and grow.

The same theme, and the vision of man's progress after Adam's exercise of *free will is the theme of another exquisite poem,*[4] "Ruh-i-Arzi Adam ka Istiqbal Karti Hai"[5] (The Spirit of the Earth Welcoming *Adam). The distortion* of the free will and its misuse is the theme of Iqbal's dialogue, "Jibril-o-Iblis"[6] (Gabriel and Satan), where the irony *is at once* apparent in Satan's brandishing of his claims and a thoroughly mistaken apportionment of importance to himself:

مری جرأت سے مشتِ خاک میں پیدا نمو ہے
میرے فتنے جامۂ عقل و خرد کا تار و پو
دیکھتا ہے تو فقط ساحل سے رزمِ خیر و شر
کون طوفاں کے طمانچے کھا رہا ہے، میں کہ تو ہ
خضر بھی بے دست و پا، الیاس بھی بے دست و پا
میرے طوفاں یم بہ یم، دریا بہ دریا جو بہ جو [4]

But in Man's pinch of dust my daring spirit has breathed ambition.

---

1. *Paradise Lost*, III, 183.
*2. *Bal-e-Jibril* p. 177.
*3. *Ibid.*
4. *For a detailed examination of Iqbal's views on the Fall of Man, the reader is referred to his Lectures on The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* (pp. 82-87). See also "Reconciliation between Islam and Evolution in Khalifa Hakim's Thought" by the author—*Iqbal Review*, Vol. 6, No. 4, pp. 111-24.
*5. *Bal-e-Jibril*, pp. 178-179.
*6. *Ibid.*, pp. 192-194.
*7. *Ibid.*, pp. 193-195.

The warp and woof of mind and reason are woven of my sedition.

The deeps of good and ill you only see from land's far verge.

Which of us, is it you or I, that dares the tempest's scourge?

Your ministers and your prophets are pale shades: the storms I teem

Roll down ocean by ocean, river by river, stream by stream! 2

(*Poems from Iqbal* p. 52)

One must not assume this to be a Manichean hypothesis. There is a certain force in what Satan says, but this is more or less a reflection of Iqbal's dynamism. It is the irony that is the main motif of the powerful lines uttered by Satan.

Iqbal has been also influenced by Khushhal Khan Khattak, the Pushto poet of the seventeenth century. While birds have been employed by poets for symbolic purposes—*as by Dante and Yeats, for instance*—Iqbal employs birds and other animals in their symbolic connotations after the manner of Khattak. *Hawk or falcon, for instance, symbolizes* determination, flight of vision, aversion for the trivial, and beauty. For instance, K. Khattak *says:* [1]

If the falcon ever lets go of its prey, then, O Khushhal, I too shall bid farewell to my beloved.

That is the beauteous mole, with my beloved's tresses fluttering to and fro on it. See what a beautiful falcon I have captured!

Today my heart is overjoyed: I am roaming in the fields (of the Afridis), and gaze at their arid land as if I am a hawk about to soar.

When Yeats employs his symbolism of the falcon and the gyre, it is a part of the esoteric system that he has developed. Iqbal's symbolization is more like Dante's (who through the falcon symbolizes aspiration (*Purgatorio*, XIX, 103) and through the eagle represents both majesty and aspiring power. When Yeats says, in The Second Coming"

Turning and turning in a widening gyre,

The falcon cannot hear the falconer.....

1. Farigh Bukhari, "Khushhal Khan Ki Ghazal" (The Ghazals of Khushhal Khan Khattak) *Mah-e-Nau*, Karachi, August, 1965. p. 47.

he evokes the dissociation of spirit from man through two "bodily cosmic images", *while Iqbal employs his symbols in the tradition of* the early classical Persian poets. It is the skill of Iqbal that has transformed these metaphors into symbols which can be interpreted from several angles.

A consideration of these symbols becomes very important as the poetry of Iqbal is undergoing maturity. Even from the earliest stage Iqbal has displayed a propensity for the use of extra-terrestrial imagery But the way in which he employs these images as symbols is entirely different from the other Urdu poets. When we read Iqbal's verses in "Masjid-e-Qartaba" we feel that we are going through a poetic world that is strange in several layers of meanings, and achieves another purpose ; the element of rhetoric is toned down with the final effect made more telling. Let us consider two verses from an octet by Iqbal, "Hal wa Muqam"[1] (The State and the Station);

الفاظ و معانی میں تفاوت نہیں لیکن
ملا کی اذاں اور مجاہد کی اذاں اور ا

پرواز ہے دونوں کی اسی ایک فضا میں
کرگس کا جہاں اور ہے شاہیں کا جہاں اور 2

Although they echo the same edicts and accord them an identical interpretation, the call for prayer by the Mulla (the official priest) is different from that by the mujahid (the valiant fighter for faith).

Both fly in the self-same sky but the world of the vulture is different from that of the hawk.

The symbol of the vulture could symbolize any or all of the following: greed, and therefore the concern of the present-day official priest with the mundane ; school formation by the vultures, thereby indicating Iqbal's concept of the mullah as the surrogate of Islam; and, finally, the narrow and the short-sighted vision of the vulture is contrasted with the parochial attitude of certain schools of Muslim orthodoxy. Another interpretation which is yet possible is this: when we see vultures, we recoil. Likewise, *Iqbal implies that the mullah with*

*1. *Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 208.

*2. *Ibid.*

his astigmatic vision and hair-splitting arguments, tends to make the present-day Muslim generation recoil from it.

The next poetical work of Iqbal in Urdu—the *Zarb-e-Kalim* (*The Stroke of Moses*) is partly a continuation of the *Bal-i-Jibril* and is in part a return to the poet's view of the contemporary world, although his attitude has undergone a distinct change since his *Bang-i-Dara* days. Although the poet has chosen socio-political themes, his attitude towards them is very different now. For one thing, the emphasis is not based on the hopes of what he sees, but how we can bring the strength of our faith to bear on what he considers to be right.

The *Zarb-i-Kalim* is important from several view-points. The obscurity of the "ghazal-like" poems has cleared off from the horizon of Iqbal's poetry, because the symbols have crystallized from the fluid mass in which poetry was at the time. Secondly, the *Zarb-i-Kalim* has provided a new orientation to the art of Urdu satire. His satires are very different from Akbar's. Whereas Akbar makes us laugh at the subject he is satirizing, Iqbal's satires are more reflective and more symbolic.

As Iqbal himself announces, the *Zarb-i-Kalim* is his declaration of war against the modern age; in other words, it is an effort to salvage the values which we have lost, such as faith, love for freedom, and the balance between thought and action, and so on. In his poem, "Nazirin Se"[1] (To Readers), he says :

جب تک نہ زندگی کے حقائق پہ ہو نظر
تیرا زجاج ہو نہ سکے گا حریفِ سنگ

یہ زورِ دست و ضربتِ کاری کا ہے مقام
میدانِ جنگ میں نہ طلب کر نوائے چنگ[2]

Unless thou cast an observant eye on the basic verities of life, thou shalt be like a brittle glass and not a non-fragile pebble.

Our times, my friend, demand challenge and hard work. Cry not for the lyre, for this is hardly the time to play and sing.

---

*1. *Zarb-e-Kalim*, p. 2.
*2. *Ibid.*

Iqbal is thus developing something basic. This is, of course, the direction of his poetry, which he now feels would be almost useless if it has no message to deliver. That part of the *Zarb-i-Kalim*, which is entitled "Funun-e-Latifa"[1] (Fine Arts) is primarily concerned with Iqbal's theory of poetry.

The upshot of all that he has written in the *Zarb-i-Kalim* is that poetry, while it should symphonise man's feelings and reactions, should have a central purpose. Thus he would radically differ from the thesis "art-for-art's sake". In his satires on Mussolini to his Eastern and Western Rivals,[2] Abyssinia,[3] and The League of Nations[4] he is didactic, and it is this strand of didacticism which runs through these satires.

The trend during this period of Iqbal's writings is towards the solidification and the entrenchment of his attitude more firmly. When he addresses his fellow Muslims, he keeps the same moralistic yard-stick, as in his poem on "Tassawuf"[5] (Mysticism).

یہ ذکر نیم شبی یہ مراقبے یہ سرور
تری خودی کے نگہباں نہیں تو کچھ بھی نہیں

یہ عقل جو مہ و پروین کا کھیلتی ہے شکار
شریکِ شورشِ پنہاں نہیں تو کچھ بھی نہیں[6]

These orisons, these contemplations, these ecstasies at the dead of night: if they guard not thine ego, what good are they?

Thine sapience which prideth itself on the conquest of the pleiads is naught if it generateth not within thee the desire to participate in that inner transformation.

There is one very important characteristic, which emerges in Iqbal's poetry. As I have pointed out, Iqbal's forte lies in his providing a new significance to the images which had become covered with

---

*1. *Zarb-e-Kalim*, pp. 97-135.
*2. *Ibid.*, pp. 151-152.
*3. *Ibid.*, p. 147.
*4. *Ibid.*, p. 158.
*5. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
*6. *Ibid.*

the patina of age. To create something new out of these images is a hallmark of poetic achievement.

Iqbal's images have thus become unique and brim with vitality. Just as he claims that infinity is the limit for man's ego, his images have no fringe — that is, they are such as to convey to the reader's mind that they serve as a flimsy garb, and only that. They actually cannot be circumscribed within the measures of time and space.

In yet another poem, "Momin"[1] (The Faithful) Iqbal says about the faithful :

افلاک سے ہے اسکی حریفانہ کشاکش
خاکی ہے مگر خاک سے آزاد ہے مومن!ج

The faithful vieth with the heavens for supremacy. He may be made of dust but he is independent of it.

Zarb-i-Kalim perhaps, has one demerit and it is this: Iqbal has stretched two allied themes—faith through the purgation of inertia and evil and the development of ego—into too many short poems, and therefore an effect of monotony is produced at times. This is, however, something that is absent from his Urdu magnum opus, the *Bal-i-Jibril*. This is partly so, because Iqbal's voice is more agonised in the earlier part of the *Bal-i-Jibril* and he seeks resolution to his doubts, while, on the other hand, he is annealing the steel of his faith to a red-hot glow. It is this divergence. and yet the convergence of the enquiring and the positive facets of his faith that enhance the beauty of the *Bal-i-Jibril*.

This does not, however, mean that the *Zarb-i-Kalim* is not a work of intrinsic merit. It contains some of the best didactic pieces by Iqbal, and in his satirical poems, if they can at all be called that, he has brought into Urdu literature a new orientation of historical perspective, freshness, and symbolism. *Zarb-i-Kalim*, as a whole, displays two motifs : that of quiet reflection which informs most of his poems and another of irritation which at times erupts into fury, particularly when he sees any departure from moral precepts, be they on the part of his compeers or the Western powers—all an expression of his innate vitality and restlessness.

---

*1. *Zarb-i-Kalim*, p. 41.
*2. *Ibid.*

Iqbal's poem on "Mussolini to his Rivals" is perhaps his best satire. Within the compass of seven couplets Iqbal has not only achieved the dual effect of castigating both Mussolini and the opposing powers but also of projecting the views of the oppressed nations.

آل سیزر چوب ِ نے کی آبیاری میں رہے
اور تم؟ دنیا کے بنجر بھی نہ چھوڑو بے خراج
تم نے لوٹے ہے نوا صحرا نشینوں کے خیام
تم نے لوٹی کشت دھقاں! تمنے لوٹے تخت و تاج
پردہ' تہذیب میں غارت گری آدم کُشی
کل روا رکھی تھی تم نے ،میں روا رکھتا ہوں آج [1]

We, the children of the Caesers, strove to water heath and sand—
You could never bear to leave untaxed the earth's most *barren land;*
You have plundered tents of nomads of the little wealth they own,
You have plundered peasant ploughlands, you have plundered crown and throne,
And that looting and that killing in a civilizing way
Yesterday you, you defended: I defend it now today.[2]
(*Poems from Iqbal* p. 76)

The last part of the *Zarb-i-Kalim* is "Mahrab Gul ke Afkar" [3] and the poems draw their influence from Khushhal Khan Khattak's poetry. Iqbal has specially chosen the Pathan, as he equates his valour, self-respect, and austerity with the pristine values of Islam. With the Pathan faith is many steps easier, because he is comparatively free from those distorted values which progressive urbanization and sophistication are liable to bring into their wake. In the last poem of the section Iqbal comes out with the theory that, for progress vitality is essential and that civilization is liable to make us blaze.

---

*1. *Zarb-i-Kalim*, pp. 151-152.
2. First line really means cultivation of music.
*3. *Zarb-i-Kalim*, pp. 166-182.

اے شیخ بہت اچھی مکتب کی فضا لیکن
ہنتی ہے بیابان میں فاروق و سلیمانی!!

O Shaikh, the atmosphere of the school is good but the granite-like faith of Salman and Farooq is achieved only in the wilderness.

These poems provide an unmistakable impression that Iqbal's concept of history motivates the poems in a very large measure. Spengler divides the evolution of a given culture into several stages, e.g., the spring-time, the autumn, and the winter, when culture passes into civilization (which is a process of fossilization). For Spengler the need today in Europe is for men of Roman hardness, engineers, financiers and organisers—"the technical instead of the lyrical; shipping instead of painting; politics instead of epistemology".[2] But there is one serious difference between Iqbal and Spengler. While Spengler takes the morphology of a culture to be "organic" and independent, Iqbal is for the most part concerned with Islam as supra-national organic culture, irrespective of whether it is the Islam of Egypt or of Indonesia. And, as I have had the occasion to suggest earlier, with Iqbal it is not the question of the technical against the lyrical but of faith against non-faith. Once man regains his long-lost faith and has a central purpose to urge him forward, the other impediments would automatically be overcome.

The *Armaghan-i-Hijaz* (*The Gift of Hijaz*) is the last Urdu work of Iqbal. The first poem in the work is "Iblis ki Majlis-i-Shura" (The Advisory Council of Satan)[3] which is, in part, a satire and in part the final testament of Iqbal's views on world politics. The poem starts with Satan's claims which he has advanced earlier in the *Bal-i-Jibril* and where he typifies the distortion of free-will. Against this distortion of free-will Iqbal juxtaposes faith which he symbolizes through Islam.

The poem, inspite of its remarkable clarity and flow, has certain symbolical subtleties. For instance, in his address to his counsellors, Satan says :

---

*1. *Zarb-i-Kalim*, p. 182.
2. *The Decline of the West*, I. p. 57.
*3. *Armaghan-i-Hijaz*, pp. 213-228.

یہ عناصر کا پرانا کھیل یہ دلیائے دوں
ساکنانِ عرشِ اعظم کی تمناؤں کا خوں
اسکی بربادی پہ آج آمادہ ہے وہ کارساز
جسنے اسکا نام رکھا تھا جہانِ کاف و نوں[1]

The elements weave their ancient dance Behold.
This vile world, dust and ashes of the hopes
Of Heaven's exalted dwellers! The Creator
Whose *Let there be* made all things, today, stands
Ready to annihilate them.

(*Poems from Iqbal* p. 79)

Now God is 'kun fa-yakun" or "Logos" (the Word) and that Word is known to God alone. Through Satan, therefore, Iqbal makes him point out his own puniness; he thinks that he knows what it is all about and yet by saying that God has created the world through the Word, into the secrets of which he can never have access, he confesses his own weakness. And, by the same token, the force of the iniquity, distorted thinking, and the maze of polemics which he has unleashed will have no effect finally on the noble and creative forces of the universe.

The fourth Counsellor opines about Mussolini :

توڑ اسکا روست الکبری کے ایوانوں میں دیکھ
آل سیزر کو دکھایا ہم نے پھر سیزر کا خواب
کون بحر روم کی موجوں سے ہے لپٹا ہوا
"گاہ بالد چون صنوبر گاہ نالد چون رباب"[2]

In the halls
Of mighty Rome behold the antidote.
We have revealed once more the dream of Caeser
To Caeser's offspring, whose strong arms enfold
The Italian sea and make its tumbling waves
Now soars like the pine, now like the rebeck sobs.

(*Poems from Iqbal* p. 81)

---

1. *Arm.aghan-i-Hijas*, pp. 213-214.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 219.

Mussolini also, for Iqbal, epitomizes the Satanic operation. The latter wishes to transport the Italians of his age to the days of Trajan and Hadrian. But this high sight of Mussolini is also punctuated with bathos, which is conveyed by the phrase, lipta hua (enfolded or wrapped up), as if to harry the Mediterraneen ocean against the latter's will!

Satan in his speech towards the end suggests that the best way to entrap the faithful is to surround him with the miasmal mist of illusion and divorce him from reality. Iqbal has thus come out with his viewpoint of why he differs so radically from some aspects of the traditional Urdu and Persian poetry :

ہے وہی شعر و تصوف اسکے حق میں خوب تر
جو چھپا دے اسکی نظروں سے تماشائے حیات[1]

It is such philosophy and minstrelsy that shut his eyes out from the realities of life that would serve our purpose best.

Iqbal has been constantly developing his symbols scaling the apex in the "Saqi Namah" but throughout the *Zarb-i-Kalim* and his later Urdu and Persian poetry, he has combined brevity with symbolism and terseness. If terseness and brevity are the measures then "Iblis ki Majlis-i-Shura" should be a most remarkable poem.

"Tasvir-o-Musavvir"[2] (The Painting and the Painter) is an exquisite allegorical poem. Painting, of course, symbolizes man and the Painter, God. In the poem Iqbal equates "khabar" or knowledge with intellect, and "nazar" or intuition with the irradiation of the self. The Painting addresses the Painter in a tone of regret:

خبر عقل و خرد کی ناتوانی نظر دل کی حیات جاودانی
نہیں ہے اس زمانے کی نگ و تاز سزاوار حدیث لن ترانی[3]

Knowledge displayeth the limitation of wisdom, while intuition is the expression of the eternity of the life force.

The conflicts of this age leave the creativity of the poet go begging.

---

*1. *Armaghan-i-Hijaz*, p. 228,
*2. *Ibid.*, pp. 231-233.
*3. *Ibid.*, pp. 232-233.

To this the Painter (or God) replies :

تو ہے میرے کمالات ہنر سے نہ ہو نومید اپنے نقش گر سے
مرے دیدار کی ہے ایک ہی شرط کہ تو پنہاں نہ ہو اپنی نظر سے[1]

Thou art the expression of My manifold splendours and creative activity. Thou shouldst not feel disappointed with thine Creator.

There is only one way in which thou canst seek My vision : thou shouldst not hide thine own vision from thine own self.

One can see the effortless beauty of words that this small poem conveys. The quiet cadence, the pathos. and, finally, the assertive aspect overshadow all doubts. The vowels at the end of each couplet stretch the force of the verses beyond what is intended.

The tone of the poems in the *Armaghan-i-Hijaz* is, on the whole rather eschatological. This is not surprising since the Urdu section of the work was written from 1936 onwards and Iqbal was nearing his last days on earth. It would have been worthwhile to discuss his poems on Kashmir and other quatrains but the space unfortunately prohibits it. It is, however, his last poem, "Hazrat-i-Insan" (The Majestic Man) written on the destiny of man, and the triumph of good over evil. This would place him in the select company of humanistic poets.

جہاں میں دانش و بینش کی ہے اس درجہ ارزانی
کوئی شے چھپ نہیں سکتی کہ یہ عالم ہے نورانی

فلک کو کیا خبر یہ خاکداں کس کا نشیمن ہے
غرض انجم سے ہے کس کے شبستاں کی نگہبانی

اگر مقصود کل ہوں میں تو جچ سے ماورا کیا ہے
مرے ہنگامہ ہائے نو بہ نو کی انتہا کیا ہے[2]

This world of ours aboundeth to an infinite degree in wisdom and vision. No object can remain hidden from us, as the world is all radiance, provided that we view it as such.

---

*1. *Armaghan-i-Hijaz*, p. 233.
*2. *Ibid.*, pp. 279-280.

What does the azure sky overhead know who liveth in this earthly abode? For whom do the stars twinkle as sentinels at night when he seeketh repose?

If I be a part of the whole, what lieth beyond this earthly abode? What is the meaning of the plaints which I raise every now and then?

There is no rejection—outright as in many earlier poems—of knowledge based on intellect. The compromise has finally been achieved: knowledge based on empirical wisdom ("danish") and intuition "(binish)" are essential for man's progress, and they together will unfold the secrets of nature. A combination of the two will lead to an end that will be graceful, pure, aesthetic, and visionary. The verse before the last is superb. "Shabistan" can have any one of the following implications or all or them : the sleeping abode of the kings (in other words, the abode of "Ashraf-ul-Makhluqat," the chosen of God or man); an inn, where travellers pause to sleep at night or an auberge (emphasising man's mortality); and lastly a portion of the mosque where the faithful congregate at night to pray. "Khakdan" (something earthly and appearing at the first sight to be a waste) and "falak" *emphasize the apparent contrast but then all of a sudden in the second* hemistich there is a dramatic change, and the contrast is reversed : it is the stars and the Pleiads that act as the sentinels of man while he seeks rest at night. But this is all by way of a diapason. This is not poetry alone; it is sheer music too. If one is allowed to borrow an analogy from music, one might say that the tempo of the whole poem is andatino in the beginning, accelerando in the middle, crescendo in the penultimate verse, and agitato towards the end. It is a superb transference of the minor of Chopin to poetry. The last verse is *logical* particularly since man occupies a central station in God's creation, and the very aim of man is naturally to determine what lies immediately ahead. The development of egohood thus becomes a logical and understandable aspiration of man. Perhaps this is the clearest statement by Iqbal of his philosophy of egohood.

(Taken from *Pakistan Quarterly*, Spring 1967, pp. 30-36, 65-71).

POETICAL WORKS

Reynold A. Nicholson

THE SECRETS OF THE SELF: A MOSLEM POET'S INTERPRETATION OF VITALISM

The poems of which I propose to give some account are the work of an Indian Muslim, Shaikh Muhammad Iqbal of Lahore, whom I had the pleasure of meeting on one occasion about fifteen years ago, when he was studying philosophy in Cambridge. In the course of half an hour's conversation with him he struck me as a man of strong personality and original mind; and my first impression was soon confirmed by the dissertation which he presented for his degree. This was a treatise on the development of metaphysics in Persia; it appeared as a book in 1908 and, although it is only a sketch, some parts of it are as illuminating and suggestive as anything that has been written on the subject. Here Iqbal confines himself to expounding the doctrines of Moslem Philosophers; but on his return to India he came forward with a philosophy of his own which must deeply interest all thinking Moslems, as well as anyone who considers how much depends on the future relations of this country and of Europe in general with the Islamic peoples, and how necessary it is that we should learn to understand their aspirations and ideals. It has been said of Iqbal that "he is a man of his age and a man in advance of his age. He is also a man in disagreement with his age". We cannot regard his ideas as representative of any section of his co-religionists. They involve a radical change in the ordinary Moslem's view of life, and their real importance does not lie in the possibility that such a change may be nearer than most people think likely. Apart from this, the ideas themselves are striking enough to deserve attention.

In order to make them popular and attractive, the author put them forth in the form of poetry. He says very truly that while the Hindu philosophers, in explaining the doctrine of the unity of being, addressed themselves to the head, the Persian poets, who teach the same doctrine, took a more dangerous course and aimed at the heart.

Iqbal is no mean poet, and his verse can persuade even if his logic fails to convince. *His message is not for* the Mohammedans of India alone, but for Moslems everywhere : therefore he writes in Persian instead of in Hindustani—a happy choice, for amongst educated Moslems from India to Egypt there are many who have some knowledge of Persian literature, while the Persian language would naturally commend itself to a writer who wished to clothe his religious and philosophical ideas in a style at once elevated and charming.

The *Asrar-i-Khudi*, or *The Secrets of the Self*, was published in 1915 and was followed, four years afterwards, by a supplement entitled *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi* or *The Mysteries of Selflessness*. The former poem deals with the life of the individual Moslem, the latter with the life of the Moslem community. Iqbal's aim is to bring about the regeneration of Islam, and with this always before him he demands that every Moslem shall reform himself. *He is a religious enthusiast*, inspired by the vision of a New Mecca, a world-wide, theocratic, Utopian state, in which all Moslems, no longer divided by the barriers of race and country, shall be one. He will have nothing to do with nationalism or imperialism. These, he thinks, "rob us of Paradise" : they make us strangers to each other, destroy feelings of brotherhood, and sow the bitter seed of war. He dreams of a world ruled by religion, not by politics, and condemns Machiavelli, that "worshipper of false gods" who has blinded so many. It must be noted that when he speaks of religion, he always means Islam. Non-Moslems are simply unbelievers, and (in theory, at any rate) the Jihad, or Holy War against *infidels, is justifiable, provided that it* is waged "for God's sake", and not for conquest. A free and independent Moslem fraternity, having the Ka'ba as its centre and knit together in spiritual union by love of Allah and devotion to the Prophet—such is Iqbal's ideal. In the two poems already mentioned he preaches it with a burning sincerity which we cannot but admire, and at the same time points out how it may be attained.

The cry "Back to the Koran! Back to Mohammad!" has often been heard in Islam, and the responses have hitherto been somewhat discouraging. But this time there is behind it the revolutionary force of Western philosophy, which Iqbal hopes and believes will vitalise the

movement and ensure its triumph in the end. He sees that Hindu intellectualism and Islamic pantheism have destroyed the capacity for action, based on scientific observation and interpretation of phenomena, which distinguishes the Western peoples—"especially (he adds) the English". Now this capacity depends ultimately on the conviction that what he calls "khudi," and what we call self-conciousness, individuality, personality, is real and is not merely an illusion of the mind. Iqbal, therefore, throws himself with all his might against idealistic philosophers and pseudo-mystical poets, the authors, in his opinion, of the decay prevailing in Islam, and argues that only by self-affirmation, self-expression, and self-development can the Moslems once more become strong and free. He appeals from the alluring raptures of Hafiz to the moral fervour of Jalaluddin Rumi, from an Islam sunk in Platonic contemplation to the fresh and vigorous monotheism which inspired Mohammad and brought Islam into existence.

The pith of Life is contained in action;
To delight in creation is the law of Life.[1]
Life is power made manifest,
And its mainspring is the desire for victory.[2]
Gain knowledge of Life's mysteries!
Be a tyrant! Ignore all except God![3]

Iqbal has drunk deep of European literature, his philosophy owes much to Nietzsche and Bergson, and his poetry often reminds us of Shelley; yet after all he thinks and feels as a Moslem, and just for this reason his influence on the younger generation of Indian Moslems is likely to be great. "His name", says one of them, "is the synonym for promise and prophecy. He has come amongst us as a Messiah and has stirred the dead with life". It remains to be seen in what direction

---

*1 در عمل پوشیده مضمون حیات — لذت تخلیق قانون حیات
(Asrar-i-Khudi, p. 54)

*2 زندگانی قوت پیداستے — اصل او از ذوق استیلاستے
(Ibid., p. 55)

*3 از رموز زندگی آگاه شو — ظالم و جاهل ز غیر الله شو
(Ibid., p. 57)

the awakened ones will march. They will not, I think, be satisfied with fixing their eyes on a goal which, as Iqbal tells them, lies far away in the future :

> I have no need (he says) of the ear of To-day;
>
> I am the voice of the poet of To-morrow.[1]

If his notion of an ideal religious state is a dream, it is a noble dream ; and we must respect the faith of a man who evokes the spirit of modern European philosophy in order to establish an Islamic kingdom of God upon earth. But, obviously, his doctrine of the Self can be adapted to other ends than those which he has in view. The *Asrar-i-Khudi* will certainly be drawn into the service of an intellectual and political movement, whose leaders do not agree with Iqbal when he declares that the Moslem's heart has no country except Islam.

Much as he dislikes the type of Sufism represented by Hafiz, he is in full sympathy with the lofty ethical mysticism of Jalaluddin Rumi. In the prologue to the *Asrar-i-Khudi* he relates how Jalaluddin appeared to him in a vision and bade him arise and sing. The author of the *Masnavi* is to him almost what Virgil was to Dante. Iqbal, however, does not follow the great Persian mystic in his pantheistic flights. For him the world of divine contemplation is unreal. Personality is the central fact of his philosophy.

The *Asrar-i-Khudi* does not set forth a philosophical system, but its meaning will be more readily grasped if I give first a brief outline of the author's views on some of the problems raised in the poem. He has been so kind as to write a brief account of them for me, and I will quote his own words as nearly as possible :

> "All life is individual: there is no such thing as universal life. God himself is an individual. He is the most unique Individual *The universe, as Dr. McTaggart says, is an* association of individuals; but we must add that the orderliness or adjustment which we find in this association is not eternally achieved and complete in itself It is the result of instinctive

---

1 نغمه ام زخمه بے پرواستم من نوائے شاعر فرداستم

*(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 5)*

or conscious effort. We are gradually travelling from chaos to cosmos and are helpers in this achievement.

Nor are the members of the association fixed; new members are ever coming to birth to co-operate in the great task. Thus the universe is not a complete act. It is still in course of formation. There can be no complete truth about the universe, for the universe has not yet become 'whole'. The process of creation is still going on, and man too takes his share in it, inasmuch as he helps to bring order into at least a portion of this chaos.

The moral and religious ideal of man is not self-negation but self-affirmation, and he attains to this ideal by becoming more and more individual, more and more unique. The Prophet said: 'Create in yourselves the attributes of God'. Thus man becomes unique by becoming more and more like the most unique Individual, i.e. God. What then is Life? *It is individual; its highest form, so far, is the Ego, in which* the individual becomes a self-contained exclusive centre. Physically as well as spiritually man is a self-contained centre, *but he is not yet a complete individual.* The greater his distance from God, the less his individuality. He who comes nearest to God is the completest person. Not that he is finally absorbed in God. On the contrary, he absorbs God into himself.[1] The true person not only absorbs the world of matter, by mastering it he also absorbs God Himself into his Ego. Life is a forward assimilative movement : it clears away all obstructions by assimilating them. Its essence is the continual creation of desires and ideals, and for purpose of its preservation and expansion it has invented or developed certain instruments (e.g. senses, intellect, etc.) which help it to assimilate obstructions The greatest obstacle in the way of life is matter, Nature; yet Nature is not evil, since it enables the inner powers of Life to unfold themselves.

---

1. This is a bold saying, but we remember that it is put forward as an antithesis *to the pantheistic (Sufi) doctrine of 'fana'* (the passing-away of the phenomenal in the Real and of the individual in the Universal).

> The Ego attains to freedom by the removal of all obstructions in its way. It is partly free, partly determined, and reaches fuller freedom by approaching the Individual who is most free—God. In one word, Life is an endeavour for freedom".

The argument of the poem begins with the doctrine that self-consciousness is the origin of the universe and that the continuation of individual life depends on affirmation of the Ego.

> 'Tis the nature of the Self to manifest itself.
> In every atom slumbers the might of the Self.
> Power that is unexpressed and inert
> Chains the faculties which lead to action.
> Inasmuch as all life comes from the strength of the Self,
> Life is in proportion to this strength.
> When Life gathers strength from the Self,
> The river of Life expands into an ocean.[1]

In order to live, the Self must conceive desires and form ideals. The origin of Life is hidden in desire, and the negation of desire is Death.

> Keep desire alive in thy heart,
> Lest thy little dust become a tomb.[2]

---

*1 وا نمودن خویش را خوئے خودی است
خفتہ در ہر ذرہ تیروئے خودی است
قوت خاموش و بیتاب عمل
از عمل یابند اسباب عمل
چوں حیات عالم از زور خودی است
ہم بقدر استواری زندگی است
چوں خودی آرد بہم نیروئے زیست
می کشاید قلزمے از جوئے زیست

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 14-15)

*2 آرزو را در دل خود زندہ دار تا نگردد مشت خاک تو مزار

(*Ibid.*, p. 16)

What is intellect ? The child of desire. All that man has achieved in politics, science and art can be traced back to his desire for self-preservation.

Like Jalaluddin Rumi, Iqbal lays great stress on the moral value of love.

> The luminous point whose name is the Self
> Is the life-spark beneath our dust.
> By love it is made more lasting,
> More living, more burning, more glowing.
> From love proceeds the radiance of its being
> And the development of its unknown potentialities.[1]

The word "love" is used by Iqbal in a very wide sense. Love means the desire to assimilate and absorb. Its highest form is the creation of values and ideals and the endeavour to realise them. Thus love of God, the most unique Individual, ultimately involves absorption of the Divine Individuality by the lover.

Iqbal now turns on his opponents with the following thesis : that the doctrine of self-negation was invented by the subject races of mankind in order that by this means they might sap and weaken the character of their rulers. He dresses it in the guise of a fable, and I may remark that, like Jalaluddin Rumi and many Persian poets, he is fond of introducing stories and apologues which not only relieve the argument very pleasantly but express what he wants to say with more force and point than would be possible otherwise.

---

*[1] نقطۂ نورے کہ نام او خودی است
زیر خاک ما شرار زندگی است
از محبت می شود پائندہ تر
زندہ تر سوز زندہ تر تابندہ تر
از محبت اشتعال جوہرش
ارتقائے ممکنات مضمرش

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 18-19)

There was once a flock of sheep in a certain pasture. They had increased and multiplied until they feared no enemy, but at last the tigers rushed from the jungle, tore part of the flock to pieces and reduced the survivors to slavery. Amongst these was a crafty old sheep, who devised a plan for liberating himself and his companions. He reflected that while sheep can never be made tigers, it is possible to make tigers harmless as sheep.

The rest of the story is given in the author's words, but less fully.

This sheep became a prophet inspired
And began to preach to the bloodthirsty tigers.
He cried, "O ye insolent liars,
Repent of your blameworthy deeds!
Whoso is violent and strong is miserable,
Life's solidity depends on self-denial.
The spirit of the righteous is fed by fodder;
The vegetarian is pleasing unto God.
Paradise is for the weak alone;
Strength is but a means to perdition.
Forget thyself, if thou art wise!
If thou dost not forget thyself, thou art mad.
Close thine eyes, close thine ears, close thy lips,
That thy thought may reach the lofty sky.
The pasturage of this world is naught, naught :
O fool; do not torment thyself for a phantom!"
The tiger-tribe were exhausted by hard struggles;
They had set their hearts on enjoyment of luxury.
This soporific advice pleased them.
In their stupidity they swallowed the charm of the sheep.
He that used to make sheep his prey
Now embraced a sheep's religion.
The tigers took kindly to a diet of fodder;

At length their tigerish nature was broken.
The fodder blunted their teeth
And put out the awful flashings of their eyes.
By degrees courage ebbed from their breasts;
Desire for action dwelt in their hearts no more.
Their strength diminished while their fear increased,
And fear robbed them of courage.
Lack of courage produced a hundred diseases -
Poverty, pusillianimity, low-mindedness.
The wakeful tiger was lulled to slumber by the sheep,
He called his decline—Moral Culture.[1]

صاحب آوازهٔ الہام کشت　　واعظ شیراں خون آشام گشت [1]*
نعرهٔ زد اے قوم کذاب اشر　　توبه از اعمال نا محمود کن
هر که باشد تند وزورآور شقی است　　زندگی مستحکم از نفی خودی است
روح لیکاں از علف یاتبد غذا　　تارک اللحم است مقبول خدا
جنت از بهر ضعیفان است و بس　　قوت از اسباب خسران است و بس
غافل از خود شو اگر فرزانهٔ　　گر ز خود غافل نهٔ دیوانهٔ
چشم بند و گوش بند و لب به بند　　تا رسد فکر تو بر چرخ بلند
این علف زار جهان هیچ است هیچ　　توبرین موهوم اے ندامن مهیچ
خیل شیر از سخت کوشی خسته بود　　دل بذوق تن پرستی بسته بود
آمدش این پند خواب آور پسند　　خورد از خامی فسون گوسفند
آنکه کردن گوسفندان را شکار　　کود دین گوسفندی اختیار
از علف آن تیزی دندان نماند　　هیبت چشم شرار افشان نماند
دل بتدریج از میان سینه رفت　　آن تقاضائے عمل در دل نماند
زور تن کاهید و خوف جان فزود　　خوف جان سرمایهٔ همت بود
صد مرض پیدا شد از بے همتی　　کوته دستی بیدلی دون فطرتی
شیر بیدار از فسون زیش خفت　　انحطاط خویش را تهذیب گفت

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 31-33)

As types of self-negation or "sheepishness" the author takes Plato and Hafiz. The direct influence of Platonism on Moslem thought has been comparatively slight. When the Moslems began to study Greek philosophy, they turned to Aristotle. The genuine writings of Aristotle, however, were not accessible to them. They studied translations of books passing under his name, which were the work of Neoplatonists, so that what they believed to be Aristotelian doctrine was in fact the philosophy of Plotinus, Proclus and the later Neoplatonic school. Indirectly, therefore, Plato has profoundly influenced the intellectual and spiritual development of Islam, and may be called, if not the father of Mohammedan mysticism, at any rate its presiding genius.

To Iqbal the intelligible world of Plato is a mirage. Reality, he thinks, is not to be found in Being, but only in Becoming; not in changeless calm, but in life and strife.

Sweet is the world of phenomena to the living spirit;
Dear is the world of Ideas to the dead spirit.
Our philosopher had no remedy but flight;
He could not endure the noise of this world.
He set his heart on a quenched flame
And depicted a world steeped in opium.
He spread his wings towards the sky.
And never come down to his nest again.[1]

زنده جاں را عالم امکاں خوش است [1]*
مردہ دل را عالم اعیاں خوش است
راهب ما چاره غیر از دم نداشت
طاقت غوغاے ایں عالم نداشت
دل بسوز شعلهٔ افسرده بست
نقش آں دنیاے افیوں خورده بست
از نشیمن سوے گردوں پر کشور
باز سوئے آشیاں نامد فروز

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 35-38)

We see that his criticism is directed against those philosophical systems which hold up Death rather than Life as their Ideal, systems which ignore the greatest obstruction to Life, namely matter, and teach us to run away from it instead of facing and mastering it.

While he holds that Platonism takes away the incentives to moral energy, he regards the enchanting semi-mysticism of Hafiz as a positive source of corruption. His onslaught called forth angry protests from Sufi circles where Hafiz is venerated as a *master heirophant*. Iqbal made no recantation, but, since the passage had served its purpose and was offensive to many, he cancelled it in the second edition of the poem. The next canto draws a contemptuous picture of the fashionable Persian love-poetry and concludes with an appeal to the Moslems of India. Let them try literature on the touchstone of life! Let them turn back to Arabia and the Koran!

Thou hast gathered roses from the garden of Persia
And seen the spring-tide of India and Iran.
Now taste a little of the heat of the desert;
Drink the old wine of the date!
Lay thine head for once on its hot breast;
Yield thy body awhile to its scorching wind![1]

Having demolished the doctrine of self-negation, Iqbal proceeds to inculcate self-development through obedience and self-control.

Thou, too do not refuse the burden of Duty :
So wilt thou enjoy the best dwelling-place, which is with God.

---

[1]* از چمن زار عجم گل چیدهٔ
نوبهار هند و ایران دیدهٔ
اندکے از گرمیٔ صحرا بخور
بادهٔ دیرینه از خرما بخور
سوزکے اندر بر گرمش بده
تن دمے با صرصر گرمش بده

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*. p. 42)

Endeavour to obey, O heedless one!
Liberty is the fruit of compulsion.
Whoso would master the sun and the stars,
Let him make himself a prisoner of Law![1]

By obeying God and gaining full mastery over himself, the Moslem reaches the final stage of perfection. This is called "Divine vicegerency". The name as well as the conception underlying it comes from Sufism. Iqbal interprets in his own way the doctrine of the Insan al-Kamil or Perfect Man, which teaches that every man is potentially a microcosm and that, when he has become spiritually perfect, all the Divine attributes are displayed by him, so that as saint or prophet he is the god-man, the representative and vicegerent of God. In a fine passage the poet describes this ideal Man as a Deliverer for whom the world is waiting.

God's vicegerent is as the soul of the universe;
His being is the shadow of the Greatest Name.
He knows the mysteries of part and whole;
He executes the command of Allah in the world.
His genius abounds with life and desires to manifest itself;
He will bring another world into existence.
When that bold cavalier seizes the reins,
The steed of Time gallops faster.
His awful mien makes the Red Sea dry;
He leads Israel out of Egypt.

---

[1]* تو هم از بار فرائض سر متاب
بر خوری از عنده حسن الماب
در اطاعت کوش اے غفلت شمار
می شود از جبر پیدا اختیار
هر که تسخیر مه و پرویں کند
خویش را زنجیریٔ آئیں کند

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 45)

At his cry 'Arise!' the dead *spirits*
Rise in their bodily tomb, like pines in the field.
His person is an atonement for all the *world;*
By his grandeur the world is saved.
He gives a new explanation of Life,
A new interpretation of this dream.
His hidden being is Life's mystery,
The unheard music of Life's harp.
Nature travails in blood for generations
To compose the harmony of his personality.
When our handful of dust has reached the zenith
That champion will come forth from this dust.
Appear O rider of Destiny!
Appear, O light of the dark realm of Change!
Illumine scene of existence,
Dwell in the blackness of our eyes!
Silence the noise of the nations,
Imparadise our ears with thy music!
Arise and tune the harp of brotherhood,
Give us back the cup of the wine of love!
Bring once more days of peace to the world,
Give a message of peace to them that seek battle!
Mankind are the cornfield and thou the harvest;
Thou art the goal of Life's caravan.
Receive from our downcast brows
The homage of little children and of young men and old!
When thou art there, we will lift up our heads,
Content to suffer the burning fire of this world.[1]

نائب حق همچو جان عالم است هستی او ظل اسم اعظم است *1
از رموز جزو و کل آگه بود در جهان قائم بامر الله بود

(*Continued on next page*)

The poet bids his readers emulate the Caliph Ali, in whom the character of the Perfect Man is portrayed. His Overman is the personification of self-mystery and self-reliance, of moral courage, firmness and energy. All things must shape themselves to his will.

If the world does not comply with his humour,
He will try the hazard of War with Heaven!
He will dig up the foundations of the universe
And cast its atoms into a new mould.[1]

Weakness—whether it be disguised as unseasonable mercy and humility, patient submission to wrong, acquiescence in disgrace, desire to have one's faults excused, or any sort of self-indulgence—is

---

فطرتش معمور و می خواهد نمود — عالمے دیگر بیارد در وجود
چون عنان گیرد بدست آن شهسوار — تیز تر گردد سمند روزگار
خشک سازد هیبت او نیل را — می برد از مصر اسرائیل را
از قم او خیزد اندر گور تن — مرده جانها چون صنوبر در چمن
ذات او توجیه ذات عالم است — از جلال او نجات عالم است
زندگی را می کند تفسیر نو — می دهد این خواب را تعبیر نو
هستی مکنون او راز حیات — نغمهٔ نشنیده ساز حیات
طبع مضمون بند فطرت خون شود — تا دوبیت ذات او موزون شود
مشت خاک ما سر گردون رسید — زین غبار آن شهسوار آید پدید
اے سوار اشهب دوران بیا — اے فروغ دیدهٔ امکان بیا
رونق هنگامهٔ ایجاد شو — در سواد دیده ها آباد شو
شورش اقوام را خاموش کن — نغمه خود را بهشت گوش کن
خیز و قانون اخوت ساز ده — جام صهبائے محبت باز ده
باز در عالم بیار ایام صلح — جنگجویان را بده پیغام صلح
نوع انسان مزرع و تو حاصلی — کاروان زندگی را منزلی
سجده های طفلک و برنا و پیر — از جبین شرمسار ما بگیر
از وجود تو سر افرازیم ما — پس به سوز این جهان سوزیم ما

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 49-52)

گر له سازد با مزاج او جهان — می شود جنگ آزما با آسمان[1*]
برکند بنیاد موجودات را — می دهد ترکیب نو ذرات را

(*Ibid*, p. 56)

despicable : "It is the plunderer of Life; its womb is teeming with fears and lies".

Strength is the twin of Truth ;
If thou knowest thyself, Strength is the Truth-revealing glass.
Life is the seed and Power the crop :
Power explains the mystery of Truth and Falsehood.
The false claimant if he be *possessed of Power,*
Needs no argument for his claim.
Falsehood derives from Power the authority of Truth
And by falsifying Truth deems itself true.
Its creative word transforms poison into nectar ;
It says to Good, 'Thou art bad' *and Good becomes Evil,*[1]

Iqbal, I am told, does not admit that he has been influenced by Nietzsche, and it is easy to see why. Although sometimes, as in the passage which I have just quoted, his Perfect Man appears to be closely akin to the Uebermensch of the German philosopher, the points of resemblance only are superficial. Iqbal says: "Be a tyrant" but he adds : "Ignore all except God". The exception is all-important. Nietzsche would not have made it; he would have said : "Ignore all except thy Will to Power". The Moslem poet acknowledges the authority of law, morality and religion as revealed in the Koran; he *feels that his inner strength is derived from love of God and* developed by love of Man,

Imbue thine heart with the tincture of Allah,
Give honour and glory to love !

---

*1 با توانائی صداقت توام است — گر خود آگاهی همیں جام جم است
زندگی کشت است و حاصل قوت است — شرح رمز حق و باطل قوت است
مدعی گر مایه دار از قوت است — دعوی او بے نیاز از حجت است
باطل از قوت پذیرد شان حق — خویش را حق داند از بطلان حق
از کن او زهر کوثر می شود — خیر را گوید شرے شر می شود

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 56-57)

The Moslem's nature prevails by means of love :

The Moslem, if he be not loving, is an infidel.[1]

Iqbal's view of the Ideal Man is given in the following words, which I quote from a letter to me :

> "He is the completest Ego, the acme of Life both in mind and body; in him the discord of our mental life becomes a harmony. The highest power is united in him with the highest knowledge. In his life, thought and action, instinct and reason become one. He is the last fruit of the tree of humanity, and all the trials of a painful evolution are justified because he is to come at the end. He is the real ruler of mankind; his Kingdom is the Kingdom of God on earth. Out of the richness of his nature he lavishes the wealth of life on others and brings them nearer and nearer to himself. The more we advance in evolution the nearer we get to him. In approaching him we are raising ourselves in the scale of life. The development of mankind both in mind and body is a condition precedent of his birth. For the present he is only an ideal; but the evolution of humanity is tending towards the production of an ideal race of more or less unique individuals who will become his fitting parents. Thus the Kingdom of God on earth means a democracy of more or less unique individuals, presided over by the most unique individual possible on this earth. Nietzsche had a glimpse of this ideal race, but his atheism and his aristocratic prejudices marred his whole conception."

I have described the *Asrar-e-Khudi*, in one of its aspects, as an attempt to rejuvenate Islam with the spirit of Vitalism. Let me now translate a passage in which Iqbal explains in the Bergsonian sense a saying attributed to a great Moslem theologian, the Imam Shafi'i—"Al-wakt saif kati",[2] "Time is a cutting sword".

---

[1]* قلب را از صبغة الله رنگ ده عشق را ناموس و نام و ننگ ده
طبع مسلم از محبت قاهر است مسلم از عاشق نباشد کافر است

(*Asrar-e-Khudi* p. p. 59 - 70)

[2] الوقت سيف قاطع

The cause of Time is not the revolution of the sun :
Time is everlasting, but the sun does not last for ever.
Time is joy and sorrow, festival and fast;
Time is the secret of moonlight and sunlight.
Thou hast extended Time, like Space,
And distinguished yesterday from tomorrow.
Thou hast fled, like a scent, from thine own garden;
Thou hast made thy prison with thine own hand.
Time, which has neither beginning nor end,
Blossoms from the flower-bed of our mind.
To know its root quickens the living with new life ;
Its being is more splendid than the dawn.
Life is of Time and Time is of Life :
'Do not abuse Time' was the command of the Prophet. 1

This passage requires a commentary, and the author has supplied me with an extremely interesting one :

"As in connexion with the question of the freedom of the Ego we have to face the problem of Matter, similarly in connexion with its immortality we have to face the problem of Time. Bergson has taught us that Time is not an infinite line (in the spatial sense of the word line), through which we must pass whether we wish or not. This idea of Time is adulterated. Pure Time has no length. Personal immortality is an aspiration ; you can have it if you make an effort to

---

اصل وقت از گردش خورشید نیست — وقت جاوید است و خود جاوید 1*
عیش و غم عاشور و عم عید است وقت — سر تاب ماه و خورشید است وقت
وقت را مثل مکان گسترده — امتیاز دوش و فردا کرده
اے چو بو در کرہ از بستان خوش — ساختی از دست خود زندان خویش
وقت ما کو اول و آخر ندید — از خیابان ضمیر ما دمید
زنده از عرفان اصلش زنده تر — هستی او از هستی سحر تابنده تر
زندگی از دهر و دهر از زندگی است — لاتسبوا الدهر فرمان نبی ص است

(Asrar-e-Khudi, p.p. 81 - 82)

achieve it. It depends on our adopting in this life those modes of thought and activity which tend to maintain the state of tension. i.e. personality—for personality is a state of tension and can continue only if that state is maintained Buddhism, Persian Sufism and allied forms of ethics will not serve our purpose. But they are not wholly useless, because after periods of great activity we need opiates, narcotics, for some time. *These forms of thought and action are like nights in the days* of life. Thus. if our activity is directed towards the maintenance of a state of tension, the shock of death is not likely to affect it. After death there may be an interval of relaxation, as the Koran speaks of a barzakh, or intermediate state, which lasts until the Day of Resurrection. Only those Egos will survive this state of relaxation who have taken good care during the present life. Although life abhors repetition in its evolution, yet, on Bergson's principles, the resurrection of the body too is quite possible. By breaking up Time into moments we spatialise Time and then find difficulty in getting over it. The true nature of Time is reached when we look into our deeper self. Real Time is life itself, which can preserve itself by maintaining that particular state of tension--personality- which it has so far achieved, We are subject to Time so long as we *look upon Time* as something spatial. Spatialised Time is a fetter which Life has forged for itself in order to assimilate the present environment. In reality we are timeless, and it is possible to realise our timelessness even in this life. *This revelation, however. can be momentary only*".

The poem ends with a noble invocation to Allah, the God of love, and with a personal appeal for sympathy and understanding. "I am alone", he says; *"even to comrades my song is strange". It is* indeed a strange harmony of Indian thought and Persian fancy, of the oldest Moslem religious enthusiasm and the latest European philosophy. I do not know whether Iqbal intends to devote himslef to poetry. If so, he will presumably write in Persian and address himself to his follow-Moslems—but may not we hope that such a bold and original thinker will find time to give us a full statement of his philosophical views in English prose ?

(Taken from *The Quest*, London, July 1920, Volume XI, No. 4, pp. 433-450)

E. M. Forster

THE SECRETS OF THE SELF

(ASRAR-I-KHUDI)

It is significant of Empire that we should wait so long for a translation [1] from Iqbal, the writer who has been for the last ten years such a tremendous name among our fellow-citizens, the Moslems of India. They respond to him as do Hindus to Tagore, and with greater propriety, for Tagore was little noticed outside Bengal until he went to Europe and gained the Nobel prize, whereas Iqbal has won his vast kingdom without help from the West. Lahore, Delhi, Aligarh, Lucknow, Bhopal, Hyderabad, regard him as a profound thinker and a sublime poet. Will London confirm their verdict? This question cannot be answered until it has been asked, and it has not yet been asked. Mr. Nicholson's welcome and excellent little book only touches a corner of the subject. When will he, or some other Oriental linguist, give us the material for a critical judgment? Meanwhile the following remarks may be of some slight help.

Poets in India cannot be parted from politics. Would that they could! but there is no hope in the present circumstances; one could as easily part Dante from Florence. As for the politics, they are triangular. There are two chief communities—Hindu and Moslem—and a ruling class of Englishmen. Owing to their common subjection and common Orientalism, the two communities sometimes draw together and oppose the English; owing to their different religions and to racial and social differences, they sometimes fly asunder. The English view these oscillations with cynicism, but they spring from instincts, deep if contradictory, that exist in every Indian heart. Shall the Indian look to the land he lives in, and try to make it a nation? Or shall he look to his own particular past—to Mecca if he be a Moslem, to the *Vedas* or *Upanishads* if Hindu and find in that his

---

*1. By R. A. Nicholson

inspiration for the future? Heaven forbid that we should assist him in his choice; either goal seems barren if we may deduce from the history of Europe But the choice itself is living, not to be sneered at, and we can see him hesitating over it even before the English came, advancing towards national unity under Akbar, retiring into religious diversities under Aurangzebe Poets unless they belong to the school of roses and nightingales ("gul and bulbul") - cannot abstain from this choice; but since they decide by emotion rather than arithmetic, their attitude is often unstable and vexes the politicians. Iqbal is a case in point. Born in the Punjab, where the feeling between Moslem and Hindu is especially high, he came out at first on the religious rather than the nationalist side. Like his predecessor Hali, he wrote for his own community. One of his early poems, "A Complaint",[1] is addressed to God, and sets forth the great deeds of Moslems, their sufferings, their miserable recompense. ("God, we have done all this for you,[2] and for our reward the infidels have Houris,[3] while if lightning falls from Heaven, it is upon us".[4]) The poem was regarded as daring, and had an immense success. In due course "A Reply to the Complaint"[5] appeared, in which God defends himself by not unfamiliar arguments, retorting that the Moslems are to blame for their own misfortunes, owing to their lethargy and formalism. Both poems breathe the spirit of Aligarh, the great Anglo-Mohammedan College, which was founded to regenerate not India but Islam. "A Moslem Song" begins "We are all Moslems, the whole world is our country; China, Arabia and Hindustan are ours",[6] and then addresses such lost or ruined cities as Cordova or Bagdad. Iqbal had, however, Hindu friends, who were distressed at the path he was taking and remonstrated.

---

*1. *Bang-e-Dara*, pp. 177-187.

*2. Refers to *Ibid*, pp. 178-181

*3. قہر تو یہ ہے کہ کافر کو ملیں حور و قصور

Refers to *Ibid*, p. 182.

*4. برق گرتی ہے تو بیچارے مسلمانوں پر

Refers to *Ibid*, p. 181.

*5. *Ibid*, pp. 222-232.

*6. چین و عرب ہمارا ہندوستاں ہمارا

مسلم ہیں ہم وطن ہے سارا جہاں ہمارا

(*Ibid*, p. 172)

He changed, the other side of his aspirations came to the front.[1] ("We are all Indians, our country is Hindustan, we are its bulbuls, it is our garden"[2] very popular among students). This was followed, in 1916, by "A New Temple",[3] in which the same idea is expressed with greater art. Weary of the narrowness of Moslem divines, the poet calls to the Brahman priest to turn from his narrowness, and to join him in building a temple more lofty than any the world has yet seen, the Temple of India. The glory of the Courtyard from Mecca shall inhabit that temple; the image in its shrine shall be gold, shall be inscribed Hindustan, shall wear both the Brahman thread and the Moslem rosary, and the Mu'ezzin shall call worshippers to prayer upon a horn. A nationalist anthem. Some of the poet's admirers are pleased with "A New Temple", others displeased, and there is much discussion as to how he will evolve. If an outsider may venture an opinion, he will not evolve but revolve. He has felt, with great sensitiveness, the alternatives that Destiny is now offering to India, and one would expect him to continue hesitating between them, as in the past.

The above poems, like most of Iqbal's work, are in Urdu, the language in which Anglo-Indians shout to their servants, and which they do not suspect of any other function. But he has also written in Persian, and this brings us to an interesting point A cultivated Indian writer has more than one language lying ready to his pen, and he will select that which is appropriate to his subject-matter, and even to the state of his mind. If a Moslem is conciliating Hindus, he will certainly write in Urdu, which is becoming their common speech and which furthermore contains a Sanskrit element, within limits variable. The Hindu will, conversely, write in Hindi, which resembles Urdu, though not in script, in vocabulary. But if the poet feels religious rather than nationalist, if he sings not of a new India but of the glorious past of his own community, then a more antique and

---

*1. This song was not written later but much earlier than the song referred to in *footnote 6 on p. 280.*

*2. ہندی ہیں ہم وطن ہے ہندوستاں ہمارا
ہم بلبلیں ہے اس کی یہ گلستاں ہمارا

(*Bang-e-Dara.* p. 82)

*3. *Ibid*, pp. 88-89.

consecrated medium may attract him; if a Moslem he may turn to Persian or even to Arabic, if a Hindu to Sanskrit. Thus *The Secrets of the Self*, the Persian poem under review, though published between "Our Hindustan" and "A New Temple", is totally opposed to them in spirit. It is addressed to Moslems only, is philosophic, separatist; on its literary side it depends upon classical Persia; and though there are non-Moslem elements in it they do not come from Hinduism: no, from a very different quarter.

For Iqbal completed his education in Europe; he has degrees from Cambridge and Munich, and keeps in touch with Western philosophy. And like other of his compatriots he has been influenced by Nietzsche; he tries to find, in that rather shaky ideal of the Superman, a guide through the intricacy of conduct. His couplets urge us to be hard and live dangerously; we are to be stone, not glass; diamonds, not dewdrops; tigers, not sheep; we are to beware of those sheep who, fearing our claws, come forward with the doctrine of vegetarianism. In an amusing fable he sets forth the consequences :

The fodder blunted their teeth
And put out the awful flashings of their eye...
Their souls died and their bodies became tombs.
Bodily strength diminished while spiritual fear increased.
The wakeful tiger was lulled to slumber by the sheep's charm:
He called his decline Moral Culture. [1]

We are to shun culture. And though Love is indeed good, it has nothing to do with Mercy, Love is appropriation. It is stealing as opposed to begging, it is the enrichment of the Self. If we seek

---

*1. از علف آن تیزئی دندان نماند
هیبت چشم شرار افشان نماند
مرده شد دلها و تنها گور شد
زور تن کاهید خوف جان فزود
شیر بیدار از فسون میش خفت
انحطاط خویش را تهذیب گفت
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 33)

love in this way, a new type will be born, a champion will come forth from this dust.

Appear, O rider of Destiny !
Appear, O light of the dark realm of Chance !...
Mankind are the cornfield and thou the harvest,
Thou art the goal of Life's caravan.
The leaves are scattered by Autumn's fury :
Oh, do thou pass over our gardens as the Spring!
Receive from our downcast brows
The homage of little children and of young men and old.
When thou art there. we will lift up our heads,
Content to suffer the burning fire of this world![1]

As a guide to conduct, Nietzsche is at a discount in Europe. The drawback of being a Superman is that your neighbours observe your efforts, and try to be Supermen too, as Germany now realizes. But this is no place to criticize Nietzschean doctrine. The significance of Iqbal is not that he holds it, but that he manages to connect it with the Koran. Two modifications, and only two, have to be made : he condemns the Nietzsche who is an aristocrat, and an atheist; his Superman is permitted to spring from any class of society, and is obliged to believe in God. No further difficulty occurs. There is a text

---

*1. اے سوار اشہب دوراں بیا
اے فروغ دیدۂ امکاں بیا
نوع انسان مزرع و تو حاصلی
کاروان زندگی را منزلی
ریخت از جور خزاں برگ شجر
چوں بہاراں بر ریاض ما گذر
سجدہ ہائے طفلک و برنا و پیر
از جبین شرمسار ما بگیر
از وجود تو سر افرازیم ما
پس بہ سوز ایں جہاں سوزیم ما

(*Asrar-e-Khudi*: pp. 51-52)

in the Koran which says: "Lo, I will appoint a vicegerent upon earth", and another text relating that the vicegerency was offered to Man after Heaven and the Angels refused it. Legalists quote these texts in support of the Khalifate; Iqbal in support of his Superman. It is our duty to imitate the divine attributes, and to pass through Obedience an Self-Control to his vicegerency.

God's vicegerent is as the soul of the universe,
His being is the shadow of the Greatest Name.
He knows the mysteries of part and whole,
He executes the command of Allah in the world.[1]

But likeness to God does not mean union with Him. On the contrary. The Hindus are wrong; so are the Sufis, so even is Iqbal's own master, the great poet Jalaluddin Rumi. The nearer the Superman approaches God the fuller grows his own individuality. The desire to merge, to renounce the Self, is a sign of decay, and the doctrine has been evolved by subject races as an anodyne.

It may be remarked in passing that Iqbal by no means turns the Pantheistic position; he says that the Self ought not to seek union with God, but he is not clear as to whether it might succeed if it did try; the spectre of Hinduism still haunts him. But this again is a side issue. What is so interesting is the connection that he has effected between Nietzsche and the Koran *It is not an arbitrary or fantastic* connection; make Nietzsche believe in God, and a bridge can be thrown. Most Indians, when they turn to the Philosophy of the West, do not know what will be useful to them. Iqbal has a surer eye.

In another poem, *The Mysteries of Selflessness*, he treats of Islam as an ideal society, a Catholic Church, in which the Believer can lose

---

*1. نائب حق همچو جان عالم است
هستی او ظل اسم اعظم است
از رموز جزو و کل آگهه بود
درجهان قائم بامر الله بود
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 49)

himself and touch a life greater than his own. How is the Superman to fit in here? It will be interesting to see, and perhaps Mr. Nicholson will give us a translation. But *The Mysteries of Selflessness* is likewise in Persian, and what we really need is a translation of the Urdu poems, for it is on them that the poet's reputation rests. That reputation is unchallenged, although purists at Delhi complain of his provincialisms and party leaders regret that he will not come properly to heel. One thinks of him as a sensitive and shifting personality, in whom is possibly the divine fire, as a nightingale vexed by political watchwords which he cannot ignore because of the realities that lie behind them. Neither India nor Islam is at present a garden, and the voice of Iqbal rings clearer when his conscience is lulled and his own true country—though it be but a mirage—beckons across the arid sands where Moslem and Hindu and Englishman manoeuvre.

My song is of another world than theirs ;
This bell calls other travellers to take the road.
How many a poet after his death
Opened our eyes when his own be closed,
And journeyed forth again from nothingness
When roses blossomed o'er the earth of his grave!

(Book Review taken from *The Athenaeum*. December 10, 1920. pp. 803-804).

---

*1. نغمهٔ من از جهان دیگر است
این جرس را کاروان دیگر است
اے بسا شاعر که بعد از مرگ زاد
چشم خود بربست و چشم ما کشاد
رخت ناز از نیستی بیروں کشید
چوں گل از خاک مزار خود دمید
(Asrar-e-Khudi, p. 5)

L. Dickinson

THE SECRETS OF THE SELF

(ASRAR-E-KHUDI)[1]

At the conclusion of his *Outline of the History of the World*, Mr. Wells, with his shrewd sense of the true proportions of things, challenges the assumption of the assured predominance of the West over the East. He points out how brief is the period of Western ascendancy, and reminds us that whereas, we, for three centuries, have learned nothing from the East, they, for at least a century, have been learning everything from us. They are not naturally less gifted. They are more modest and more acquisitive. Why should they not, in quite a near future, reverse the process ?

From this point of view, Mr. Iqbal's book is something of a portent. Dr. Nicholson has given us what is we believe, the first English translation of the work of one who is hailed enthusiastically as a great national poet by young Moslem India, and (we are informed) even by Persians. Of the literary merits of the poem no one can well judge who is ignorant of the language (Persian) of the original. But Dr. Nicholson is a skilled translator, and, even, through the English medium, it is clear that we are in contact with a poet, and perhaps a great one. Brilliance, condensation, beautiful and appropriate imagery, all that, at last comes through. And there comes through, of course, the thought, which may well arrest the attention of European readers.

Some fiftcen years ago Mr. Iqbal was studying at Cambridge under Dr. MacTaggart. He was also writing a thesis on Persian mysticism. And the writer of this review well remembers introducing him to the works of William Blake, and being assured that the same experiences are to be found there described as in those of Oriental sages. It was, perhaps, at the same time that Mr. Iqbal read Nietzsche and evidently

---

*1. For many points raised by L. Dickinson see *Appendix* 'B'.

he has since read Bergson. His present philosophy, which he outlines in the preface to the translation, is a curious eclecticism, based mainly on these Western authors He has taken from Dr. MacTaggart the idea of reality as a harmony of perfect personalities. But he conceives this reality not as eternally realized, behind the duperies of time, but as a goal to be reached in some future. The influence of Bergson is clear in a passage like the following :

Thou hast extended time, like Space,
And distinguised yesterday from tomorrow
Thou hast fled like a scent from thine own garden;
Thou hast made thy prison with thine own hand.[1]

But the strongest influence is Nietzsche. The doctrine of hardness, of individuality, of the need of conflict, and the benefit of an enemy run all though the poem.

To become earth is the creed of a moth;
Be a conquerer of earth; that alone is worthy of a man.
Thou art soft as rose, become hard as a stone,
That thou mayst be the foundation of the wall or garden.[2]

And again :—

Life is power made manifest,
And its mainspring is the desire for victory,
Mercy out of season is a coldness of life's blood
A break in the rhythm of life's music.

---

*1. وقت را مثل مکاں گسترده‌ٔ امتیاز دوش و فردا کرده‌ٔ
اے جو بو رم کرده از بستان خویش ساختی از دست خود زندان خویش
(*Asrar-e-Khudi* p. 82)

*2. خاک گشتن مذهب پروانگی است
خاک را آب شو که این مردانگی است
سنگ شو اے همچو گل نازک بدن
تاشوی بنیاد دیوار چمن
(*Ibid*, p. 54)

Whoever is sunk in the depths of ignominy
Calls his weakness contentment,
Weakness is the plunderer of life,
Its womb is teeming with fears and lies,[1]

The metaphysical meaning of life, in this philosophy, is the formation of personalities. This is accomplished by love, that is, "the desire to assimilate, to absorb". And in the end, so far from individuals being absorbed in God, God will be absorbed in individuals. Of all philosophies that postulate an Eternal Absolute, Mr. Iqbal is the enemy. That is the—meaning of his attack upon Plato. "My criticism of Plato is directed against those philosophical systems which hold up death rather than life as their ideal—systems which ignore the greatest obstruction to life,—namely, matter—and teach us to run away from it, instead of absorbing it". The whole poem is a violent reaction against the Sufism which fifteen years ago, was the object of the author's study.

All this, it may be thought, is of interest only to philosophers, and therefore not to any Englismen. But there is in Mr. Iqbal's work, a political significance and a political force. For this poet, thus formed by the most radical Western thinkers, is also a passionate Moslemite. Mohommed is his Prophet and the Koran his Bible. He thinks, or he chooses to affirm, that his gospel is also the gospel of that ancient book, so inveterate is the determination of men to put new wine into old bottles. The only explanation of the archaism is patriotism, and it is, no doubt, as a patriot, not less than as a poet, that Mr. Iqbal has conquered the hearts of young India.

---

*1. زندگانی قوت پیدانستے
اصل او از ذوق استیلاستے
عفو بیجا سردیٔ خون حیات
سکتهٔ در بیت موزون حیات
هر که در قصر مذلت مانده است
ناتوانی را قناعت خوانده است
ناتوانی زندگی را رهزن است
بطنش از خوف و دروغ آبستن است
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, pp. 55-56)

In the Moslem's heart is the home of Mohammad,
All our glory is from the name of Mohammad.
Sinai is but an eddy of the dust of his house
The sanctuary of the Ka'ba is his dwelling place[1].

Thus, while Mr. Iqbal's philosophy is universal, his application of it is particular and exclusive.[2] Only Moslems are worthy of the kingdom. The rest of the world is either to be absorbed or excluded. And the emphasis on personality, the contempt for mysticism and quietism, the call to conflict and hardness, is the appeal of a patriot to an oppressed people to rise and assert themselves. Quite cleary Mr. Iqbal desire and looks forward to a Holy War, and that a war of arms :—

Whatever thou doest let it be thine aim therein to draw nigh to God
That His glory may be made manifest by thee,
Peace becomes an evil, if its object be aught else;
War is good if its object be God.[3]

War for any other object, for conquest and wealth and power, is indeed condemned. But that disclaimer, however sincerely intended, is, in fact, meaningless. War is war, whatever its avowed object; and wars of religion, so called like all others wars, have never resulted in any thing but extension of territory and power. It is the nature of war to be incompatible with religion, even though it be waged in the name of religion, And if the East once gets going to recover by arms a free and united Islam, it will not stop till it has either conquered the world or failed in that attempt. In either case there

---

*1. در دل مسلم مقام مصطفیٰ است — آبروئے ما ز نام مصطفیٰ است
طور موجے از غبار خانه اش — کعبه را بیت الحرم کاشانه اش
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 20)

*2. For Iqbal's answer to this charge, see Appendix B.

*3. قرب حق از هر عمل مقصود دار — تا ز تو گردد جلالش آشکار
صلح شر گردد چو مقصود است غیر — گر خدا باشد غرض جنگ است خیر
(*Asrar-e-Khudi*, p. 70)

will not be much left of Mr. Iqbal's philosophy among his coreligionists.

We said that such a poem was a portent, and so it is. The Western world has just shown by an example that would convince any but the blind (but all men are blind) that war means the destruction of civilisation in all its aspects, and particularly in all those higher ones which are *Mr. Iqbal's concern. The West, apparently, is refusing to learn the* lesson. And some wistful Westerners, hopeless of their own countrymen are turning once more to look for a star in the East. What do they find? Not the star of Bethlehem, but this blood-red planet. If this book be prophetic, the last hope seems taken away. The East, if it arms, may indeed end by conquering the West. But if so, it will conquer no salvation for mankind. The old bloody duel will swing backwards and forwards across the distracted and tortured world. And that is all. Is this really Mr. Iqbal's last word ?

(Book-Review taken from *The Nation*, London, December 24, 1920, p. 458)

E. G. Browne

THE SECRETS OF THE SELF

(ASRAR-I-KHUDI)

*It is a sufficient testimony to the originality of the surprising philo-*sophical doctrine embodied in this poem that Dr. Nicholson, the greatest living authority on the Sufi mysticism to which it stands in such violent antagonism, should have deemed it worth translating and explaining. Muhammad Iqbal came to Europe some fifteen years ago to pursue his philosophical studies at Cambridge and Munich, and in 1908 published his valuable dissertation on the development of metaphysics in Persia. He has since then evolved a philosophy of his own, which, as Dr. Nicholson says (p.x.), "owes much to Nietzsche and Bergson" and very little to the Neo-Platonists and their Eastern successors. Yet it is by no means a Western philosophy, rather a philosophical Pan-Islamism, designed to cure the ills of quietism, self-suppression, and pantheism, which, according to the author's view, have emasculated the adherents of the once virile doctrine of the Arabian Prophet. "His message", says Dr. Nicholson "is not for the Mohammedans of India alone, but for Moslems everywhere, accordingly he writes in Persian instead of Hindustani—a happy choice for amongst educated Moslems there are many familiar with Persian literature, while the Persian language is singularly well adapted to express philosophical ideas in a style at once elevated and charming." The poet himself is modelled on the *Mathnawi* of Jalaluddin Rumi, for whom, in spite of his mysticism and quietism, Muhammad Iqbal has a great admiration, though of Hafiz he uttered a harsh judgment (omitted in the second edition of the poem) which caused anger and consternation in many literary circles in India. The book is not remarkable in itself, but may, as Dr. Nicholson implies, have far-reaching effects on Muslim thought and character, while the English prose rendering has all the grace and felicity which we are accustomed to expect from the translator.

(Book-Review taken from *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, London, 1921. pp. 146-147).

M. Naimur Rahman

ASRAR-I-KHUDI OR THE SECRETS OF THE SELF

The well-known English Arabist, Dr. Nicholson of Cambridge, the renowned author of *The Literary History of the Arabs* and of *Mysticism in Islam*, and the translator of *Kashful-Mahjub* and sundry other books, has translated the Persian poem *Asrar-e-Khudi* (literally, *The Secrets of the Self)* of Dr. Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal, the celebrated Moslem poet of the India of to-day. The learned translator has doubtlessly laid the Moslem world and especially Moslem India under a deep debt of gratitude by thus facilitating the spread of the unique thought and charming ideas of the poet-philosopher who will be a poet of an unique personality for many long years to come as he is to-day. Coupled with his *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi* (*The Mystery of Selflessness*) this is ever the first Persian poem which his masterly pen has given to the world. His Persian is as sweet and as felicitous, flowing and captivating as his Urdu poems are known to be. He is as great a master of Persian as of his mother-tongue. Thus it was only meet that a doctor of Oriental learning like Dr. Nicholson should have translated it.

Without having anything to do with the subject-matter of the poem—for that will lead us far from our present purpose—I will confine my views to the present translation only. The first edition of the poem appeared in 1915, But a gross misunderstanding by the readers of some references to Hafiz in Canto *VII*, and the consequent deluge of adverse criticism from some fantastically orthodox and conservative quarters throughout India—a fact, which, I tremble to think, will be attributed by the coming generation to the lack of sound judgment and a fanatic, infatuous love for blind conservatism on our part - the poet was, despite his giving a clear and succinct exposition of his views and objects regarding that particular part of the Canto, compelled to substitute some other lines for these. This was done in the second edition, which was published in 1917. And it is this edition only of which the book under review is a translation.

Dr. Nicholson's name is too well-known to require any particular remarks regarding his translation and its success or otherwise. As is the case with all kinds of translations from one language to another, it will be only a bootless errand to search for the same sweetness, charm, touch and that vibrating thrill in the English form which one finds in the original Persian. Yet the learned translator has doubtlessly succeeded in his efforts. While admitting that the poem "presents certain obscurities which no translation can entirely remove", and that he himself does not feel sure whether he has "grasped the meaning or rendered it correctly", he has achieved a great degree of success in the way of accuracy and expression, as should have been naturally expected from one who is translating it into his own mother-tongue of which he is as great a master as of Persian. But for their abundance, I would have quoted here lines in his translation which do full justice to the idea and expression of the original. There are only a few exceptions to this. I may for instance point out his lines 113 and 114[1] on p. 5 and line 138[2] on p. 7, which do not offer a very happy rendering for the nice sense of the original Persian verses.

I find a very striking thing in the translation. The original

---

*1. The original reads :

این قدر نظاره ام بیتاب شد
بال و پر بشکست و آخر خواب شد

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 8)

The translation reads :

At last mine eyes could endure no more,
Broken with fatigue it went to sleep.
(*The Secrets of the Self* Lahore, 1950 p. 5)

*2. The original reads :

بزم را از هائے و هو آباد کن

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 9)

The translation reads :

Enrich the assembly with thy piercing strains !
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 7)

poem opens with three verses[1] from Rumi, which serve as preamble, or better as a theme, to the whole poem, *This is then followed by nine verses[2] dedicating the poem to Sir Syed Ali Imam.*[3] However much I tried I could not understand why Dr. Nicholson left out these two very significant and important sets of verses. I cannot help thinking that a translation of these verses would certainly have added much to the clear undertanding of the poem by the readers. The general feature of the translation is literal and yet highly idiomatic. But at times he becomes too literal to be tolerated. For example: "gurg-i-baran dideh"[4] is translated as "a weather-beaten wolf"[5] and "Sim said ma wa-u-pulad dast"[6] is rendered as "*Our legs are silver, his paws are steel.*"[7]

---

*1. دی شیخ با چراغ همی گشست گرد شهر
کز دام و دد ملولم و انسانم آرزو ست
زین همرهان سست عناصر دلم گرفت
شیر خدا و رستم دستانم آرزوست
گفتم که یافت می نشود جسته ایم ما
گفت آنکه یافت می نشود آنم آرزو ست

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 2)

Last night the Elder wandered about the city with a lantern
Saying, "I am weary of demon and monster : man is my desire.
My heart is sick of these feeble spirited fellow - travellers;
The Feeble-Spirited lion of God and Rustam-e-Dastan, are my desire.
I said "The thing we quested after is never attained"
He said "The *unattainable—that thing is* my desire".

(Translated by A. J. Arberry, *Javid Nama*, p. 29)

*2. Not nine but nineteen,

*3. Omitted in the second edition. For the original and the translation see Appendix C.

*4. گرگ باران دیده

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 30)

*5. *The Secrets of the Self*, p. 28.

*6. سیم ساعد ماوا و پولاد دست

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 31).

*7. *The Secrets of the Self*, p. 29.

In line 120 we find the word "cupping-glass" used for the Persian word "shisha", whereas in line 134 he translated the same word as "bottles", which is decidedly the right word for the former occasion as well. The word "taqwim" has been rendered in one place (line 160) as "laboratory" and in the other (line 310) as "establishing". I do not question the second, but cannot regard the first as the requisite epithet. For "*that I might tear*" and "*extract*" in lines 158-159, I would like to read "till I tore asunder" and "extracted" respectively.[1] In line 170 the words "this veil" should have better been "these nine veils".[2] There seems to be some misunderstanding of the words "nuh pardeh" (literally nine veils), which is used for the "nine heavens", the appropriateness of which becomes patent when we compare it with the words "high thoughts" in the preceding line, the first hemistich of the same verse.

These are some of the very outstanding points which catch the eye at once. Beside these are a number of other words and phrases wherein I cannot see any way of agreeing with the learned translator.

---

*1. The reference is to the lines:

تا دریدم پردهٔ اسرار زیست
از درون کارگاہ ممکنات
برکشیدم سر تقویم حیات

(*Arsar-i-Khudi*, p. 10)

translated as :

That I might tear the veil from Life's mysteries
And extract the secret of Life's constitution.
(From the laboratory of phenomenon)
(*The Secret of the Self*, p. 7)

*2. The reference is to the line :

راز این نه پرده در صحرا فگند

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 11)

translated as :

Cast abroad the secret behind this veil
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 8)

For instance I may quote lines 125-126[1] and lines 315-317[2], which are in my consideration, not what they should have really been Let me cite one very amazing case of misjudging on the part of Dr. Nicholson. None could have possibly expected him to have translated lines 13-15 and coupled it up with line 16 reading "Full blown roses are hidden in the skirt of my garment", which is the rendering for "Gul-bi-Shakh andar nihan dar damanam".[3] At this I am quite involuntarily reminded of a learned critic of Iqbal's Urdu verses which ran thus:-

---

*1. The original lines read :

در کره هنگامه داری چون سپند محمل خود بر سر آتش به بند

(Asrar-i-Khudi, p. 9)

translated as

Tongue-tied, thou art in pain :
Cast thy self upon the fire, like rue!
(The Secrets of the Self, p. 6)

*2. The original lines read :

مقصدے مثل سحر تابندهٔ
ماسوائے را آتش سوزندهٔ
مقصدے از آسمان بالاترے

(Asrar-i-Khudi, p. 18)

translated as

An *ideal shining as the dawn,*
A blazing fire to all that is other than God,
An ideal higher than Heaven —
(The Secrets of the Self, p. 15)

*3. The original lines read :

فکرم آن آهو سر فتراک بست کو هنوز از نیستی بیرولجست
سهزه ناروئیده زیب گلشنم گل بشاخ اندر نهان در دامنم

(Asrar-i-Khudi, p. 4)

translated as

My thought hunted down and slung from the saddle a deer
Tha t has not yet leaped forth from the covert of non-existence.
Fair is my garden ere yet the leaves are green!
Unborn roses are hidden in the skirt of my garment.
(The Secrets of the Self, p. 1)

Mashriq men usul din ban jate hayn,
Maghrib men magar mashin ban jate hayn.[1]

The wise critic, who, it should be remembered, was proud of his polished Urdu learning which he had inherited from his parents, read the first line above as:-

Mashriq men usul-i-din ban jate hayn[2]

and began to lampoon the unfortunate poet for framing a meaningless and incomplete sentence and hemistich ! What an irony of fate !

I shall now simply enumerate the numbers of the lines which I regard as open to strong objections, and leave the comparison and further closer study to the readers. And those lines are numbers 76,[3] 88,[4] 90,[5] 113-114,[6]

---

*1. مشرق میں اصول دین بن جاتے ھیں مغرب میں مگر مشین بن جاتے ھیں
In the East, principles become a way of life
But in the West, they become mechanical.

*2. مشرق میں اصولِ دین بن جاتے ھیں
In the East,... become the tenets of faith

*3. The original line reads :
گر گدا باشد پرستارش جم است
(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 7)
translated as
Were a beggar to worship it, he would become a king.
(*The Secrets of the Self* p. 4)

*4. The original line reads :
ذوق بیتابی د هم نظاره را
(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 7)
translated as
And imbue the idle looker-on with restless impatience.
(*The Secrets of the self*, p. 4)

*5. The original line reads :
روشناس آرزوئے نوشوم
(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 7)
translated as
And become known as the champion of a new spirit
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 4)

*6. Referred to earlier.
The original lines read :
چوں ز تخلیق تمنا باز ماند شہپرش بشکست و از پرواز ماند
(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 16)

(Footnote continued on the next page)

281-282, 305-306[1] 337,[2] 362,[3] 1111,[4] 1246,[5] 1396.[6] There are verses where they may find important words left out altogether in rendering

---

translated as

When it refrains from forming desires,
Its pinion breaks and it cannot soar.
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 13)

*1. The original lines read :

زندگی مرکب چو در جنگاه باخت بهر حفظ خویش این آلات ساخت

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 17)

translated as

All these are weapons devised by Life for self-preservation
In its ceaseless struggle.
(*The Secrets af the Self*, p. 14)

*2. The original line reads :

عاشقی آموز و محبوبے طلب

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p 19)

translated as

Learn thou to love, and seek a beloved.
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 16)

*3. The original line reads :

تابه تخت خسروی خوابید قوم

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 20)

translated as

In order that the Moslems might sleep on the throne of Persia.
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 17)

*4. *The original line reads :*

سنگ چون بر خود گمان شیشه کرد

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 59)

translated as

When the stone thought itself to be glass.
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 57)

*5. The original line reads :

در تلاش گوهر انجم مگرد

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 66)

translated as

Do not wander in quest of the essence of the stars!
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 65)

*6. The original line reads :

اے سرت گردم غلط فهمیدہ

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 73)

translated as

Dear friend, thy understanding is at fault.
(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 73)

and others where the verb has heen translated in a tense and mood quite the opposite of or at least other than the one used by the poet himself, with considerable damage to the sense and without any pressing necessity of the requirements of true English idiom.

Let me quote only one more instance of sorry rendering. In line 446 Dr. Nicholson reads "za nay markab kuni" as "zani markab kuni" and accordingly translated it as "ride on a woman's back", instead of saying "ride the reed". This perhaps is the climax of misunderstanding and misjudgment.[1]

I cannot close without drawing the reader's attention to two facts. Firstly : On lines 925-928[2] ("By his grandeur the world is saved") the translator puts a note saying :-

> "These four lines may allude to Jesus, regarded as the type of the perfect man".

I cannot term it but as a pious hope on the part of the learned translator, who is misled by his unfathomable love for his religion and prophet. The poet is a Moslem by faith and belives Muhammad and

---

• 1 The original line referred to here reads :

صورت طفلاں ز نے مر کب کنی

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 24)

In the revised editions of *The Secrets of the Self*, Dr. Nicholson translated this line as

And ride like children on a reed.

• 2. The original lines read :

از قم او خمیزد اندر گور تن　　مرد، جانہا چوں صنوبر در چمن
ذات او توجیہ ذات عالم است　　از جلال او نجات عالم است

(*Asrar-i-Khudi*, p. 50)

translated as

At his cry, "Arise", the dead spirits
Rise in their bodily tomb, like pines on the field.
His person is an atonement for all the world,
By his grandeur the world is saved.

(*The Secrets of the Self*, p. 47)

not Christ (never so) to be the most perfect man that was or will ever be born on the surface of the Earth. It is quite ultra vires for me to understand how that great student of Arabic and Islam could be led to make such a note. Secondly, I agree with Dr. Nicholson in thinking that the pseudonym "Baba-e-Sehrai" has been applied by the poet to himself. But I would like to ask the reader to compare with the parallel epithet "Baba-i-Kuhi" used by Sadi in a story in the fifth chapter of his immortal *Bustan.*

This is what I had to say of the literary side of the translation, with the hope that it will set the reader on the alert and may also perhaps be instrumental in the publication of a better, nicer, and corrector translation of the poem. Considering it with a general point of view, I have already said that Dr. Nicholson has given us a good rendering of the poem in English, and I am even prepared to say that none but he or the renowned Dr. Browne could do full justice to the poem in this respect. I reiterate that Dr. Nicholson has really rendered the Indian poet and the language and contents of the poem a great service for which the Indian Moslems particularly, and the Moslem world generally, should be boundlessly thankful to him. I learn on good authority that he is already engaged in the translation of the sequel poem *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi* which may see the light of the day in the near future. Let us hope it will be the really requisite thing.

While I commend the book to all lovers of Philosophy, I will at the same time ask them to remember that Iqbal is a Muslim philosopher. Nothing can be dearer to him than his own nation and its uplift and progress. His message is, therefore, meant chiefly for the Moslems—Moslems not of India alone, but those of the world. Then, of course, it is for them to decide whether it is the best recipe or otherwise. *Opinions have differed and will always differ as long as man is man.* And Iqbal will not be an exception to this rule.

(Taken from *The Indian Review*, Madras, 1921, 22, pp. 156-158)

Reynold A. Nicholson

IQBAL'S "MESSAGE OF THE EAST"

(PAYAM-I-MASHRIQ)[1]

Amongst Indian Moslem poets of today Iqbal stands on a hill by himself. In him there are two voices of power. One speaks in Urdu and appeals to Indian patriotism, though Iqbal is not a nationalist in politics; the other, which uses the beautiful and melodious language of Persia, sings to a Moslem audience—and it is indeed a new and inspiring song, a fiery incantation scattering ashes and sparks and bidding fair to be "the trumpet of a prophecy".

Born in the Punjab, Iqbal completed his education in England and Germany. East and West met, it would be too much to say that they were united. No one, however gifted, can hope to partake on equal terms and in full measure of two civilizations which have sprung from different roots. While Iqbal has been profoundly influenced by Western culture his spirit remains essentially Oriental. He knows Goethe, Byron, and Shelley; he is as familiar with *Also sprach Zarathustra* and *L'evolution creatrice* as he is with the Qur'an and the *Mathnawi*. But with the Humanistic foundations of European culture he appears to be less intimately acquainted, and we feel that his criticism, though never superficial, is sometimes lacking in breadth.

The leading ideas of his philosophy, which is indicated rather than expounded in the *Asrar-i-Khudi*[2] and the *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi* may be briefly stated here, as without some knowledge of them it is not easy to understand his poetry.

---

*1. First published at Lahore in 1923. The second edition (1924) includes a number of new poems and the author has expanded some of the old ones. The references in this article are to the second edition.

*2. An English version by the present writer appeared in 1920 under the title of *The Secrets of the Self*. The introduction includes an account of the philosophical basis of the poem, contributed by the author.

He regards Reality as a process of becoming, not as an eternal state. The *templa serena* of the Absolute find no place in his scheme of things : all is in flux. His universe is an association of individuals headed by the most unique Individual, i.e., God. Their life consists in the formation and cultivation of personality. The perfect man "not only absorbs the world of matter by mastering it; he absorbs God himself into his Ego by assimilating Divine attributes". Hence the essence of life is Love, which in its highest form is "the creation of desires and ideals, and the endeavour to realise them". Desires are good or bad according as they strengthen or weaken personality, and all values must be determined by this standard.

The affinities with Nietzsche and Bergson need not be emphasised. It is less clear, however, why Iqbal identifies his ideal society with Mohammed's conception of Islam, or why membership of that society should be a privilege reserved for Moslems. Here the religious enthusiast seems to have knocked out the philosopher—a result which is logically wrong but poetically right. Iqbal, the poet, has a proper contempt for intellectualism. He contrasts Ibn Sina with Jalaluddin Rumi :

This one plunged deep and to the Pearl attained;
The other floating like a weed remained.
Truth, flameless, is Philosophy, which turns
To Poesy when from the heart it burns.[1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 122)

The *Payam-i-Mashriq* was written as a response to Goethe's *West-oestlicher Divan*. In the dedicatory poem, addressed to the Amir of Afghanistan, Iqbal says :

The Sage of the West, the German poet who was fascinated by the charms of Persia,

---

*1. این فرو تر رفت و تا گوهر رسید
آن بگردابے چو خس منزل گرفت
حق اگر سوزے ندارد حکمت است
شعر میگردد چو سوز از دل گرفت

Depicted those coy and winsome beauties
and gave the
East a greeting from Europe,
In reply to him I have composed the *Payam-i-Mashriq* :
I have shed moonbeams o'er the evening of the East.[1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 2)

Although the *Payam* resembles the *Divan* in form, since both contain short poems arranged in sections which bear separate titles,[2] and also in its general motive, there is no correspondence as regards the subject-matter, "Madchen und Dichter" and "Mahomet's Gesang" are the only poems of Goethe (and these do not belong to the *Divan*) which are directly imitated[3]. In the piece entitled "Jalal and Goethe", Iqbal imagines Jalaluddin Rumi, for whom he has the greatest admiration, meeting Goethe in Paradise.[4] After hearing him read *Faust*, Rumi speaks as follows :[5]

Your thought into your heart's deep shrine withdrew,
And there created this old world anew.
You saw the spirit in the bosom swell,
You saw the pearl still forming in the shell.
Love's mystery not every one can read,
This holy threshold few are fit to tread.

---

*1. پیر مغرب شاعرِ المانوی آن قتیلِ شیوه هائے پهلوی
بست نقشِ شاهدانِ شوخ و شنگ داد مشرق را سلامے از فرنگ
در جوابش گفته ام پیغامِ شرق ماه تابے ریختم بر شامِ شرق

2. The poems in the *Payam-i-Mashriq* are grouped under the following heads: "Lala-i-Tur" (163 ruba'is); "Afkar" (miscellaneous pieces); "May-i-Baqi" (ghazals); "Naqsh-i-Firang" (a criticism of European life and thought), "Khurda" (fragments).

3. The counterpart to "Madchen und Dichter" is "Hur u Sha'ir" (p. 147), while "Juy-i-ab" (p. 151) is a fine, though very free, rendering of "Mahomet's Gesang".

4. *Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 246.

5. The final couplet, which sums up the lesson of *Faust*, is a quotation from the *Mathnavi*.

"The blest initiates know and need not prove—
From Satan logic, and from Adam love"[1].

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 246)

Much in the *Payam* is hard to comprehend and harder to translate. Subtle emotions and abstruse philosophical ideas, often couched in the conventional imagery of Persian poetry, yet expressed originally, make large demands on our intelligence—and even more on our sympathy. The following extract from a letter written to the poet by a Mohammedan friend, evidently a man of high culture and sensibility, goes to the root of the matter :

"One must have read much, pondered much, doubted much, to be able to soar in thought to the heights to which you, in your easy manner wish to take your readers. The work is only for those who are deeply conversant with the game of getting one's self wilfully entangled, for those who make it an article of faith to go on from one trap to another. You it seems, have explored the whole world of human emotions from the highest ecstasy to the darkest doubts. In your case it may be said with perfect truth :

رست از یک بند تا افتاد در بندِ دگر[2]

We others, who have neither felt as much nor seen as much, have not the courage or qualifications to abide in this super-spiritual world. Still, occasionally we peer in."

All I can attempt here is to give glimpses of the poet's thought, in the hope that some who read my translations may be induced to study this remarkable volume as a whole. It is worth while to become acquainted with Iqbal's rich and forceful personality. Granted that

---

*1. فکر تو در کنجِ دل خلوت گزید این جهانِ کهنه را باز آفرید
سوز و ساز جان به پیکر دیده‌ٔ در صدف تعمیر گوهر دیده‌ٔ
هر کسے از رمز عشق آگاه نیست هر کسے شایانِ این درگاه نیست
داند آن کو نیکبخت و محرم است زیرکی ز ابلیس و عشق از آدم است

*2. And he freed himself from one trap so that he may fall into another.

the difficulties are great so is the reward; and Lucretius said long ago : *Ardua dum metuunt amittunt vera viai.*

For Iqbal self-consciousness individuality, is all in all. He never tires of preaching the gospel of self-knowledge, self-affirmation, and self-development. The pith of life is action, its end is the spiritual and moral power which grows from obedience and self-control. By conquering matter we become free, by living intensely and losing the spatial conception of time we gain immortality.

(1)

I asked a lofty sage what Life might be.
"The wine whose bitterest cup is best", said he.
Said I, "A vile worm rearing head from mire".
Said he, "A salamander born of fire".
"Its nature steeped in evil", I pursued.
Said he, " 'Tis just this evil makes it good".
"It wins not to the goal, though it aspire".
"The goal," said he, lies hid in that desire".
Said I, "Of earth it comes, to earth it goes".
Said he, ' The seed bursts earth, and is the rose"[1].

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* pp. 145—146)

---

*1. پرسیدم از بلند نگاهے حیات چیست
گفتا مئے کہ تلخ تر او نکوتر است
گفتم کہ کرمک است و ز گل سر برون زند
گفتا کہ شعلہ زاد مثالِ سمندر است
گفتم کہ شر بفطرت خامش نہادہ اند
گفتا کہ خیرِ او نشناسی ہمیں شر است
گفتم کہ شوقِ سیر نبردش بہ منزلے
گفتا کہ منزلش بہ ہمیں شوق مضمر است
گفتم کہ خاکی است و بخاکش ہمیں دہند
گفتا چو دانہ خاک شگافد گلِ تر است

(2)

A stranger to yourself, the Vision yonder
You sought, to Sinai ran.
Nay, 'tis in search of Man your feet must wander:
God too is seeking Man.[1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 34)

(3)

Feast not on the shore, for there
Softly breathes the tune of Life.
Grapple with the waves and dare!
Immortality is strife.[2]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 41)

(4)

Think not I grieve to die :
The riddle of body and soul I have read plain.
What care though one world vanish from mine eye,
When hundreds in my consciousness remain ?[3]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 67)

---

*1. گدائے جلوہ رفتی بر سرِ طور
که جانِ تو ز خود نامحرمے هست
قدم در جستجوئے آدمے زن
خدا هم در تلاشِ آدمے هست

*2. میارا بزم بر ساحل که آنجا
نوائے زندگانی نرم خیز است
بدریا غلط و با موجش در آویز
حیاتِ جاودان اندر ستیز است

*3. دلِ من رازدانِ جسم و جان است
نه پنداری اجل بر من گران است
چه غم گر یک جهان گم شد ز چشمم
هنوز اندر ضمیرم صد جهان است

(5)

Our infinite world – of old
Time's ocean swallows it up.
Look once in thy heart, and behold
Time's ocean sunk in a cup.[1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 45)

(6)

Of Life, O brother I give thee a token to hold and keep :
Sleep is a lighter death, and Death is a heavier sleep.[2]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 261)

(7)

Agony in every atom of our being,
Every breath of us a rising from the dead.
To Sikandar lost amidst the Land of Darkness,
"Hard is Death, but Life is harder", Khadir said,[3]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 259)

(8)

EVERLASTING LIFE[4]

Know'st thou Life's secret? Neither seek nor take
A heart unwounded by the thorn, Desire.
Live as the mountain, self-secure and strong,

---

*1. جہانِ ما کہ پایانے ندارد — جو ماہی در یمِ ایام غرق است
یکے بر دل نظر وا کن کہ بینی — یمِ ایام در یک جام غرق است

*2. اے برادر من ترا از زندگی دارم نشاں
خواب را مرگِ سبک داں مرگ را خوابِ گراں

*3. مے خورد ہر ذرۂ ما پیچ و تاب — محشرے در ہر دمِ ما مضمر است
با سکندر خضر در ظلمات گفت — مرگ مشکل زندگی مشکل تر است

*4 حیات جاوید

Not as the sticks and straws that dance along;
For fierce is wind, and merciless is fire[1].

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 108)

(9)

Sad moaned the cloud of Spring,
"This life's a long weeping".
Cried the lightning, flashing and leaping,
" 'Tis a laugh on the wing,".[2]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* 110)

(10)

LIFE AND ACTION[3]

"I have lived a long, long while" said the fallen shore;
"What I am know as ill as I knew of yore".
Then swiftly advanced wave from the Sea upshot;
"If I roll, I am," it said; if I rest, I am not".[4]

(*Payom-i-Mashriq* p. 150)

---

*1. اگر ز رمز حیات آگہی مجوے و مگیر
دلے کہ از خلش خار آرزو پاک است
بخود خزیدہ و محکم چو کوہساراں زی
چو خس مزی کہ ہوا تیز و شعلہ بیباک است

*2. شبے زار نالید ابر بہار — کہ ایں زندگی گریۂ پیہم است
درخشید برق سبک سیر و گفت — خطا کردۂ خندۂ یکدم است

3. A reply to Heine's poem, "Fragen", which begins: "Am Meer. am wusten, nachtlichen Meer Steht ein Jungling-Mann".

4. ساحل افتادہ گفت گر چہ بسے زیستم
ہیچ نہ معلوم شد آہ کہ من چیستم
موجِ ز خود رفتۂ تیز خرامید و گفت
ہستم اگر میروم گر نروم نیستم !

(11)

THE SONG OF TIME[1]

Sun and stars in my bosom I hold;
By me, who am nothing, thou art ensouled.
In light and in darkness, in city and wold,
I am pain, I am balm, I am life manifold.
Destroyer and Quickener I from of old.
Chingiz, Timur—specks of my dust they came,
And Europe's turmoil is a spark of flame.
Man and his world I fashion and frame,
Blood of his heart my spring flowers claim.
Hell fire and Paradise I, be it told.
I rest still, I move—wondrous sight for thine eyes!
In the glass of To-day see To-morrow arise,
See a thousand fair worlds where my thought deep lies,
See a thousand swift stars, a thousand blue skies !
Man's garment am I, God I enfold
Fate is my spell, freewill is thy chant.
O lover of Laila, thy frenzy I haunt;
As the spirit pure, I transcend thy vaunt.
Thou and I are each other's innermost want ;
Thou showest me forth, hid'st me too in thy mould.
Thou my journey's end, thou my harvest-grain,
The Assembly's flow and the music's strain.
O wanderer, home to thy heart again!

---

1. Iqbal used "Time' in the sense of Bergson's *la durce*, "the very stuff of which life and consciousness are made". Cf. *Asrar-i-Khudi*, translation. p. 134 and following.

Behold in a cup the shoreless main!
From thy lofty wave my ocean rolled,[1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* pp. 102-103)

---

*1. نوائے وقت

خورشید به دامانم، انجم به گریبانم
در من نگری هیچم، در خود نگری جانم
در شهر و بیابانم در کاخ و شبستانم
من دردم و درمانم، من عیش فراوانم
من تیغ جهان سوزم، من چشمهٔ حیوانم

چنگیزی و تیموری، مشتے ز غبار من
هنگامهٔ افرنگی، یک جسته شرار من
انسان و جهان او، از نقش و نگارِ من
خونِ جگرِ مردان، سامانِ بهارِ من
من آتشِ سوزانم من روضهٔ رضوانم

آسوده و سیارم این طرفه تماشا بین
در بادهٔ امروزم کیفیت فردا بین
پنهان به ضمیر من صد عالم رعنا بین
صد کوکب غلطان بین صد گنبد خضرا بین
من کسوتِ انسانم، پیراهن یزدانم

تقدیر فسون من، تدبیر فسون تو
تو عاشق لیلائے، من دشتِ جنونِ تو
چون روحِ رواں با کم، از چند و چگونِ تو
تو رازِ درونِ من، من رازِ درونِ تو
از جانِ تو پیدایم، در جانِ تو پنهانم

من رهرو و تو منزل، من مزرع و تو حاصل
تو ساز صد آهنگے، تو گرمیٔ این محفل
آوارهٔ آب و گل، در یاب مقامِ دل
گنجیده به جامے بین این قلزمِ بے ساحل
از موجِ بلندِ تو سر برزده طوفانم

(12)

THE SONG OF THE STARS

Our being is our Law,
Our rapture is our Bond;
Our ceaseless revolution
Is our everlasting life.
The Heavens roll on: rejoicing
We behold and go our ways.

The theatre of Manifestation,
The pagoda of Appearance,
The war of Being and Not-being,
The struggle of Existence,
The world of Fast and Slow
We behold, and go our ways.

The heat of battle,
The folly of ripest plans,
Crowns, thrones, and palaces,
The fall of kings,
The game of Fortune
We behold, and go our ways.

The prince hath passed from power,
The slave from servitude.
Past are subjugation and empire,
Past is the day of Caesarism,
Past is the fashion of idolatry :
We behold, and go our ways.

The silent dust that weepeth so loud,
The frail dust that striveth so hard,
Now feasting with music and revelry,
Now borne aloft on the bier—

Him, lord of the world and bondslave,
We behold, and go our ways.

Thou art *sealed with questionings,*
Thy mind is set on problem and solution.
Like a noosed deer
Thou art wretched and sorrowful.
We, in our high abode,
We behold, and go our ways.

Wherefore the Veil? What is Appearance?
What is the source of darkness and light?
What are eye and mind and consciousness?
What is unquiet Nature?
What is all this Near and Far?—
We behold, and go our ways.

To us thy much is but little,
To us thy years are but moments.
O thou that hast a Sea in thy bosom,
Thou art content with a dewdrop.
We, in quest of a Universe,
We behold, and go our ways.[1]

(Payam-i-Mashriq pp. 112-115)

•1. سرودِ انجم

هستیِ ما نظامِ ما　　مستیِ ما خرامِ ما
گردش بے مقامِ ما　　زندگیِ دوامِ ما
دورِ فلک بکامِ ما، ما نگریم و ما رویم

جلوه گهِ شهود را　　بتکدهٔ نمود را
رزمِ نبود و بود را　　کشمکشِ وجود را
عالمِ دیر و زود را، ما نگریم و ما رویم

(*Footnote continued*)

The concluding section, entitled "A Picture of Europe" ("Naqsh i-Firang"), is intended to give the Oriental reader a notion of some of the more important aspects of European thought as these are viewed by the poet. It is good to see ourselves as others see us, and better still if we take to heart the eloquent message ("payam") in which Iqbal bids us throw off the fetters of an arid intellectualism and emerge into our inner world of Life and Love.

Amassing lore, thou hast lost thy heart to-day.

Ah, what a precious boon thou hast given away!

Philosophy's an endless maze : the rule
Of love was ne'er admitted to her school.
Her eye, with every fascination armed,
Robs of their hearts the sages whom she charmed.

گرمیٔ کارزار ها　　خامیٔ پخته کارها
تاج و سریر و دارها　　خواریٔ شهریار ها
بازیٔ روزگارها، مے نگریم و مے رویم

خواجه ز سروری گذشت　　بنده ز چاکری گذشت
زاری و قیصری گذشت　　دورِ سکندری گذشت
شیوهٔ بت گری گذشت، مے نگریم و مے رویم

خاکِ خموش و در خروش　　مست نهاد و سخت کوش
گاه به بزمِ نا ؤ نوش　　گاه جنازهٔ به دوش
میرِ جهان و سفته گوش! مے نگریم و مے رویم

تو به طلسمِ چون و چند　　عقلِ تو در کشاد و بند
مثلِ غزاله در کمند　　زار و زبون و دردمند
ما به نشیمن بلند، مے نگریم و مے رویم

پرده چرا؟ ظهور چیست؟　　اصلِ ظلام و نور چیست؟
چشم و دل و شعور چیست　　فطرتِ ناصبور چیست ؟
این همه نزد و دور چیست؟ مے نگریم و مے رویم

پیشِ تو نزدِ ما کمے　　سالِ تو پیشِ ما دمے
اے بکنارِ تو بمے　　ساختهٔ به شبنمے
ما بتلاشِ عالمے، مے نگریم و می رویم

Pointed with every charm her glances dart,
But hold no hidden joy : they cannot thrill the heart.
Never a deer on hill or plain she found,
Not one rose gathered all the garden round.

Then let us beg of Love to make us whole,
Bow down in prayer to Love and seek a goal![1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* pp. 226-227)

Open thine eyes, if thou hast eyes to see!
Life is the building of the world to be.[2]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 231)

Life is a flowing stream, and it will flow;
This ancient world is young, and young will grow.
What was and should not be will vanish here,
What should have been and is not will appear.
Love, from vision of seeing, is all eyes;
Beauty would fain be shown and forth will rise.

---

*1. دانش اندوختهٔ دل ز کف انداختهٔ
آه زان نقدِ گرانمایه که در باختهٔ
حکمت‌وفلسفه کارے است که پایانش نیست
سیلیٔ عشق و محبت به دبستانش نیست
بیشتر راهِ دلِ مردمِ بیدار زند
فتنهٔ نیست که در چشمِ سخندانش نیست
دل ز نار خنک او به تپیدن نرسد
لذتے در خمِ غمزهٔ پنهانش نیست
دشت و کهسار تو دید و غزالے نگرفت
طوف گلشن زد و یک گل به گریبانش نیست
چاره این است که از عشق کشادے طلبیم
پیش او سجده گذاریم و مرادے طلبیم

*2. چشم بکشائے اگر چشم تو صاحب نظراست
زندگی در پئے تعمیرِ جهانِ دگر است

The land where I wept blood—when I depart,
My tears will turn to rubies in its heart.

In this dark night I hear the news of Dawn,
Lamps out, now come the signs of Sunrise on!¹

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* pp. 232-233)

Iqbal does not believe in political short cuts to the Millennium. His lines on the League of Nations are characteristic of him.

To the end that wars may cease on this old planet, the suffering peoples of the world have founded a new institution.

So far as I see it amounts to this: a number of undertakers have formed a company to allot the graves.²

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 233)

Philosopher with statesman weigh not thou :
Those are sun-blinded, these are tearless eyes.

---

*1. زندگی جوئے روان است و روان خواهد بود
این مئے کہنہ جوان است و جوان خواهد بود
آنچه بود است و نباید ز میان خواهد رفت
آنچه بایست و نبود است همان خواهد بود
عشق از لذت دیدار سراپا نظر است
حسن مشتاق نمود است و عیان خواهد بود
آن زمینے که برو گریهٔ خونیں زده ام
اشک من در جگرش لعل گران خواهد بود
"مژدهٔ صبح دریں تیره شبانم دادند
شمع کشتند و ز خورشید نشانم دادند"

*2. برفتند تا روشِ رزم دریں بزمِ کہن
دردمندانِ جهان طرحِ نو انداخته اند
من ازیں بیش ندانم که کفن دزدے چند
بهرِ تقسیمِ قبور انجمنے ساخته اند !

One shapes a feeble argument for his truth,
The other a block of logic for his lies.[1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p 235)

But the philosophers themselves get some stinging blows—particularly Hegel, whose soaring mind is called "a hen that by dint of enthusiasm lays eggs without assistance from the cock".[2] As an example of the author's method of introducing his Moslem readers to European philosophy, I translate his verses on Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.

A bird flew from its nest and ranged about the garden; its soft breast was pierced by a rose-thorn.

It reviled the nature of Time's garden; it throbbed with its own pain and the pain of others.

It thought the tulip was branded with the blood of innocents; in the closed bud it saw the guile of Spring.[3]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 234)

From its cries of burning woe a hoopoe's heart caught fire.
The hoopoe with his beak drew forth the thorn from its body.

---

*1. فلسفی را با سیاست داں بیک میزاں مسنج
چشم آں خورشید کورے دیدہ' ابں بے نمے
آں تراشد قولِ حق را حجت نا استوار
ویں تراشد قولِ باطل را دلیلِ محکمے

*2. طائرِ فکرِ فلک پروازِ او دانی کہ چیست
ما گیاں کز زور مستی خایہ گیرد بے خروس
(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 245)

*3. مرغے ز آشیانہ بسیر چمن پرید
خارے ز شاخِ گل بہ تنِ نازکش خلید
بد گفت فطرت چمنِ روزگار را
از دردِ خویش و ہم ز غم دیگراں تپید
داغے ز خون بیگنہے لالہ را شمرد
اندر طلسمِ غنچہ فریب بہار دید

Saying, "Get the profit out of loss : the rose has created pure gold by rending her breast.

If thou art wounded, make the pain thy remedy. Accustom thyself to thorns, that thou mayst become entirely one with the garden".[1]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 235)

While Iqbal cordially agrees with Nietzsche's "will to power" (meaning "the fullest possible realisation of a complete, self-reliant personality"), his view that Islam, considered as the ideal community, is a theocracy and democracy[2], brings him into conflict with "the madman in the European china shop",[3] whom he takes—unwarrantably, perhaps—to be an atheist.

If song thou crave, flee from him! Thunder roars in the reed of his pen.

He plunged a lancet into Europe's heart; his hand is red with the blood of the Cross.

He reared a pagoda on the ruins of the Temple : his heart is a true believer,[4] but his brain is an infidel.

---

*1. سوز فغان او بدل هدهدے گرفت
با نوک خویش خار ز اندام او کشید
گفتش که سود خویش ز جیب زیان برآر
گل از شکاف سینه زر ناب افرید
درمان ز درد ساز اگر خسته تن شوی
خوگر به خار شو که سراپا چمن شوی

2. Cf, *The Secrets of the Self*. Introduction, pp. x-xxix.

*3. The reference is to the lines

افگند در فرنگ صد اشوب تازه دیوانه بکار گه شیشه گر رسید!

A madman entered the ware-house of glass-makers; and lo! he wrought another havoc in the domains of Europe (*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 238).

4. Suggested by the word which the Prophet is said to have used concerning Umayya ibn Abi'l-Salt :

ا-ن بلسانه و کفر قلبه

(*His tongue professed the faith but his heart denied).

Burn thyself in the fire of that Nimrod,[1] *for the garden of*
Abraham is produced from fire.[2]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 241)

It would be fair, I think, to describe the author of the *Payam* as a Mohammedan Vitalist. Certainly there is no modern philosopher with whom he is so much in sympathy as with Bergson, whose teaching he interprets in these lines :—

(18)

BERGSON'S MESSAGE

If thou wouldst read Life as an open book,

Be not a spark divided from the brand.

Bring the familiar eye, the friendly look,

Nor visit stranger-like thy native land.

O thou by vain imaginings befooled,

Get thee a reason which the Heart hath schooled ![3]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 247)

---

1. *Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 241. The commentators on Qur'an, XXI 69 relate that the burning pyre on which Abraham was cast by order of Nimrod was miraculously transformed into a rose-garden.

2. گر نوا خواهی ز پیش او گریز — در نئے کلکش غریو تندراست
نیشتر اندر دلِ مغرب فشرد — دستش از خونِ چلیپا احمر است
آنکه بر طرح حرم بتخانه ساخت — قلب او سوسن دماغش کافر است
خویش را در نارِ آن نمرود سوز — زانکه بستانِ خلیل از آذر است

پیغام برگساں

3. تا بر تو آشکار شود رازِ زندگی — خود را جدا ز شعله مثال شرر مکن
بهر نظاره جز نگهِ آشنا مبار — در مرز و بومِ خود چو غریبان گذر مکن
نقشے که بسته همه اوهام باطل است — عقلے بهم رسان که ادب خورده دل است

Appreciators of witty and pungent criticism will find plenty of entertainment :— Einstein, for instance, "the hierophant of Light, the descendant of Moses and Aaron who has revived the religion of Zoroaster";[1] or Lenin proclaiming the triumph of Communism to Kaiser Wilhelm, who retorts that the people have only exchanged one master for another: [2] "Shirin never lacks a lover; if it be not king Khusrau, then it is Farhad ('Kuhkan')".[3] "The Dialogue between Comte and the Workman",[4] "The Qismat-nama of the Capitalist nd the Wage earner",[5] and "The Workman's Song"[6] show, as might be expected, that Iqbal is whole-heartedly on the side of labour. Here ar three couplets of the "Workman's Song":—

Clad in cotton rags I toil as a slave for hire
To earn for an idle master his silk attire.
The Governor's ruby seal 'tis my sweat that buys,
His horse is gemmed with tears from my children's eyes.
How long must we lead this moth's life, fluttering round the candle,
Pass how many days in exile, strangers to ourselves?[7]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* pp. 257-258)

•1. *Payam-i-Mashriq* p. 239.
The reference here is to the lines

من چه گویم از مقامِ آں حکیم نکته سنج
کرده زردشتے ز نسل موسے و هارون ظهور !

What should I say about the station of that profound philosopher -
In fact a Zoroaster had sprung forth from the lineage of Moses and Aaron
(*Ibid.*, p. 240)

2. *Ibid.*, p. 249 seq

•3. نماند نازِ شیریں ہے خریدار اگر خسرو نباشد کوهکن هست
(*Ibid.*, p. 250)

4. *Ibid.*, p. 244.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 255.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 257.

•7. زمزدِ بندهٔ کرپاس ہوش و محنت کش نصیب خواجهٔ نا کرده کار رخت حریر
ز خوے فشانیٔ من لعلِ خاتمِ والی ز اشکِ کودکِ من گوهرِ ستامِ امیر
بطوفِ شمع چو پروانه زیستن تا کے ز خویش ایں همه بیگانه زیستن تا کے

It has been said that "the current which in philosophy sets against intellectualism, in the political realm sets against the State".[1] Extreme nationalists and Panislamists can quote Iqbal for their purpose, just as the Syndicalists quote Bergson. But the creative action of Life need not be based on irrational impulse. Iqbal expressly declares that self-control is "the highest form of self-consciousness", and that in the *Ideal Man* "*reason and instinct become one*".[2] This, to be sure, will not satisfy his critics who see clearly enough the uses to which his doctrines may be put. Let them read, then, his *Apologia pro Vitalita e qua* :—

An Eastern tasted once the wine in Europe's glass;
No wonder if he broke old vows in reckless glee.
The blood came surging up in the veins of his new-born thought :
Predestination's bondslave he learned that Man is free.
Let not thy soul be vexed with the drunkards' noise and rout!
O Saqi, tell me fairly, who was't that broached this jar?
The scent of the Rose showed first the way into the garden;
Else, how should the Nightingale have known that roses are?[3]

(*Payam-i-Mashriq* pp. 254-255)

(Taken from *Islamica*, Lipsiae, 1924-25, Volume I, pp. 112-124).

---

1. J. A. Gunn. *Bergson and his Philosophy*. p. 110
2. *The Secrets of the Life*, Introduction. p. XXVI.
*3. مشرقی بادہ چشید است ز میخانۂ فرنگ
عجبے نیست اگر توبۂ دیرینہ شکست
فکر نو زادۂ او شیوۂ تدبیر آموخت
جوش زد خون بہ رگ بندۂ تقدیر پرست
ساقیا تنگ دل از شورش مستان نشوی
خود تو انصاف بدہ این ہمہ ہنگامہ کہ بست؟
"بوئے گل خود بہ چمن راہ نما شد ز نخست
ورنہ بلبل چہ خبر داشت کہ گلزارے ہست"

Abdul Ghaffar

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF MODERN INDIA

La Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri captured the imagination of mediaeval Europe with an amazing swiftness. Boccaccio and Petrarch, Chaucer and Rossetti—none could escape his genial influence. Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal also could not help being touched by this most representative work of the mediaeval mind, the book which gave lead to all the vernacular literature of Europe and set the fashion of writing in the form and spirit which may appeal to the common man in the street, discarding the methods of the Latinists of the Scholastic School who had made learning the forbidden fruit to the common people.

Dr. Iqbal has already written his *Message of the East* (*Payam-e-Mashriq*) in reply to the Persian Divan of Goethe and this gained high praise from Dr. Nicholson of the Cambridge University. According to Dr. Nicholson, there are two notes of sweetest music in the poetry of Iqbal, one Indian and national, the other Islamic and international. In *Javid Nama* or *the Book of Eternity*, both the strains are comingled in an artistic union. Recent researches of Professor Asin of Madrid prove how far the Muslim Traditions of the Ascension of the Propnet and the writings of Ibn-i-'Arabi went in providing Dante with the general outline and the scheme of his great work. Hence the *Divine Comedy* had a fascination for Dr. Iqbal who drew inspiration from the same source. Both the Poets have much in common Dante wrote his book in exile from Florence which he had learnt to detest heartily by this time. But the bitterness of life had been milder for him because of the Beatific Vision of Beatrice who had fired him with an inspiration which was the moving spirit of the whole of his work. Iqbal lacks a Beatrice but in the conception of India. he has found a source which adds a beauty to his delightful scenes and lends a withering sarcasm to his pen when he writes of the traitors to the motherland.

Javid Nama is a symbol of the awakened spirit of independence and self-determination which is stirring the Asiatic nations to self-assertion in all domains—political, social, economic and literary.

"In the midst of our mortal life", the Poet finds no comrade or companion of the soul, and he escapes into the wilderness, and falls to singing rapturously an ode by the Persian mystic Poet Rumi. As in Dante, "when a mountain foot I reached", the Spirit of Rumi appears to him from behind a hillock. Like Beatrice in the Paradiso, the Poet led by his celestial guide Rumi, enters the Sphere of the Moon. The uncanny silence of its wild mouutains, the craggy rocks, the yawning caverns, the vapourless clouds and the tempestuous winds are painted, not only with broad and masterly touches, the description is full of the zest and the enthusiasm of a real "child of the mountains".

The guide takes the Poet into the dark recesses of the caverns of the planet and emerges out into a plain, bathed in the cool and soothing light of :

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,

Whom mortals call the Moon.

There sits under the shade of a tree Wishwamitr or Jahan Dost (the Friend of the Universe), the Guru of Ramchandra whom the Poet has already celebrated in one of his poems. Sitting deep in meditation with a white dragon curled round him, he seems to have soared higher into a world where there are no Revolutions of the Time. Immutable and immovable he sits, a befitting symbol of the hitherto Unchanging East but below this calm exterior, his mighty soul is deeply stirred by the awakening of strange desires, new-born thoughts and unfamiliar emotions. After an introduction to the Poet in whose eyes the ancient Sage discerns the signs of a New Life, the Persian Sage ushers in the subject of the eternal conflict between the East and the West in a nutshell-

شرق حق را دید و عالم را ندید غرب در عالم خزید از حق رسید[1]

The East saw Truth but not Matter

The West was engrossed in Matter and ignored Truth.

---

*1. *Javid Nama*, p. 35.

The Indian sage strikes a note of hope and optimism and re-affirms his belief in a bright future for the East because -

دوش دیدم بر فراز قشمرود ز آسمان افرشته آمد فرود
از نگاهش ذوق دیدارے چکید جز بسوئے خاکدانِ ما ندید
گفتمش از محرمان رازے مپوش تو چه بینی اندر آں خاکِ خموش[1]

Last night I saw above the Lunar Mount
An angel lighting down from heaven above
There was ecstasy in his rapturous eyes
He had no eyes but for this continent
I said "Don't keep a secret from thy friends
What see you in this lifeless piece of earth?"[1]

The angel who is the harbinger of the New Era and the renaissance of the East said :-

گفت "هنگام طلوع خاور است آفتاب تازه او را در بر است
لعلها از سنگ ره آید برون یوسفانِ او ز چه آید برون
رستخیزے در کنارش دیده ام لرزه اندر کوهسارش دیده ام[2]
اے خوش آں قومے که جانِ او تپید از گل خود خویش را باز آفرید!
عرشیاں را صبح عید آں ساعتے چوں شود بیدار چشم ملتے!"[3]

Behold the dawn hath come over the East
It holds a brilliant sun in its embrace.
Its rubies have emerged out of the rocks
Its Josephs have appeared from the well
I see a stormy tumult in the East
The tremors shaking deep its mountain range.
Long live the valorous race whose soul hath stirred
Who regenerated stands out of decay,
It is gala day for Seraphim
When nations wake, shaking off slumbers deep.

---

*1 *Javid Nama* p. 36

*2 *Ibid.*

*3 *Ibid*, p. 37

In the same Circle, the Pilgrim comes across four Tablets of the Prophets, the first being the Tablet of Gautama on which is inscribed the episode of the Magdalen who repented at the hands of Buddha.

In the Sphere of Venus, the Spirit of Mahdi Sudani makes a rousing appeal to the Nations of Western Asia exhorting them to be the creators of a New Era :-

اے جہانِ مومنانِ مشک فام　　از تو می آید مرا بوئے دوام !
زندگانی تا کجا بے ذوق سیر　　تا کجا تقدیر تو در دست غیر!1

O thou, the world of the swarthy race
Thou waft to me the everlasting scent
How long a life without the action's zest
How long thy destiny in alien hands.

In the Sphere of Saturn, Iqbal has placed the spirits who have betrayed their motherland and even Hell has rejected these wretches who proved a traitor to God and Man. The whole scene is depicted with the master-touches of a vivid imagination; thousands of angels urging on the planets on their impetous course with whips of steel; a stormy sea of blood; venomous reptiles with jet-black hoods and snow white wings filling the oppressive atmosphere; the thundering of the sea against the shore; the crashing of the crags into the bloody water below—all strike awe and terror to the mind of the reader. Here, in a frail barge. left to mercy of the storm, are rocking about two bedraggled and palefaced wretches, the arch traitors to the cause of Indian independence and liberty. This terrible description is followed by a scene of the most exquisite beauty and grace where the Poet describes the Spirit of India descending from above :-

آسماں شق گشت و حورے پاک زاد　　پردہ را از چہرۂ خود برکشاد
در جبینش نار و نور لایزال　　در دو چشمِ او سرور لایزال !
ہلہ‌ٔ در بر سبک تر از سحاب　　تار و پودش از رگ برگ گلاب
با چنیں خوبی نصیبش طوق و ہند　　بر لب او نالہ ہائے درد مند
گفت رومی "روح ہند است ایں نگر　　از نفاقش سوزہا اندر جگر !"2

*1. *Javid Nama*, p. 37.

*2. *Ibid.*, p. 168.

The heavens opened *and a blessed houri*
Removed the veil from her charming face
The eternal light and radiance glowed therein
Her eyes showed the rapture of eternal charm
Her garment lighter than the rainbow cloud
Their web *and woof was made of tenderest* rose
With all this beauty, she was bound in chains
And crying bitterly, then Rumi said
"Behold in her the Spirit of India
Whose lamentations touch the heart of all".

Mother India gives expression to a rhapsody in which she inveighs against her treacherous sons. What she laments more than anything else is that the soul of a traitor always seeks re-birth in some new form. If a snake smiles, it is after all a snake; the presence of the traitor splits up the nation in two and the nations are cursed by it.

Among a distinguished group like Nietzsche and the poet Ghani of Kashmir, amidst palaces and pavilions, the Poet comes across his old favourite, the Sanskrit poet Bharatrihari of the seventh century, poet, grammarian and the poet combined in one. Iqbal praises him as one whose glance could change a dewdrop and crystallize it into a pearl enriching the world like a spring cloud. Action and more action *is the dominant note of the message which the Poet gives to Iqbal* "Prayers without the zeal of action will lead us nowhere. Life is the name of activity whether good or bad".[1]

The book ends with the advice of the Poet to his young son in particular, and to the rising generation of the Indian youth in general deploring their darkened minds, their spirit of Negation and Unbelief, the cult of Despair. Present education comes in for a severe condemnation, and its misguided savants who are imparting the training of the

---

1. سجده بے ذوقِ عمل خشک و بجانے نرسد
زندگانی همه کردار چه زیبا و چه زشت !

(*Javid Nama*, p. 200).

duckling, the waddler on earth, to the budding youth of the country *who are the younglings of the royal eagle, who could scour the whole* breadth of the sky with one mighty sweep of her noble wings. The whole is rounded up with a fervent appeal for virile action, self-respect, noble principles and liberty of ideas, and once more teaches them to *lead the life of the eagle (of whom he is as fond as Dante himself) and* give up the habits of the carrion-eating vulture.

(Taken from *Contemporary India*, Lahore, 1936, No. 2, pp. 255-260).

Alessandro Bausani

DANTE AND IQBAL

"In this seven-hued, iridiscent world, man is at all times vibrant with wailings like a well-played fiddle . . . Sea, desert, mountains, herbs, all are deaf and dumb, deaf and dumb are the sun and the moon! You behold a swarm of stars up in the sky, and each star is even more solitary than the next, each is as hopeless as we are, straggling, as we do along the azure waste of the heavens. It is a caravan that has not taken along a store of provender sufficient for the journey. Endless are the heavens, and the nights are slow-paced. Is this world a prey and we its hunters? Or are we not, *may be, its unheeded prisoners? O happy the day that* knows not time, whose morning has no high-noon and no eventide, and whose light brightens our spirit, whose radiance reveals the hidden things! "[1]

The brooding sadness at the opening of Iqbal's *Celestial Poem* finds its counterpart in Dante's "selva oscura", Iqbal, a modern man whose reaction to the myth of Faust has not been in vain, views the "selva oscura" as a symbol, I would say, of the surge of rebellion in

---

*1. آدمی اندر جهانِ هفت رنگ — هر زمان گرم فغان مانند چنگ ;
بحر و دشت و کوه و که خاموش و کر — آسمان و مهر و مه خاموش و کر !
گرچه بر گردون هجوم اختر است — هر یکے از دیگرے تنها تر است
هر یکے مانند ما بیچاره ایست — در فضائے نیلگوں آواره ایست !
کاروان برگ سفر نا کرده ساز! — بیکران افلاک و شب ها دیر باز !
این جهان صید است و صیادیم ما؟ — یا اسیر رفته از یادیم ما ؟
اے خوش آن روزے که از ایام نیست — صبح او را نیمروز و شام نیست
روشن از نورش اگر گردد روان — صوت را چون رنگ دیدن می توان
غیب ها از تاب او گردد حضور — نوبت او لا یزال و بے سرور !*

(*Javid Nama* pp. 1-2)

the hearts of men faced by the unfathomable Infinite, and penned in by things material while aspiring to nothing less than absolute power over all things. This explains why Iqbal's purpose in his progress through the heavens is to smash them into splinters.

> "How shall I reach up to confront God?"—he asks of his Vergil;—"how shall I force the mountains of earth and water to crumble and melt away? He who creates and ordains everything stands out beyond Creation and Order, while the iron hand of Destiny all but smothers us!"[1]

Dante's journey was undertaken with a very different object in view. It is only in the Canto devoted to Ulysses—the harbinger of the modern era—that Dante appears to draw near to Iqbal's problem; but Dante's primary aim at the start of his pilgrimage is to purify himself in order to become worthy of beholding God.

Yet, if we look deeper into the matter, we find that the difference is not so great after all, since Iqbal's voyage of conquest could only have been undertaken after Dante's return from his own self-chastening journey. Iqbal, a deeply religious man, should not be mistaken for one of those atheistic and existentialist agitators who are nowadays infesting our world.

> "Carve out a new world of your own liking but do not give up your heart to colours and perfumes and the ways of this earth; your heart is adjured to Him, and to Him alone should it be given!"[2].

He emphasizes the difference between slaves and God's slaves. A slave, he says, is a despicable being but slavery to God is a necessary

---

*1. باز گفتم پیش حق رفتن چساں؟ کوہ زخاک و اب را گفتن چساں؟
آمر و خالق بروں از امر و خلق ما ز شست روزگاراں خستہ خلق

(*Javid Nama*, p. 15)

*2. بر مراد خود جہانِ نو تراش !
دل برنگ و بوے وکاخ و کو مدہ
دل حریم اوست جز با او مدہ

(*Javid Nama*, p. 81)

attribute of man, who would otherwise remain eternally bound and powerless.

The harmonious and still essentially Greek world conceived by Dante has long been destroyed by modern thought. Man has again ventured on Dante's quest but under Faust's modern guise on a Titan-like hazard which was doomed to failure because it lacked the consciousness of man's slavery to God. Iqbal does not re-attempt Dante's journey. His is a novel undertaking intended to turn the frenzied life of our time into the right direction. He starts from God on his way to achieve real power; from the one God who is "beyond Creation and Order".

In its outward form too Iqbal's celestial peregrination differs from Dante's. Iqbal does not visit Hell, nor does he dwell overmuch on sin. His itinerary aiming at conquest leads on to assume that victory over the most ordinary form, at least, of sin has already been achieved. A fantastic "Prolog in Himmel" opens the poem. On the first day of the Creation, Heaven upbraids the Earth for its crass materialism and its blindness to things beyond matter. The Earth, however, is comforted by the voice of God, promising, as said in the Qur'an, to "establish man on earth as His delegate" and the connecting link between the terminal point of physical and the starting-point of an even more stupendous spiritual evolution : "He is still entrammelled by Nature"—sing the Angels—"but he shall be all-attuned one day."[1]

Dante's "Prolog in Himmel" is held under the auspices of redeeming eternal Femininity, Maria, Lucia and Beatrice "whose eyes shone brighter than the stars' ": Iqbal's "Prolog" is featured by the dark, distance-dim omen of the forthcoming, unparalleled power of Man.

Iqbal meets his Vergil on earth. It is Rumi, the great 13th century Persian poet and mystic, one of the greatest, perhaps, of all times. And Iqbal starts on his journey with his master's intensely modern verse still echoing in his ears:

"Alas, that which we look for is not to be found...but a

• 1 فروغ مشت خاک از نوریان افزون شود روزے

(*Javid Nama* p. 10)

voice within me said, it is that which is not to be found
that I most long for!" [1]

As he breaks free of each heaven in turn, Iqbal passes beyond the heaven of the Moon, where he had argued with Vishvamitra, the Indian sage symbolizing purely human wisdom, and speculated over the Buddha, Zoroaster, Christ and Muhammad, the four main revelations of Divinity (Dante would probably have confined them, all except One, in Hell). Passing Mercury, Iqbal had also discussed capitalism and communism, West and East, with Jamal ad-Din al-Afghani and Sa'id Halim Pasha, both celebrated Eastern politicians. Displaying his equanimous temper, he admits that communism does fulfil a positive function, in so far as its aim is to destroy an absolute, hypocritical system, but he also points out that the lack of a higher spiritual urge makes it impossible for communism to build a really new world as the Prophets were able to do. It is in Islam's democratic theocracy ("God and God alone, the Master of all, and all equal as slaves to God, none possessing anything because everything belongs to God"), that Iqbal finds the only possible solution for the problems confronting the world.

In the heaven of Venus he is decidedly anti-European, attacking archeaologists for their attempts to rehabilitate a pagan past which has been long and for ever repudiated; he also attacks Kitchener for his cruel treatment of the Mahdists of the Sudan.

Having smashed Venus' heaven also, Iqbal reaches Mars, a sort of earth, whose Adam not only was adamant against Satan's allurements but chased him away to our Earth and to our undoing. The heaven of Jove is the stage of Iqbal's voyage, and one of the most lovely of all the heavens. It is dedicated to the spirits of Hallaj, Ghalib and Qurratu 'l-Ayn Tahira (the Babi Persian poetess) three great "heretics" of the Islamic world who nevertheless, the poet says, "created new worlds through their sacrifice". Tahira's unassuming, discreet speech, following the copious flow of pregnant words from her two companions, recalls Dante's Pia dei Tolomei and her pathetic terseness :

---

[1] گفتم که یافت می نشود جسته ایم ما
گفت آنکه یافت می نشود آنم آرزوست !

(*Javid Nama* p. 12)

"New creatures may be born even from the foolish servant's sin: boundless love tears all veils away and carries all that is obsolete out of sight. And in the end the scaffold is his reward, for none returns alive from the Friend's path". [1]

It is a singular coincidence that Dante, too, should have confined in Jove's heaven two Pagan spirits, namely, Trajan and Rypheus. Pagans in heaven ! This manly tolerance, this comprehension towards all sincerities, is an important point of contact between great souls. Dante was as good a Catholic as Iqbal was a Muslim, and yet the Florentine poet yielded to the Christian-like majestic humanity of the Roman Emperor, while Iqbal (more courageously even than Dante, since it is often more difficult for a religious man to sympathize with an heretic than with a pagan) yielded to the sweet charm of Tahira (she was strangled at Teheran in 1852), and to the martyrdom of Hallaj, who died on the cross at Baghdad in 922.

"Regnum Coelorum violenza pate
Da caldo amore e da viva speranza
Che vince la divina volontate".

And it is in the heaven of Jove that Satan sings his weary lament on the cowardliness of men. In the next Heaven, that of Saturn, are confined the traitors, not of their country but of the "millat", which means to Iqbal something more than a *national motherland. His* motherland, like that of Dante and of every believer in God, is the great community of all believers which knows no border-lines. It is somewhat akin to the Holy Roman Empire of old. And Iqbal's contempt of the traitors to this universal ideal is no less intense than Dante's, who consigned them to the lowest ring of Hell.

We now come to the outer boundary of the heavens, but Iqbal's anxious quest goes on beyond the heavens, "ansuy-e-aflak"[2]. He finds a soul there, singing as follows:

---

1 • از گناه بندهٔ صاحب جنوں کائنات تازه اید بروں
شوق بے حد پرده ها را بردرد کهنگی را از تماشا می برد
آخر از دار و رسن گیرد نصیب برنگردد زنده از کوئے حبیب

(*Javid Nama* p. 144)

2 • آں سوئے افلاک

"No angels, no Paradise, no huris, no God, only a handful of earth scorched by the eternal longings of the heart.[1]"

It is the spirit of Nietzsche, symbolizing the urge to proceed beyond good and evil, over and above all human values. The spirit appears at the farthest limit of the created world, on the brink of God's *great void. It is a stirring experience,* seeing poor Nietzsche, so heartily detested by hypocrites of all denominations, lifted up into heaven at last, and even "beyond the heavens", if only on the tenuous wings of poetry. And it is not mere chance that the religious rehabilitation of *Nietzsche should have been the work of a follower of that* religious creed which, more radically perhaps than any other, glorifies God's attributes of power. "He was another Hallaj", says Iqbal, "a stranger in his own country who escaped with his life from the priests and fell a victim to the doctors."[2] Nietzsche, the poet goes on to say, was unable to proceed beyond the destructive stage of his speculation, and failed to write something positive upon that "blank page" which is, according to Schopenhauer, all that is left after the idle chatter of men has died out; but "what he did seek after was the highest stage of divine power, which lies beyond reason and beyond wisdom."[3]

Leaving Nietzsche behind, we now enter Paradise proper, with its visionary gardens, its Oriental palaces and its huris. Here, in the "noble castle" (as Dante would have said), Iqbal too meets and talks with the great souls, but nothing now can appease him except a view of the Eternal Beauty of God. He turns, therefore, his back on Paradise too, singing as follows to the amazed huris:

"Clasp the rose garlands to your breast once again, and assuage your thirst with water and dew . . . O Thou pallid being, what doest thou expect from the Zephirs?"[4].

• 1 نه جبریلے نه فردوسے نه حورے نے خداوندے
کف خاکے که می سوزدز جان آرزومندے!

(*Javid Nama* p. 176)

• 2 بود حلاجے بشهر خود غریب جان ز ملا برد و نشناخت او را طبیب

(*Ibid*, p. 177)

• 3 آنچه او جوید مقام کبریاست این مقام از عقل و حکمت ماوراست

(*Ibid*)

• 3 دگر بشاخ گل آویز و اب و تم در کش پریده رنگ ز باد صبا چه می جوئی

(*Ibid* p. 221)

The end of the poem is of extreme interest. A brief dialogue between the poet and *Eternal Beauty, now revealed to him at last, is* followed by a hymn of praise which calls to mind that typically Oriental self-elevation over both the world and the non-world, over the old and the new, that mystical detachment, which Iqbal himself had frequently found fault with in his co-religionists. But his detachment is one that leads to action rather than to sterile indifference.

> "Forsake the East and spurn the magic of the West, for all that is old and all that is new are worth less than a grain of barley. You who travel with the caravan give up everything and go with every body. You came here as bright as the sun that illumines the whole world, and should so live as to cast a ray of light on every atom of dust".[1]

It would be unprofitable to compare Dante and Iqbal as artists. Art bears no comparison. It may be, however, both interesting and profitable and more especially in these hard times, to place together those great souls, who console us, by their very existence, for the commonplace meanness of our present surroundings, and place us, whether we like it or not, *in front of a world of real unity of thought*, transcending all petty denominational limitations. Iqbal's Islamic faith purged of the dross of tradition and legend, is essentially quite near to the robust and powerful Christianism of Western medieval tradition—Dante's own tradition.

Naturally the many vital differences between the two are not to be gainsaid. For one thing, Iqbal lived six centuries after Dante's death, and was born to a religious tradition *different from the Catholic one.* His is not the settled and well-ordered universe of Aristotle. On the contrary Iqbal strongly criticises Greek thought which, according to him, ruined the pure theism of early Christianity through its rationalist theology and Pagan ritualism; whereas Islam, though not entirely

---

* 1. بگذر از خاور و افسونی افرنگ مشو
که نیرزد بجوے این همه دیرینه و نو
اے که در قافلهٔ بے همه شو باهمه رو
تو فروزنده تر از مهر منیر آمدهٔ
آنچناں زی که بهر ذره رسانی پرتو

(*Javid Nama* p. 230)

immune from the same taint, was better able to resist owing to its own anti-classical theology, such as the Ash'arite, which abolishes all the causes secundae in recognition of God's absolute freedom as Creator.

In our present world, which has nearly completely forgotten religiosity, and, by depersonalizing God, has diluted a more or less romantic Divinity into things and events, Iqbal's voice in his *Celestial Poem* is one I should say, of almost biblical resonance; it certainly more nearly resembles Dante's than many voices of our world do.

Abdul Quddus of Gangoh, a Muslim mystic, referring to the mysterious voyage of the Prophet Muhammad to heaven, spoke as follows:

> "Muhammad of Arabia ascended the highest heaven and returned. I swear by God that if I had reached that point, I should never have returned".[1]

Here is seen the difference between a prophet, who is impelled to creative action by his closer knowledge of God, and a mystic, who would be content with building a tent on Mount Tabor for Moses, Elijah and his own self. Eternal Beauty invites Iqbal to action, and his message is a prophet's not a mystic's message. In one of his six lectures for *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, he writes:

> "The desire to see his religious experience transformed into a living world-force is supreme in the prophet.[2]

Iqbal then, is not one of those Oriental mystics admired by too many weary Europeans on account of his very weariness; but neither is he a religious agitator or a fanatic worshipper of action as such. He "rose to heaven" before he went into action. His revaluation of the Ego must not be too literally accepted, nor should we transpose it to a meaning too well-known to us Europeans.

Iqbal is a man of action because he is religious in that typical original Islamic sense, in a Qur'anic sense. Were it not for the paradoxical confusion beetwen racial values, implied by such a defini-

---

* 1 *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* : p. 144

* 2 *Ibid.*, p. 124

tion, I would almost say that he is religious in a semitic sense, for which there is no harmonic settled order of the universe as accepted by the Greeks and also by Dante.

Of all the types of humanity created by Dante, Ulysses—the least "Greek"of them all—is no doubt the one that Iqbal liked best. Ulysses *is, indeed, the connecting link between the two poets. He is the most* truly Christian and the least "classic" of Dante's creatures; on account of peculiar fatality he is consigned to hell, being sacrificed to that Christianized Aristotelianism which built a barrier all round that same static universe that had been breached by the early Christian martyrs in the exuberance of *their self-immolating ecstasy.*

"Verily, towards God is thy limit"

Through this profound sentence from the Qur'an, Iqbal surveys the whole world at a glance and feels secure against all dangers of being led astray by the materialistic sediments of ancient Greek thought. Nature is nothing to him but "a habit of God". Islam's strictly theistic doctrine of creation carried out all in successive *"atoms of time" all through eternity in a continually destroyed and* continually rebuilt universe, exerts a fascinating influence upon him. It holds out a sure promise of final liberation from the shackles of fatalism and of slavery to matter. From this point of view, Dante's *Ulysses is Iqbal's fore-runner. And I feel that Iqbal would agree with* me were I to say that Ulysses' posterity in Europe have progressed under atheistic auspices as a result of our religious tradition having been dovetailed to these pre-Christian, Aristotelian principles on the strength of which Ulysses was damned in hell Iqbal's anti-classic convictions drawn from *the Qur'an have saved him from a similar* doom. He escalades the heavens not as a rebellious Titan, but with God's approval and encouragement. His celestial voyage radically differed from Dante's inasmuch as this modern Ulysses has treasured in his heart not only Dante's self-purifying experience but the sobering warning also issuing from the damnation of Faust.

The modern man of Iqbal's creation has, I believe, something to teach us. Better still, the experience of both the great pilgrims *of heaven,* Dante and Iqbal, should teach us three things.

Firstly, that tolerance and all the so-called virtues peculiar to the modern man are not at all antithetical to a simple, robust belief in transcendence. "Wherever you may turn"—says the Qur'an—"there is the face of God" and he who is nearer to God is best equipped to place Trajan, Hallaj and Tahira in heaven.

Secondly, man a powerless creature if all by himself, becomes an omnipotent creator of new spiritual worlds if only integrated by "Him who is closer to him than his jugular vein."

Thirdly, to attain this aim, a preliminary act of submission is necessary—Dante's repentance or Iqbal's self-proclaimed slavedom. But he is God's slave and God's only; the slave of that God whose glory permeates the universe with a light which shines out as an unattainable source of eternal power.

Who knows but that, beyond those heavens which are the multicoloured veils of dogmas and laws and by which those two great spirits might have been kept apart in this world of ours, Dante and Iqbal in perfect agreement (symbolizing, I hope, a more tangible reconciliation among men and races of men) may not together praise the one and only God in the sublime words of the Qur'an (XXIV,35)

> "God is the light of the heavens and the earth; His light resembling a niche, in which there is a lamp, and the lamp is within a crystal-shade similar to a bright star; and the lamp is fed by oil from a hallowed tree, an olive tree not of the East and not of the West, whose oil burns even though untouched by fire being Light on Light."

(Taken from *East & West*, Rome, 1951-52, pp. 77-81)

A. M. Schimmel

THE JAVIDNAME IN THE LIGHT OF THE COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS

A characteristic of the work of a genius is, that it reveals some of the mystery of the creative power which has its origin in God. Since the genius is a "second creator", a *collaborator of God, his* work always presents new features; and the more we try to penetrate into the nature of genius, the more are we dazzled by the ever changing, ever new appearances.

Since the worth of a masterpiece depends on the manifold possibilities of its interpretation, small wonder that a work like Iqbal's *Javidname* can be treated from different points of view. It has been interpreted as a work of high art, as a theological, philosophical, political book. And all interpreters are right in doing so. Today we shall try to show another side of the *Javidname* : its ideas, as seen in the light of the comparative history of religions.

The ascension to heaven is a subject common to most religions. The shamans of the primitive peoples describe their ecstasies in the form of an ascension through the spheres, through heavenly and demonic areas where they have conversed with spirits and mysterious beings. And mystics of all great religions have realized a similar experience, though in sublimated form, and all describe that experience in very similar words. That proves the existence of one true reality beyond this visible world, a reality that shows itself to every believer in similar forms. We remember *Blake's words from "Jerusalem"* that the pilgrims are always wandering, and the landscape never changes. As to the differences in their reports, we must remember *the fine remark of* Evelyn Underhill, that the divine reality and the word that tries to describe it are as far from each other as a map from the real, three-dimensional world. But in the same way as the mystics saw their ascension to the Divine Truth, some of the great prophetic personalities too have experienced an ascension to heaven;

the Swedish scholar, G.Widengren. has in his recent book. *The Ascension of the Prophet and the Heavenly Book* has shown that some Prophets were granted, at the end of their ministry, a heavenly book, a prescription, or like Moses, the tablets of law. Of course, in the Islamic world the "Mi'raj" of the Prophet has played an important role and has, as R. Hartmann proves, been the prototype of some interesting works both of mystics and poets (Die Himmelsreise Muhammads und ihre Bedeutung" in *der Religion des Islam*, 1930). The whole problem has been treated especially by Bousset ("Die Himmalsreise der Seele" *ARW4*) and, in the field of Islamic studies, by the Swedish theologian, Tor Andrae and the Spanish orientalist, Asin Palacios.

In the field of world literature, the Persian *Arda Viraf Name* belongs as well to this kind of heavenly journeys as the pious Englishman John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. A Chinese parallel has been shown by Duyvendak (*Toung Pao XLI*); and *Attar s Mantiq-ut-Tayr* leads to the same goal as Dante's inexhaustible *Divina Commedia* in the Christian medieval church (The often discussed problem of the Islamic influence on Dante's immortal world has been recently treated in an extraordinarily useful work of E. Cerulli, *Il Libre della Seala*, 1949). Iqbal follows with his *Javidname* this broad and deep stream of tradition as also the poetical intention to use the symbol of a journey through Heaven and Hell, in order to criticize religion and society, and to develop the poet's own political or cultural ideas in a similar manner as Lucian did in the 2nd century on the shores of the Mediterranean Al-Ma'arri the blind poet, told his adventures in Paradise in the ingenious *Risalat algufran*, making "Paradise a glorified salon haunted by immortal but immoral Bohemians" as Nicholson says : and in 1932, the Iraqi poet, Jamil Sidi az-Zahawi, wrote the poignant satire *Revolution in Hell*—but there is no religious feeling at all in it.

This symbol of a journey through the different spheres corresponding—according to Jili and other mystics—to the states of the soul, is the most convenient way for Iqbal to express his philosophy of desire, of striving, of love and motion. The longing for the heavenly goal—be it in order to return to the eternal home or to be lost in the ocean of Divinity like a river is lost in the bottomless sea, in the hope to

see the face of the Divine Beloved—this is as old as mankind, and has found its expression in more than one political work. This journey has been praised by Maulana Rumi in unforgettable Verses :

> "If a tree could move by foot and wing, he would not suffer the pain of the saw or the blow of the axe."

And before him Imam Ghazzali had laid the theological foundation for the idea of everlasting desire:

> "Since the divine things are without end, and only one part of them is revealed to each man, endless parts veiled from him, and he knows that they exist, and are known by God, and knows that the things he does not know are much more than the things he knows, he always continues longing . . . "
>
> (*Ihya ulum addin IV*)

That means that the Everlasting Beauty nourishes the Everlasting as a German poet has expressed it ("Und'es kann die ew'ge Schonheit nur die ew'ge Schonsucht naehren"). The Swedish theologian Tor Andrae, and with him many Christian theologians, hold—as Iqbal does—that Paradise too is always a desire, a development, a growing in love; for the journey to God being accomplished, the journey in God begins, and this is without end in eternity of eternities.

And as the journey of the keen, ardent, loving spirit is drawn in the symbols of the "murg-i-i-jan", the soul's bird, by 'Attar and others, so it can be seen also *under the symbols of running water*, of the river rolling in eternal motion towards the ocean. The name given to Rumi by Iqbal—Zinderud, living stream—shows the importance *ascribed by the poet to this* very old symbol: did not Heraclitus 2500 years before, compare life and being to a river, changing and never resting? Did not the Buddha at the same time find the highest wisdom when he was sitting in contemplation on the river Neranjare whose waters may have told him the mystery of life? And in Iqbal's work, the Martyr Sultan Tippu sees in the Cauvery River such a symbol, and cannot help teaching him the mystery of life, love and death, by means of the other "Living Stream," the tongue of the poet. In the *Payam-i-Mashriq*, Iqbal has given a free translation of

---

* 1 "Ju-e-Ab", *Payam-i-Mashriq* pp. 151-152.

Goethe's wonderful poem "Mahomet's Gesang" where the German poet compares the life of The Prophet to a stream, bearing with him all rivulets and brooks to the breast of the ocean. This too may be a reason for Iqbal's taking the nom-de-plume Zinderud: he too is a prophetic spirit who tries to move the forces of his nations.

But there arises a question: can the bird fly without having been called? Can the nightingale fly without having felt the fragrance of the rose garden? Can the water flow if there is no waiting ocean?

As the greatest religious personalities of all times and religions have answered this question, Iqbal too answers with a firm No. He himself asks:

> The subtlety has not yet been solved:
>
> Am I the prey or is He? [1]

And he himself answers:

> Like us, He is need entire.
>
> And the prisoner of desire.[2]

The character of a living personality is this desire, and the mutual seeking of man and God has been described by Maulana Rumi in his Mathnavi (1:174)

> "When the thirsty seeks the water
> in the world, the water also
> seeks the thirsty".

And even more: God needs man as the great German mystic Eckhart, the English recluse Julaine of Norwich, and many others have pointed out. Man is the aim of creation, as is to be seen in the famous "hadith-i-qudsi":

> "And God liked to show His beauty,
> His love to somebody".

God's love of man is prior of man's love to God; all mystics have expressed the importance of the Koranic word. His love

---

* 1 حل نشد ایں نکتہ من صیدم کہ اوست !

(Javid Nama p. 223)

* 2 چوں ما نیاز مند و گرفتار آرزوست !

(Zabur-e-'Ajam p. 132)

pursues man, as witnessed by Niffari, the Muslim mystic of the 10th century and Francis Thompson, the Catholic poet of the 19th century to give only two examples.

And one day, man stands face to face with God.

Iqbal's heavenly journey is in accordance with the experiences and descriptions of the greatest personalities in the field of religion and art (cf M. Eliade, "Symbolisms du Vol Magique," *Numen*, 1956). His ideas concerning the different events and problems, about the religious leaders and their characteristics, also are most weighty and interesting.

In the personality of Zoroaster, Iqbal has shown the type of the prophet in the widest sense of the word. Zoroaster is, as recent researches have shown, a typical representative of the so-called "prophetical" type in religious experience (a type which has been discussed in *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, chapter V): The centre of his experience of God is the feeling of God's Holiness, and the conviction that just as He has created the world, in the beginning so He will bring it to an end. Also He has told mankind the duty of working together with the powers of the good God. That means that man has to help God in his struggle with the devils, the demonia, destroying powers of falsehood and treason (van der Leeuw). That is, of course, in other words, the idea of Iqbal too, who lays stress upon the fact that man has to be a co-worker with God, developing all his good qualities in struggle with the satanic forces. Man has, according to Zoroaster, to decide whether he will choose darkness or light, and in consequence of this choice he will get to Paradise or Hell. Zoroaster is, as is well-known, the first prophetic genius proclaiming the reality of a Judgment at the end of the world. To him God's being shows itself in Creation and in the Last Judgment, as we read in the "Gaths" *Yasna* 43,5:

> "I have known Thee as the Holy One, first creating life, deciding a reward for every act, ordaining a bad destiny for the wicked, and a good destiny for the good, at the end of creation."

The work of Zoroaster is marked by social as well as religious factors, and, therefore, Iqbal is right in making him a defender of the

social character of religion. It is a well-known truth that the psychological type known as prophetic always is forced to reveal the truth he has seen or heard in extenso, and to call people to the word of the living, personal God, while the so-called mystic type would prefer losing himself in the depths of the ineffable Godhead. They prefer a "khilvat", as Iqbal would say; but the prophetic type is not satisfied with the seclusion which gives man the deepest experience of life but desires revelation, work, and testimony of God's activity. It is a very ingenious idea of Iqbal to show Ahriman trying to seduce Zoroaster by means of a quietistic, and therefore fruitless, mysticism, maintaining that loving seclusion is better than preaching; that people would not understand the work of the prophet, and that (contrary to the opinion of the orthodox Islamic community) the saint rates higher than the prophet. Ahriman is a very fine example of the temptation that came over much of the great religious geniuses: the most typical story in this field is the dialogue between the Buddha and his temptor Mara, after Buddha's illumination. The ideas put by Iqbal in the mouth of Ahriman come from the same source as Mara's seductive invitation to the Buddha; to leave public preaching, and to enter at once the great "Nirvana."

In this way, the chapter on Zoroaster and Ahriman is of great importance for the comparative study of religions, for it shows very clearly the fundamental difference between the two types of religious experience but does not forget that in spite of all those differences both of them are only two sides of the divine revelation, completing one another.

Another of the figures in the *Javidname*, taken from the Zoroastrian (or, to be more exact, post-Zoroastrian religion) is Zarvan. Zervan (on whom philologists like H. H. Schaeder in *ZEMG 95* have contributed long articles, and others, like Widengren in *Hochgottglaube in alten Iran*, important books) lived in the Achaemenid Iran about 400.

The idea of such an "impersonal" Time and Fate as the ruling power in the world has been held in Islamic times by the "dahriye" sect, and here we can clearly see the struggle of the orthodox Islamic personal conception of Allah with this impersonal "dahr" whose followers were known as materialists. Since Zervan, "dahr," time, seems to be from the materialistic point of view, the only cause of

change, growing, and fading, he is to be called a sorcerer, a chameleon-like magician whose spell has to be broken. The "mu'min," recognizing the personal creative activity of God, and realizing this power in his own Self, can be saved from the endless flux of time, can escape the charm of Zervan's colourful wings, and recognize that not he but the personal God is the highest principle in the world; and can thus participate in God's time.

The third divinity from the Zoroastrian religion shown by Iqbal is Sarosh, one of the Amesha Spentas, the angelic powers surrounding Ahura Mazdah as attributes. He personifies the hearing of both God and man, and also the obedience. Sometimes he is represented as the messenger of Ahura Mazdah, or as a kind of priest mediating between man and God, and in the later Zoroastrism he is also the power which carries the soul of the dead to the bridge of Judgment. Iqbal's Sarosh is quite far from this conception, and closer to idea of a fallen angel. Until now I cannot explain for what reason he has chosen this divinity in this connection, but I am sure that it has not been a blind accident.

Besides the representatives of Iranian religion, those of India's different religions are also presented in the *Javidname*. The picture of the Buddha, as it is exquisitely drawn in the beautiful poem with the radeef "is nothing", and "is something[2]" is in many peculiarities quite close to the attitude of the historical Buddha. I suppose some readers of the *Javidname* have been astonished to find the Buddha, known as the pessimistic negative philosopher, in Iqbal's work as a defender of active and dynamic ideas. But that is not as strange as it seems. Buddhism has always laid stress upon the act, the deed: for it is by action that the "karma" for the next birth is prepared:

> "As sure as a die, thrown into the air, will come to earth and stand there firm, as sure it is that the beings by their works will come into a new existence"
>
> (Buddha, in *Angutta Nikava*).

And since the Buddha maintains the moral arrangements of the world, he teaches his followers to do good works:

---

* *Javid Nama* pp. 48-50.

"As to me, I am teaching the deed, the action, and the power of will" (*Angutta* and *Dighanikaya*).

But is not the action which creates new life, but the will, the intention. And the intention then, of course has to be directed towards the goal at the other side of the world of changes, of being, that is to the Nirvans. where action and will are silent. It is very typical that Iqbal ascribes to the Buddha the remark, that the tear of compassion is something. As is well known, compassion plays a very important role in Buddhism, and the meditation of compassion and all embracing pity is one of the most beautiful features of this religion.

On the other hand, in Buddha's song we are told that all things are flying, changing, without stability, only man's Self being stable. But according to Buddhist philosophy there is nothing stable in the world; all aspects of being—be it body or soul, feelings or colours—are continuously flowing, and even what we call "immortal soul" does not exist at all. Here, Iqbal has changed the idea of the Buddha in order to throw more light upon the idea of active personality as the only surviving power in the world.

As to the charming "ghazal" of the dancer maid,* it has been probably inspired by the songs of the nuns, Therigathta, who tell in touching verses the happiness and bliss they feel after having left behind them all worldly good, and sensual lust.

The wise man Jahandost, identified by A. Bausani with Vishvamitra, is a very typical representative of Indian thought. The legend tells us that he—a rich and powerful king—went to a yogi's hut, and there found a miraculous cow. He intended to take the fabulous beast (a weak reflex of the heavenly cow of the oldest Indian tradition, the symbol of divine power, of fertility) but could not succeed. The cow sent out of her body soldiers, weapons, and armies. By this miracle the king learned that man only by systematic yoga-exercises can reach the highest degree, and so he gave himself to centuries and centuries of the most difficult and efficient yoga training until he reached his goal. The German poet Heine has derided this story as an example of useless worship and exercise, in one of his poems. But in Iqbal's view, Vishvamitra-Jahandost is one of the religious thinkers who have

* 1 *Javid Nama* pp. 50-51

found God in their own heart; who have, to take the Sanskrit term— realised the identity of the "atman" and the "Brahman" and like the great Vedanta theologians understood the world as a dreamlike thing, as the veil of the "Maya" behind which the unqualified reality is hidden, for "God is colourless", as he says.

As to the second representative of Hindu piety, Iqbal has chosen Bhartrihari, the famous poet who is said to have lived in the 7th century A. D., and shows him even in Paradise. Bhartrihari shows himself in his poems as an adorer of the "karma", the power of deed. In the edition of his work by Bothlingk, the poems No. 3367 and 4497 show this idea, presented by Iqbal in the verses of the Indian sage, very clearly: neither the Gods nor Fate is adorable; the Gods are subject to Fate, and Fate is created by actions (3367); therefore, "karma" is the only subject worthy of adoration (4497). It proves the intensity with which Iqbal maintained the idea of action, that he inserted this Hindu wisdom too in his many-sided work.

Iqbal's conception of the Gods of the ancient peoples is a very interesting one. All the old Gods, and their worshippers (as Abu Jahl, complaining beside Ka'ba) deny the possibility of serving an unseen God, God has to be adored in statues and pictures, and nobody can imagine that it is very attractive to bow the neck before an invisible divine being. Most of the Gods presented in the Venus-sphere are well-known; there is Baal "the Lord", the God of most of the Semitic peoples, connected with agriculture and fertility, and often honoured with cruel sacrifices. He is the representative of the heathen God par excellence; for in the old Testament it is told how the prophet Elia condemned the worship of Baal, and killed 300 priests of his in order to establish the true religion of Yahve, the One, the Powerful. And I think it is not without reason that Baal is singing hymn concening the triumph of the old heathen Gods and the disappearance of true monotheism; for Baal-worshipping (Ballsdienst) is an expression often used in Europe for many forms of idolatry— be the idol money, science, or imperialism. Iqbal was deeply indebted in his philosophy to Henri Bergson. The great Swedish scholar and archbishop Nathan Suderblom in his book *The Living God*, German transl. p. 300) found in his idea of the creative evolution a "typical prophetic" view. And since it is the "Prophetical" conception of life

and God, that Iqbal tried to show and to realize in all phases of his life, on each page of his writings, small wonder that he accepted Bergson's idea, and widened it according to the ideals of Islam.

What we have tried to show is that: the genius never comes in an unprepared world; he finds ideas and ideals, traditions and figures of speech and thought; and is forced to live among them. But while other people live in "taqlid", in blind imitation of the old patterns the genius, burning in the fire of divine love and endless desire, melts all those element together, uses them for supporting his own ideas, and in this way creates a very important new organism of thought and work. To melt the world in the fire of his heart, and to create a new, living philosophy and practical code of life, that was the aim of Iqbal, and this ideal of his is seen even in such a subject as ours which is far from the centre of his work.

(Taken from *Pakistan Quarterly*, Karachi, 1956, Volume VI. No. 4. pp. 29-32, 39).

Sheila McDonough

THE MOSQUE OF CORDOBA: VISION OR PERISH

As we are gathered here to commemorate the life and work of *Muhammad Iqbal*, we may perhaps honour him in the most honest way, and in the way that would have pleased him most, if we remember that he was a man with a serious purpose. Iqbal does not belong in the category of those who produce art for art's sake, or who write for the pleasure of self-discovery and self-expression. He was rather one for whom the creative process was a matter of anguish, because he wanted to communicate with other men, and because words and forms were never adequate for his purposes. He has told us of his struggles to find words. As he put it:

Truth chokes, into words' tight garment thrust.....[1].

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

One is reminded that T. S. Eliot also complained of the heaviness of the burden laid on a poet who can never give adequate tongue to all he has to say. In Eliot's phrase:

Words strain,

Crack and sometimes break, under the burden[2]

We have no time here to draw out all the parallels one might find between Iqbal and Eliot. Both are certainly major religious poets of this century, and both are serious men frustrated by the difficulties of language because each felt oppressed by the weight of a vision that demanded speech and form. To quote Iqbal again:

---

* 1 حقیقت پہ ہمے جامۂ حرف تنگ !

(*Bal-e-Jibril* p. 174)

2 T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*.

Faith is like Abraham at the stake: to be Self-Honouring and God-drunk is faith. Hear me[1].

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

The seriousness of Iqbal is a measure of the sincerity of his faith. He sees the effort to live, and in his case the struggle to write, as exemplified in the Qur'anic image in which Abraham is thrown into the flames as a test of his faith. As Iqbal sees it, life is always a consuming fire testing the faith of those who try to respond to the challenges of existence with courage and creative action. When Iqbal says to us—hear me - he certainly means that his writing is intended to challenge us and to strike sparks in our minds.

I have suggested that we try to approach Iqbal by focusing our attention on the poem in which he tries to tell us of the effect on him of his visit to The Mosque of Cordoba. I have used the expression "vision or perish" for two reasons. Firstly, the expression conveys briefly the effect on Iqbal of his sight of the great Mosque. The experience he had on that occasion helped crystallize in his consciousness the whole of his feeling about the problem of time—that Eliade calls the terror of history, and it also crystallized his view of the authentic Muslim answer to this terror. "Vision or perish" should give us a key to understanding what the Mosque said to Iqbal, and, therefore, it should also help us to grasp what Iqbal is passionately trying to say to us.

Secondly, the expression in its English form comes of course from *The Book of Proverbs* (29:18) namely, "where there is not vision, the people perish." For Westerners trying to grasp something of the purpose of Iqbal, it is important to realize that his work has something like the flavour of the prophet Amos, or of John the Baptist We Westerners sometimes imagine that a poet of the East somehow be soft and sentimental. Iqbal is anything but vague and misty-minded. If

---

• 1 بقیں مثل خلیل آتش نشینی !
بقیں اللہ مستی خود گزینی !

(*Bal-e-Jibril* p. 116)

we are to *meet him* on his terms, we have to know that he is often fierce, and that his is a fierceness we should be familiar with, as it has its roots in the single-minded intensity of Semitic prophecy.

If I ask myself as a Western Christian at what point Iqbal speaks most directly to me, I would answer that I hear him most clearly precisely when he lashes out at me, as for instance in his poem occasioned by the Italian invasion of Abyssinia. He wrote then:

Those vultures of the West have yet to learn
What poisons lurk in Abyssinia's corpse.....
Woe to the shining honour of the Church.[1]

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

Iqbal died in 1938, but he seems to have had a pretty clear idea of the woes that were coming to birth in his time. His fierceness, as in the kind of comment quoted here, seems usually to have been well-founded.

Iqbal's main effort was not directed towards bringing Christians to a more honest and constructive self-criticism, but rather towards stimulating Muslims so that they might cast off the bad habits of self-satisfaction and dreamy other worldliness. It is because I can feel the sharpness of Iqbal's knife when he takes a cut at Christians, that I can imagine how stinging his blows must be when they are felt by Muslims whom he made the centre of his efforts. When Iqbal says "hear me", he usually means that the words will hurt, but he also means that his purpose is to provoke in order to stimulate more honesty, and more creative life.

Turning now to the poem, "The Mosque of Cordoba", we find a lucidity that can speak with immediacy to anyone. Nevertheless, though we can at once feel that we know what Iqbal is saying, we should recognize that his poetic language has roots in a long and glorious tradition of Urdu and Persian poetry. One can never claim

---

* 1. یورپ کے کرگسوں کو نہیں ہے ابھی خبر
ہے کتنی زہر ناک ابی سینا کی لاش !
اے وائے آبروئے کلیسا کا آئینہ

(*Zarb-e-Kalim* p. 147)

to have unfolded all the possible connotations and suggestions that could be awakened by Iqbal's imagery, especially in the minds of those as familiar as he was with the Muslim literary past.

The image he uses for time—two-coloured thread of silk—is an instance of one such complex image. Dr. Anne Marie Schimmel has commented that the view of time implied here, namely, the Creator dyed time with two different colours[1] has parallels in ancient Iranian ideas about the ambiguity of time which seems to reward and punish man in an arbitrary fashion without reference to human efforts. Similar images are found in Sufi poetry, and in pre-Islamic Arab poetry, where much reflection is done about the strangeness of life in which hunger or food, water or thirst, life or death come to man with a casualness whose source seems impenetrable.

We should note that Iqbal's use of a familiar image rarely indicates a simple repetition of an old theme. Much of his genius lies in the ease with which he has used the traditional forms as vehicles for the expression of new insights. In the case of this reference to two coloured thread, Iqbal uses the old idea of the unintelligibility of the suffering and joy meted out to man by the blind and haphazard happenings in time, but he goes further and says that it is this very ambiguity of time which is precious. The ambiguity is, in his words, the touchstone by which man's works are measured. Most human efforts become ultimately futile in the face of the remorseless rolling on of time. But at a few points, man has been able to escape the destructive power of time by doing work whose perfection shines and speaks across time. As Iqbal sees it, the Mosque of Cordoba is one such instance of successful response to the test In his words, the Mosque manifests work whose perfection is still bright with the splendour of love.

Here again, we must pause to consider the layers of meaning involved, in this case, in the word translated as "love". The Urdu word is " 'ishq" this word is continually used in Iqbal's writings, and is certainly one of the keys to his world-view. Yet, just because he means so much by it, we can never feel that we have easily grasped all that he means to say when he uses it. In this same poem, he indicates something of what he word means to him.

---

1 A Schimmel, *Gabriel's Wing*, p. 295.

'Ishq is Gabriel's breath, 'Ishq is Mohammed's strong heart,
'Ishq is the envoy of God, 'Ishq the utterance of God.
Even our mortal clay, touched by Love's ecstasy, glows;
'Ishq is a new-pressed wine, 'Ishq is the goblet of kings,
'Ishq the priest of the shrine, 'Ishq the commander of hosts
'Ishq is the warmth of life.[1]

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

From all this, it seems clear that "'ishq" is strong, courageous power, the speech of God, the warmth of life, that gives effective vitality to everything. "'ishq" for Iqbal is the power of genuine individuality. To put it in another way, no one can do good work as long as he is crippled by self-conscious fears for his own well being. The creative man is the self-forgetting man who is open to the reality outside of himself and responding vigorously to its challenges. In human terms, "'ishq" is the opposite of crippling fear, and nervous self-consciousness.

Probably each of us at one time or another has had an experience in encountering a great work of art comparable to the experience of numinous wonder that Iqbal tells us he had before the Mosque of Cordoba. For Iqbal, the experience before the great Mosque had a kind of revelatory quality. He saw revealed there the vision of the ideal Muslim

"here stands his inmost self-manifest in your stones".[1]

(Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

• 1 عشق دم جبرئیل ، عشق دل مصطفٰے !
عشق خدا کا رسول عشق خدا کا کلام
عشق کی مستی سے ہے پیکر گل تابناک
عشق ہے صہبائے خام، عشق ہے کاس الکرام
عشق فقیہِ حرم ، عشق امیر جنود
.....عشق ہے نار حیات

(*Bal-e-Jibril*, p. 128)

• 2 تجھ سے ہوا آشکار بندۂ مومن کا راز

(*Bal-e-Jibril* p. 131)

This helped to crystallize his conviction that whenever the members of the Muslim community had reached a high level of disciplined faith in, and openness to, the power and beauty of God, then they had been capable of magnificent creativeness in all areas. And for Iqbal the vision also conveyed the certainty that it is always possible for the community to reach the same peak of perfectly disciplined creativeness once more. When Iqbal cuts and slashes at Muslim follies, it is always because he wants the community to come alive as vividly again.

On the other hand, Iqbal's love for the Mosque of Cordoba did not lead him to any form of sterile sentimentalism about the Muslim past He had no wish to return to the Middle Ages. Since time is so significant in his thought, he takes it as normal that an age should die, and that all kinds of radical new challenges should shake the Muslim community out of its complacency. He knows that the Christian world has been disturbed and jolted by many reforms and revolutions in the past four hundred years, and he sees the coming of similar shocks to the Muslim world as basically healthy. In his words:

> Now in the soul of Islam tumults like those are astir,
> Working God's secret will: tongue cannot tell that they mean.
> Watch from that ocean-depth what comes surging at last:
> See how those colours change, there in that azure vault. 1
>
> (Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

The phrase "God's secret will" is a key to the manner in which Iqbal looked at the historical process. The phrase has its roots in one aspect of the Qur'anic portrayal of God, namely that He is the Subtle. (3:54) "And God is the best of schemers".

As Iqbal sees it, the problem in looking at the historical process is to discern the finger of God at work. Once the finger is discerned, then believers should become co-workers, and co-artists co-operating

---

• 1 روح مسلماں میں ہے آج وہی اضطراب
راز خدائی ہے یہ کہہ نہیں سکتی زباں
دیکھئے اس بحر کی تہ سے اچھلتا ہے کیا
گنبد نیلوفری رنگ بدلتا ہے کیا!

(Bal-e-Jibril p. 135)

with God in the process of working towards more tangible manifestations of beauty and righteousness.

I think that this idea is comparable to what the Christian theologian Paul Tillich has called "beliefful realism". Tillich says that our troubles usually come from falling victims to the temptations of either romantic utopianism or sterile realism. Tillich maintains that the only genuinely constructive attitude is the one which grasps realistically all aspects of a given situation, which sees through the situation to the ground of hope, and which then goes on to unleash creative energy that can transform the present. Such creativeness would be a way to overcome the terror of history.

Iqbal has sometimes been accused of advocating a kind of undisciplined dynamism. It is true that when one reads Iqbal, especially in Urdu, one feels a kind of vehement urge to rush out and shake the pillars of the universe with life-affirming vigour But, to accuse Iqbal of carelessly stirring up the hearts and minds of his hearers is to fail to do justice to the seriousness of his purposes. In Iqbal's terms, the shaking is for the purpose of disciplining the faithful so that they can become sharp, knife like blades cutting into the fogginess of life with clear and telling words and deeds. To quote him one last time :

> As is the hand of God, so the Believer's hand
> Potent, guided by craft.[1]
>
> (Translation by V. G. Kiernan)

(Text of a speech delivered on Iqbal Day at Washington, D. C., in April 1965).

---

* 1 ہاتھ ہے اللہ کا بندہ مومن کا ہاتھ
غالب و کار آفریں کار کشا کار ساز

(Bal-e-Jibril, p. 132*)*

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

MUHAMMAD TAQI BAHAR

A TRIBUTE TO AN INDIAN SAGE[1]

(بیدلی) گر رفت (اقبالی) رسید
بیدلان را نوبت حالی رسید
قرن حاضر خاصهٔ اقبال گشت
واحدی کز صد هزاران بر گذشت
شاعران گشتند جیش تار و مار
وین مبارز کرد کار صد سوار
عالم از حجت نمیماند تهی
فرق باشد از ورم تا فربهی
تیغ همت را کن ای هند عزیز
با فسان جرأت و امید تیز
صنعت و علم و امید و اتحاد
کسب کن تا وا رهی زین انفراد
"بار دیگر از ملک پران شوی
آنچه اندر وهم ناید آن شوی"
نکته ای گویم سخن کوته کنم
خاطر پاک تو را آگه کنم
شمه ای در حال و استقبال تو
هان نه من گویم که گفت اقبال تو
"زندگی جهد است و استحقاق نیست
جز بعلم انفس و آفاق نیست
گفت حکمت را خدا خیر کثیر
هرکجا این خیررا دیدی بگیر

---

* 1 Extract from a poem entitled "سلام هند بزرگ"
in *Diwan-e-Ash'ar Muhammad Taqi Bahar Malik-ush-Shu'ara*, Tehran, Volume II, pp. 232-334 For reference see p. 212.

فارغ از اندیشهٔ اغیار شو
قوت خوابیده ای بیدار شو"

تا امیدی حربهٔ اهریمن است
پیشش امید آسمانی جوش است
جوش امید را بر خسود بپوش
روز و شب تا جان به تن داری بکوش
خویش را خوار و زبون کس مدان
در نبرد زندگی واپس مدان
زین قناعت پیشگی پرهیز کن
مرکب همت بجولان تیز کن
همت از آمال کوچک باز گیر
تا فراز کهکشان پرواز گیر
این کمالات و تن آسانی بس است
تربیت آموز نادانی بس است
زندگی جنگست و تدبیر معاش
زندگی خواهی جو مردان کن تلاش
فقر و درویشی تباهت میکند
در دو عالم رو سیاهت میکند
فقر و درویشی در استغنا نکوست
با غنا شو صوفی و درویش دوست
گر بترس درد و رنجت در قفاست
خیز و جنبش کن که گنجت زیر پاست
جز یکی نبود سراپای وجود
قطره قطره محو دریای وجود
از جدائی بگذر و مانوس باش
قطرگی بگذار و اقیانوس باش
جز براه یکدلی سالک مباش
محو یکتائی شو و مشرک مباش

کفر دانی چیست ؟ کثرت ساختن
از یکی سوی دوتائی تاختن
سوی وحدت پوی و دست از شرک شوی
متحد باش و بترک کفر گوی[1]

---

* 1. If Bedil left us Iqbal came to us,
A stage of ecstacy came to lovers.
Iqbal has made this century his own,
A hundred thousand he surpassed, alone.
This champion with a hundred horsemen's might
An army of brave poets put to flight.
The world is never without the great ones,
But there is difference between fatness and swelling.
O dear India sharpen the sword of enterprise
On the whetstone of courage and hope;
Acquire industry, knowledge, hope and unity
And get rid of this feeling of isolation.
The second time you fly beyond the angels
And become what surpasses imagination!
I will tell you a secret and cut short the story,
Thus add to the knowledge of your discerning heart.
A little about your present and future I will tell
It is not what I say but what your Iqbal said
"Life is a struggle and not a privilege,
It is nothing but knowledge of the self and the universe.
God has termed knowledge as the great good.
Wherever you see this good, seize it.
Be free from fear of others
Thou art a sleeping force: awake!"
Despair is a weapon employed by the devil;
To face it, hope is the divine armour
Wear the armour of hope on your body,
Strive day and night so long as there is life in you.
Do not consider yourself humble and low before anybody
In the battle of life never regard yourself as lagging behind.
Eschew the habit of contentment
Make the steed of courage run faster.
Take yourself away from meagre objects of life

Fly to the very heights of the Milky Way.
Enough of this laissez faire and listlessness
Learn discipline and bid adieu to ignorance.
Life is struggle and a search for sustenance,
If you want to live, struggle like a man.
Poverty and want will bring ruin upon you,
And earn you shame in both the worlds.
Humility and saintliness are good but with being carefree,
When rich you may move with "Sufis" and "Derveshes."
If you are cowardly, pain and grief will chase you,
Arise and move for treasure is under your feet.
Existence is nought except the One,
Every drop is lost in the ocean of that Being.
Discard isolation and mix with others,
Give up the being of a drop and turn into an ocean.
Do not tread any path but that of unison,
Be enamoured of One and avoid polytheism.
You know what is heresy? Fad for pluralism
Or say it is going from One-ness towards dualism
Come towards One and wash your hands of polytheism
Be united and totally shun heresy.

(Translation by S. A. Vahid)

APPENDIX B

MUHAMMAD IQBAL

ASRAR-I-KHUDI—THE SECRETS OF THE SELF [1]

My Dear Dr. Nicholson,

I was very glad to learn from your letter to Shafi that your translation of the *Asrar-i-Khudi* has been favourably received and excited much attention in England. Some of the English reviewers, however, have been misled by the superficial resemblance of some of my ideas to those of Nietzsche. The view of the writer[2] in *The Athenaeum*[3] is largely affected by some mistakes of fact, for which, however, the writer does not seem to be responsible. But I am sure if he had known some of the dates of the publication of my Urdu poems referred to in his review, he would have certainly taken a totally different view of the growth of my literary activity. Nor does he rightly understand my idea of the Perfect Man, which he confounds with the German thinker's Superman. I wrote on the Sufi doctrine of the Perfect Man[4] more than twenty years ago—long before I had read or heard anything of Nietzsche. This was then published in *The Indian Antiquary* and later, in 1908, formed part of my book on Persian Metaphysics. The English reader ought to approach this idea not through the German thinker, but through an English thinker of great merit—I mean Alexander, whose Gifford Lectures delivered at Glasgow were published last year. His chapter on Deity and God (ii. 341) is worth reading. On page 347 he says: "Deity is thus the next higher empirical quality to mind, which the universe is engaged in bringing to birth. That the universe is pregnant with such a quality we are speculatively assured. What that quality is we cannot know; for we can neither enjoy nor still less contemplate it Our human altars still are raised to the unknown God. If we could know what Deity is, how it feels to be Divine, we should

---

* 1 For reference see pp. 286-290.

* 2 L. Dickinson

* 3 Not in *The Athenaeum* but in *The Nation*, London, December 24, 1920, p. 458.

* 4 The reference here is to an article entitled "The Doctrine of Absolute Unity as Expounded by Abdul Karim al-Jilani", published in *The Indian Antiquary*, Bombay, September, 1900.

first have to become as God". Alexander's thought is much bolder than mine. I believe there is a Divine tendency in the universe, but this tendency will eventually find its complete expression in a higher man, not in a God subject to Time, as Alexander implies in his discussion of the subject. I do not agree with Alexander's view of God; but it is clear that my idea of the Perfect Man will lose much of its outlandishness in the eye of the English reader if he approaches it through the ideas of a thinker of his own country.

But it was Mr. Lowes Dickinson's review which interested me most, and I want to make a few remarks on it.

1. Mr. Dickinson thinks, as I understand from his private letter to me, that I have defied physical force in the poem. He is, however, mistaken in his view. I believe in the power of the spirit, not brute force. When a people is called to a righteous war, it is, according to my belief, their duty to obey the call; but I condemn all war of conquest (cp. the story of Miyan Mir and the Emperor of India). [1]But Mr. Dickinson is quite right when he says that war is destructive, whether it is waged in the interests of truth and justice or in the interests of conquest and exploitation. It must be put an end to in any case. We have seen, however, that treaties, leagues, arbitrations *and conferences cannot put an end to it. Even if we secure these in a* more effective manner than before, ambitious nations will substitute more peaceful forms of the exploitation of races supposed to be less favoured or less civilized. The truth is that we stand in need of a living personality to solve our social problems, to settle our disputes and to place international morality on a surer basis. How very true are the last two paragraphs of Prof. Mackenzie's *Introduction to Social Philosophy* (pp. 376ff). I take the liberty to transcribe them here:

> *"There can be no ideal society without ideal men: and for the* production of these we require not only insight but a motive power; fire as well as light. Perhaps a philosophic understanding of our social problems is not even the chief want of our time. We need prophets as well as teachers, men like Carlyle or Ruskin or Tolstoi, who are able to add for us a new severity

---

* 1. *Asrar-e-Khudi* pp. 70-72

to conscience or a new breadth to duty. Perhaps we want a new Christ..... It has been well said that the prophet of our time must be a man of the world, and not merely a voice in the wilderness. For indeed the wilderness of the present is in the incessant war by which we are trying to make our way upwards. It is there that the prophet must be.

Or perhaps our chief want is rather for the poet of the new age than for its prophet– or for one who should be poet and prophet in one. Our poets of recent generations have taught us the love of nature, and enabled us to see in it the revelation of the divine. We still look for one who shall show us with the same clearness the presence of the divine in the human... We still need one who shall be fully and in all seriousness what Heine playfully called himself, a 'Ritter von dem Heiligen Geist', one who shall teach us to see the working out of our highest ideals in the every-day life of the world, and to find in devotion to the advancement of that life, not merely a sphere for an ascetic self-sacrifice, but a supreme object in the pursuit of which 'all thoughts, all passions, all delights' may receive their highest development and satisfaction".

It is in the light of such thoughts that I want the British public to read my description of the ideal man. It is not our treaties and arbitrations which will put an end to the internecine wars of the human family. A living personality alone will effectively do such a thing, and it is to him that I say:

"Bring once more days of peace to the world,
Give a message of peace to them that seek battle!"[1]

2. Mr. Dickinson further refers to my "Be hard". This is based on the view of reality that I have taken in the poem. According to my belief reality is a collection of individualities tending to become a harmonious whole through conflict which must inevitably lead to mutual adjustment. This conflict is a necessity in the interests of the

---

• 1 باز در عالم بیار ایام صلح جنگجویان را بده پیغام صلح
(*Asrar-e-Khudi* p. 51)

evolution of higher forms of life and of personal immortality. Nietzsche did not believe in personal immortality. To those desiring it he ruthlessly says: "Do you wish to be a perpetual burden on the shoulders of time?" *He was led to say this because he had a wrong notion of* time, and never tried to grapple with the ethical issue involved in the question of time. On the other hand I look upon immortality as the highest aspiration of man, on which he should focus all his energies, and consequently I recognize the need of all forms of activity, including conflict, which tend to make the human person more and more stable. And for the same consideration I condemn speculative mysticism and inactive quietism. My interest in conflict is mainly ethical and not political, whereas Nietzsche's was probably only political. Modern physical science has taught us that the atom of material energy has achieved its present form through many thousands of years of evolution. Yet it is unstable and can be made to disappear. The same is the case with the atom of mind-energy, i.e. the human person. It has achieved its present form through aeons of incessant effort and conflict; yet, in spite of all this, its instability is clear from the various phenomena of mental pathology. If it is to continue intact it cannot ignore the lessons learnt from its past career, and will require the same (or similar) forces to maintain its stability which it has availed itself of before. It is possible that in its onward march nature may modify or eliminate altogether some of the forces (e g. conflict in the way of *mutual wars) that have so far determined and helped its evolution,* and introduce new forces hitherto unknown to mankind, to secure its stability. But I confess I am not an idealist in this matter, and believe this time to be very distant. I am afraid mankind will not, for a very long time to come, learn the lesson that the Great European War has offered them. Thus it is clear that my purpose in recognizing the need of conflict is mainly ethical. Mr. Dickinson has unfortunately altogether ignored this aspect of the "Be hard".

3. Mr. Dickinson further remarks that while my philosophy is universal, my application of it is particular and exclusive. This is in a sense true. The humanitarian ideal is always universal in poetry and philosophy; but if you make it an effective ideal and work it out in actual life, you must start, not with poets and philosophers, but with *a society exclusive, in the sense of having a creed and a well-defined* outline, but ever enlarging its limits by example and persuasion. Such

a society, according to my belief, is Islam. This society has so far proved itself a most successful opponent of the race-idea, which is probably the hardest barrier in the way of the humanitarian ideal. Renan was wrong when he said that science is the greatest enemy of Islam. No *it is the race-idea which is the greatest enemy of Islam* — in fact of all humanity and it is the duty of all lovers of mankind to stand in revolt against this dreadful invention of the Devil. Since I find that the idea of nationality—based on race or territory—is making headway in the world of Islam, and since I fear that the Muslims, losing sight of their own ideal of a universal humanity, are being lured by the idea of a territorial nationality, I feel it is my duty, as a Muslim and as a lover of all men, to remind them of their true function in the evolution of mankind. Tribal and national organizations on the lines of race or territory are only a temporary phase in the unfolding and upbringing of collective life, and as such I have no quarrel with them; but I condemn them in the strongest possible terms when they are regarded as the ultimate expression of the life of mankind. While I have the greatest love for Islam, it is in view of practical and not patriotic considerations, as Mr. Dickinson thinks, that I am compelled to start with a specific society (e.g. Islam) which, among the societies of the world, happens to be the only one suitable to my purpose. Nor is the spirit of Islam so exclusive as Mr. Dickinson thinks. In the interests of a universal unification of mankind the Qur'an ignores their minor differences and says: "Come let us unite on what is common to us all".

I am afraid the old European idea of a blood-thirsty Islam is still lingering in the mind of Mr. Dickinson. All men and not Muslims alone are meant for the kingdom of God on earth, provided they say good-bye to their idols of race and nationality, and treat one another as personalities. Leagues, mandates, treaties, like the one described by Mr. Keynes, and imperialisms, however draped in democracy, can never bring salvation to mankind. The salvation of man lies in absolute equality and freedom of all. We stand in need of a thorough overhauling of the uses of science which have brought so much misery to mankind, and of a total abandonment of what may be called esoteric politics, which is ever planning the ruin of less clever or weaker races. That Muslim peoples have fought and conquered like other peoples,

and that some of their leaders have screened their personal ambition behind the veil of religion, I do not deny; but I am absolutely sure that territorial conquest was no part of the original programme of Islam. As a matter of fact I consider it a great loss that the progress of Islam as a conquering faith stultified the growth of those germs of an economic and democratic organization of society, which I find scattered up and down the pages of the Qur'an and the traditions of the Prophet. No doubt the Muslims succeeded in building a great empire, but thereby they largely repaganized their political ideals and lost sight of some of the most important potentialities of their faith. Islam certainly aims at absorption. This absorption, however, is to be achieved, not by territorial conquest, but by the simplicity of its teaching, its appeal to the common sense of mankind, and its aversion from abstruse metaphysical dogma. That Islam can succeed by its inherent force is sufficiently clear from the Muslim missionary work in China, where it has won millions of adherents without the help of any political power. I hope that more than twenty years' study of the world's thought has given me sufficient training to judge things impartially. The object of my Persian poems is not to make out a case for Islam; my aim is simply to discover a universal social reconstruction, and in this endeavour I find it philosophically impossible to ignore a social system which exists with the express object of doing away with all the distinctions of caste, rank and race, and which, while keeping a watchful eye on the affairs of this world, fosters a spirit of the unworldliness so absolutely essential to man in his relations with his neighbours. This is what Europe lacks, and this is what she can still learn from us.

One word more, in my notes which now form part of your introduction to *Asrar-e-Khudi* I deliberately explained my position in reference to Western thinkers, as I thought this would facilitate the understanding of my views in England. I could have easily explained myself in the light of the Qur'an and Muslim Sufis and thinkers. As a matter of fact I did so explain myself in my Hindustani introduction to the 1st edition of the *Asrar*. I claim that the philosophy of the *Asrar* is a direct development out of the experience and speculation of old Muslim Sufis

and thinkers. Even Bergson's idea of time is not quite foreign to our Sufis. The Qur'an is certainly not a book of metaphysics, but it takes a definite view of the life and destiny of man, which must eventually rest on propositions of a metaphysical import. A statement by a modern Muslim student of philosophy of such aproposition, especially when it is made in the light of the religious experience and philosophy invoked by that great book, is not putting new wine in old bottles. It is only a restatement of the old in the light of the new. It is unfortunate that the history of Muslim thought is so little known in the West. I wish I had time to write an extensive book on the subject to show to the Western student of philosophy how philosophie thinking makes the whole world kin.

Yours very sincerely,

MUHAMMAD IQBAL

Lahore,
26th January, 1921.

(Iqbal's letter to R. A. Nicholson published in *The Quest*, London, October 1920 — July 1921, Volume XII, pp. 484-492).

APPENDIX C

MUHAMMAD IQBAL

DEDICATORY POEM ADDRESSED TO SIR SYED ALI IMAM[1]

اے امام اے سید والا نسب — دودمانت فخر اشراف عرب
سلطنت را دیدہ افروز آمدی — عقل کل را حکمت آموز آمدی
آشنائے معنی بیگانہ — جلوہ شمع مرا پروانہ
مرغ فکرم گلستان ها دیده است — از ریاض زندگی گل چیده است
این گل از تار رگ جان بسته ام — تازه تر در دست تو گذاشته ام
بود نقش هستیم انگارہ — نما قبولے ناکسے ناکارہ
عشق سوهان زد مرا آدم شدم — عالم کیف و کم عالم شدم
حرکت اعصاب گردون دیده ام — در رگ مہ دوره خون دیده ام
بهر انسان چشم من شبها گریست — تا دریدم پرده اسرار زیست
از درون کارگاه ممکنات — بر کشیدم سیر تقویم حیات
من که این شب را چو مه آراستم — گرد پائے ملت بیضا ستم
ملتے در باغ و راغ آوازه اش — آتش دلها سرود تازه اش
ذره کشت و آفتاب اثار کرد — خرمن از صد روسی و عطار کرد
آه گرمم رخت برگردون کشم — گر چه دودم از تبار آتشم
خامه ام از همت فکر بلند — راز این نه پرده در صحرا فگند
قطره تا نم پایه دریا سود — ذره از بالیدگی صحرا شود
ملت او جسم است شاعر چشم اوست — جسم را از چشم بینا آبروست
چشم از نور محبت روشنم — اشک بار از درد اعضائے تنم

نذر اشک بے قرار از من پزیر
گریه بے اختیار از من پزیر[2]

---

1. *Sarod-e-Rafta*, pp. 68-69. For reference see p. 294
2. O Imam! O Syed! belonging to the high family (of the Holy Prophet): Your family is the pride of the nobility of Arabia.

   You illumine the eyes of the State, you teach wisdom to the very Embodiment of Wisdom.

   You are familiar with hidden meanings; you are like a moth for the light of my candle.

The bird of my imagination has seen many gardens and picked flowers from the orchards of life,

I have bound these flowers with the thread of my life-line and now this bunch looks fresher in your hand.

My being was cinder-like, unacceptable, valueless and useless,

Love brightened it up and I have become a Man, possessing knowledge of the qualities and quantities of the world.

I have observed the movements of the sinews of sky and seen blood coursing in the veins of the moon.

My eyes have been shedding tears through many a night for Man's sake so that I was able to tear through the mystery curtain of life,

And brought out the secret of life's constitution from the workshop of possibilities.

I, who adorned the night like the moon, am nothing but the dust of the feet of the Muslim Nation—.

A Nation with whose voice gardens and ruins are resounding alike and whose latest symphony (the poet) pours fire in the hearts,

A Nation which cultivated atoms and reaped suns and in whose harvests there are a hundred Rumis and 'Attars.

My fervid sighs have enabled me to rise to the skies; though I am smoke but am sprung from the family of fire.

With the strength of a lofty imagination, my pen has thrown the secrets of the nine Heavens open to the view of all. The drop can become equal of the ocean and a grain of sand can, by growth, become a desert.

If the Nation is the body, the poet is the eye of that body. The eye which has vision lends dignity to the body.

My eye has lighted up with the glow of love. It sheds tears because of the pain in the various limbs of the body.

Accept from me this gift of restless and irrepressible tears.

(Translation by Karam Hydri)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

In the footnotes provided by the Editor, reference has been made to the following works of Iqbal:

(A) *Poetical Works*

Armaghan-e-Hijaz, Lahore, 1966

Asrar-e-Khudi, Lahore, 1948

Bal-e-Jibril, Lahore, 1966

Bang-e-Dara, Lahore, 1962

Javid Nama, Lahore, 1959

Payam-e-Mashriq, Lahore, 1954

Rumuz-e-Bekhudi, Lahore, 1948

Zabur-e-'Ajam, Lahore, 1966

Zarb-e-Kalim, Lahore, 1963

(B) *Prose Works*

The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam, Lahore, 1962

and also to the following collections of Iqbal's writings:

(A) *Poetry Collections*

Delawari, S. A. and Mehr, G.R. (Editors), *Sarod-e-Rafta*, Lahore, 1951

Faruqi, M. I. and Ghaznavi, K (Editors), *Khayaban-e-Iqbal*, Peshawar, 1966

(B) *Prose Collections*

Jinnah, M. A. *Letters of Iqbal to Jinnah*, Lahore, 1963

Shamloo (Editor), *Speeches and Statements of Iqbal*, Lahore, 1948

Vahid, S. A. (Editor), *Thoughts* and Reflections of Iqbal, Lahore, 1964

Reference has also been made to the following translations of Iqbal's verse:

Arberry, A. J. *Javid Nama*, London, 1966

Kiernan, V. G. *Poem from Iqbal*, London, 1955

Nicholson, R. A. *The Secrets of the Self*, Lahore, 1948

(Reference has also been made in the footnotes to a letter written by Iqbal to R. A Nicholson which the latter quotes in his Introduction to *The Secrets of the Self*)

The following works have also been cited in the Editor's footnotes:

Bergson, H. *Creative Evolution* (translated by Mitchell, A) London, 1911

Page, F (Editer), *Selected Letters of John Keats*, Oxford University Press, 1954

Schimmel, A. M. *Gabriel's Wing*, Leiden, 1963

Seligman, E. R. and Johnson, A (Editors) *The Encyclopaedia of Social Sciences*, New York, 1957, Volume XIV.

Wahid-ud-din, F. S *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Karachi, 1965, Volume I (5th edition)

Rozgar-e-Faqir, Karachi, 1964, Volume II (Ist edition)

The bibliographic details of the articles included in *The Sword and the Sceptre* are given below:

Anand, M.R. "The Poetry of Sir Muhammad Iqbal," taken from *Indian Arts and Letters*, London, 1931, N. S. V, No. 1, pp. 19-39

Bausani, A "Dante and Iqbal" taken from *East and West*, Rome, 1951-52, pp. 77-81

Browne, E.G. "The Secrets of the Self (*Asrar-i-Khudi*)", taken from *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, London, 1921, pp. 146-147

Chakravarty, A "Iqbal –India's Muslim Poet," taken from *Asia*, New York, Volume XXXVIII, No. 9, September 1938, pp. 559-562; also published in *Voice of Islam*, Singapore, January-February 1939, pp. 19-23.

Chopra, H.L. "Iqbal—The Poet," taken from *Indo-Iranica*, Iran Society, Calcutta, Volume 10, No. 3, September 1957, pp. 24-27

Darling M (Sir) "Reminiscences of Iqbal" an Iqbal Day address delivered at London, April 1959, obtained through the courtesy of the author.

Dickinson, L "The Secrets of the Self (*Asrar-i-Khudi*)," taken from *The Nation*, London, December 24, 1920, p. 458

Forster, E. M. "The Secrets of the Self (*Asrar-i-Khudi*)," taken from *The Athenaeum*, December 10, 1920, pp. 803-804

Ghaffar, A "The Divine Comedy of Modern India," taken from *Contemporary India*, Lahore, 1936, No. 2, pp. 255-260

Habib, K. M. "Iqbal's Poetic Achievement," taken from *Pakistan Quarterly*, Karachi, Spring 1967, pp. 30-36, 65-71

Haidri, A. A. "Iqbal's Persian Poetry," an Iqbal Day address delivered at London, May 1961, obtained through the courtesy of the author

Haq, A. "Sir Muhammad Iqbal," taken from *Indian Review*, Madras, 1925, Volume XXVI, pp. 785-790

Hasan, M "Iqbal—Recollections" an unpublished article obtained through the courtesy of the author
"A Day in the Life of Muhammad Iqbal," taken from *Muhammad Iqbal*, Pakistan-German Forum, Karachi, 1960, pp. 133-139

Haywood, J.A. "The Wisdom of Muhammad Iqbal—Some Considerations of Form and Content," an Iqbal Day address delivered at London, April 1967, obtained through the courtesy of the author

Khan, S. A "A Note on Iqbal" taken *Indian Arts and Letters*, London, 1943, N. S. Volume XVII, No. 1, pp. 71-73

Marek, J "The Date of Muhammad Iqbal's Birth," taken from *Archiv Orientalni*, Nakladatelstvi Ceskoslovenske Akademie, Praha, 1958, Volume 26/4, pp. 617-620

McDonough, S "The Mosque of Cordoba: Vision or Perish," an Iqbal Day address delivered at Washington, D. C., April 1965, obtained through the courtesy of the author

Nicholson, R.A. "The Secrets of the Self: A Moslem Poet's Interpretation of Vitalism," taken from *The Quest* London, Volume XI, No. 4, pp. 433-450

"Iqbal's Message of the East," taken from *Islamica*, Lipsiae, 1924-25, Volume I, pp. 112-124

Ostrau, H.V.V. "Iqbal's Last Visitor," taken from *Tagebnecher aus Asien*, Band I, Classes Verlag, Hamburg, 1956, pp. 138, 145, 162

Qadir, A. (Sir) "Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal—The Great Poet of Islam," taken from *Great Men of India*, Edited by L.F. Rushbrook *William*, Bombay, 1939, pp. 562, 571
"The Principal Themes in Iqbal's Poetry," taken from "Muslim Culture and Religious Thought" in *Modern India and the West*, Edited by L.S.S. O'Malley, 1941, pp. 530-531

Rahman. M.N. "*Asrar-e-Khudi* or The Secrets of the Self," taken from *The Indian Review*, Madras, 1921-22, pp. 156-158

Rothenstein, W (Sir) "Iqbal—A Memory" taken from *Since Fifty* (*Men and Memories*, Volume 3,) London, 1931-39, pp. 46-48

Roy, N. B "The Background of Iqbal's Poetry," taken from *Visva Bharati Review*, Santiniketan, 1954-55, Volume 20, pp. 321-331

Schimmel, A. M. "The *Javidname* in the Light of the Comparative History of Religions" taken from *Pakistan Quarterly*, Karachi, 1956, Volume IV, No. 4, pp 29-32, 39

Singh, I "Muhammad Iqbal—Study in a Paradox" taken from *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, Bombay, December 12, 1954, pp. 38-39

Sorley, H. T. "Iqbal," taken from *Musa Pervagans*, Aberdeen, 1953, pp. 169-203

Taseer, M. D. "Introduction to Iqbal's Poems," taken from *Poems from Iqbal*, by V. G. Kiernan, Bombay, 1947, pp. 11-15
"Iqbal s Theory of Art and Literature," taken from

Pakistan Quarterly, Karachi, 1949, Volume I, No. 3, pp. 15,71

"Iqbal and the 'Ghazal'," taken from *Pakistan Quarterly* Karachi, April 1949, Volume I, No. 1, pp. 28, 40

Vahid, S. A. "Date of Iqbal's Birth," taken from *Iqbal Review*, Karachi, October 1964, Volume V, No. 3, pp. 21-32

"Iqbal and His Poetry" taken from *The Islamic Review*, Woking (England), April 1954, pp. 30-34

Wahid-ud-din, F. S. "Iqbal's Date of Birth", taken from *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Karachi, 1965, Volume I (5th Edition), pp. 229-243

(translation by Akhtar Sharif)
"Iqbal - A Recollection," taken from *Rozgar-e-Faqir*, Volume I, pp. 38-40 (translation by Mumtaz Hasan)

In the footnotes to the Appendices, reference has been made to the following:

Diwan-e-Ash'ar Muhammad Taqi Bahar Malik-ush-Shu'ara, Tehran, Volume II, pp. 232-234

The Indian Antiquary, Bombay, September, 1900

The Nation, London, December 24, 1920, p. 458

The Quest, London, October 1920-July 1921, Volume XII, pp. 484-492

ERRATA

p. 5 Comma to be inserted after "Orientalni" and "Akademic" to be corrected to "Akademie" in line 12.

p. 6 Inverted commas to be inserted after "(i. e. 1876 A. D.)" in line 16.

p. 7 "Calender" to be corrected to "Calendar" in line 11.

p. 9 "Ziqa'b" to be corrected to "Zi'qa'd" in line 13.
"his" to be interposed between "to" and "dissertation" in line 17.
"appear" to be corrected to "appeared" in line 32.

p. 10 "khwaja" to be corrected to "Khwaja" in line 12.

p. 11 "of" to be interposed between "Prophet" and "Islam" in line 34.

p. 14 "Tarkih" to be corrected to "Tarikh" in footnote 1.
No comma after "as" in line 17.

p. 15 "Novopersk literntura" to be corrected to "Novoperska literatura" in line 25.
"under" to be corrected to "und der" in line 28.
"Tschudizum" to be corrected to "Tschudi Zum" in line 29.

p. 16 "Gottfied" to be corrected to "Gottfried" and "in" to be corrected to "im" in line 1.
"btrth" to be corrected to "birth" in line 22.
"posses" to be corrected to "possess" in line 30.

p. 18 'Christlichen' to be corrected to "Christian" in footnote 1, line 2.

p. 23 The author's name to be corrected to "Rothenstein".
"Berkley's" to be corrected to "Berkeley's" in line 10.
"unfortunately" to be corrected to "Unfortunately" in line 15.

p. 26 "I hat" to be corrected to "That" in line 32.

p. 27 "You Italians" to be corrected to "you Italians" in line 6.

p. 31 "Inseparabie" to be corrected to "Inseparable" in line 17.
"It" to be interposed between "is" and "then" in line 27.

p. 33 Comma to be changed to a full-stop in line 35.

p. 35 Single inverted comma to be inserted before the double inverted commas after "Prophet" in line 21.

p. 36 Brackets to be put before "Extract from Rozgare-e-Faqir Karachi, Volume 1, pp.38-40, translation by Mumtaz Hassan".

p. 38 *"(Ibid., p. 14)" to be corrected to "(Armaghan-e-Hijaz,* p. 14)" in footnote 1.

p. 39 "(Zabur-e-Ajam)" to be corrected to "(Zabur-e-'Ajam)" in footnote 1.

p. 43 "on" to be interposed between "hornet" and "one" in line 23.

p. 44 "Pulau" to be corrected to "Pulao" in line 2.

p. 49 "cf" to be corrected to "of" in line 6,

p. 50 "movement" to be corrected to "moment" in line 13.

p. 51 "Gazliyat" to be corrected to "Ghazliyat" in line 13.
"Ibid pp. 35-36" to be corrected to "Bang-e-Dara pp. 35-36" in footnote 1 and "Bang-e-Dara pp. 115-116" to be corrected to "Ibid pp. 115-116" in footnote 5.

p. 52 "(*Ibid* p. 119)" to be corrected to "(*Bang-e-Dara* p. 119)" in footnote 1 and "(*Bang-e-Dara* p. 125)" to be corrected to "(*Ibid.*, p. 125)" in footnote 2.

p. 53 "Khizar" to be corrected to "Khizr" in line 21.
"*Ibid*, p. 150)" to be corrected to "(*Bang-e-Dara* p. 150)" in footnote 1, and "*Bang-e-Dara* p, 279" to be corrected to "*Ibid.*, p. 279" in footnote 2.

p. 55 "wise" to be corrected to "Wise" in line 14.

p. 56 "feals" to be corrected to "feels" in line 15.
Double inverted commas to be inserted before Qita' " in line 19.

p. 59 "dcparted" to be corrected to "departed" in line 5.

p. 60 "on" to be corrected to "of" in line 7.
"philosophy" to be corrected to "Philosophy" in line 10.
"demended" to be corrected to "demanded" in line 14.

p. 61 "Bang-e-Dara, pp. 177-187" to be corrected to "Ibid., pp. 177-187" in footnote 3.

p. 62 "Mystries" to be corrected to "Mysteries" in line 14.
Bracket to be inserted after "East" in line 24.

p. 63 "aqwami" to be corrected to "aqwam" in line 10.

p. 64 "literature" to be corrected to "Literature" in footnote 2.

p. 66 "admirer's" to be corrected to "admirers" in line 5.

p. 68 Bracket ofter "Payam-e-Mashriq, p. 158" to be cancelled.
Footnote 3 to read as follows: 3. Ibid., p. 233.

p. 69 "Instruetion" to be corrcted to "Instruction" in line 27.
"rervice" to be corrected to "service" in line 36.

p. 70 "Question" to be corrected to "question" in line 3.
"undestanding" to be corrected to "understanding" in line 10.
"Sentiniketan" to be corrected to "Santineketan" in line 19.

p. 71 "in" to be interposed between "way" and "an" in line 15.

p, 73 "Yours" to be corrected to "your" in line 3.
Comma to be changed to a full-stop after "born" in line 31.

p. 77 "(Ibid, p. 150)" to be corrected to "(Zarb-e-Kalim, p. 150)" in footnote 1 and "(Zarb-e-Kalim, p. 154)" to be corrected to "(Ibid., p. 154)" in footnote 2.

p. 78 "hour is" to be corrected to "houris" in line 1.
"(Bal-e-Jibril, p. 145)" to be corrected to "(Ibid., p. 145)" in footnote 2.

p. 79 "(Ibid, pp.146-147)" to be corrected to "(Bal-e-Jibril, pp. 146-147," in footnote 1.

p. 80 "expceting" to be corrected to "excepting" in line 14.
"ereas" to be corrected to "areas" in line 23.

p 82 The apostrophe before "The" in line 4 to be cancelled.

p. 84 "Islami" to be corrected to "Islam" in line 11.
"(Ibid, p 30)" to be corrected to "(Zarb-e-Kalim, p. 30)" in footnote 1.

p. 85 "Commmune" to be corrected to "commune" in line 11.

p. 87 "intellectuall" to be corrected to "intellectual" in line 5.
"Autum" to be corrected to "autumn" in line 12.

p. 90 Brackets around "Bang-e-Dara, p. 136" to be cancelled in *footnote 2.*

p. 91 "This" to be corrected to "'Tis" in line 5.

p. 93 "which" to be interposed between "works and "is" in line 26
"reservior" to be corrected to "reservoir" in line 28.

p. 94 "song" to be corrected to "sang" in line 15.

p. 95 Comma to be inserted after "patriot-saint" in line 19.

p. 96 "Poet's" to be corrected to "Poets" in line 3.
"Mac Taggart" to be corrected to "MacTaggart" in line 9.

p. 99 "Gulture" to be corrected to "Culture" in line 16.
Bracket to be inserted after "pp. 24-27" at the end of the article.
"Ibid, Lahore, 196 , p. 179" to be corrected to "The Reconstruction of *Religious Thought in Islam, Lahore, 1962, p. 179*" in footnote 1.

p. 101 "aid" to be corrected to "Aid" in line 21.
"Ibid, pp. 3-6" to be corrccted to "Bang-e-Dara, pp. 3-6" in footnote 1.
"Bang-e-Dara, p. 88" to be corrected to "Ibid., p. 88" in footnote 2.
Brackets around "Sarod-e-Rafta, pp. 9-18" to be cancelled in foot-note 4.

p. 102 "exrpression" to be corrected to "expression" in line 15.
"heal" to be corrected to "heel" in line 22.

p. 104 "costitutes" to be corrected to "constitutes" in line 18.

p. 107 Comma to be inserted after "man" in line 14,

p. 109 "(Ibid, p 39)" to be corrected to "(Payam-e-Mashriq, p. 39)" in footnote 1.

p. 110 "the reupon" to be corrected to "thereupon" in line 11.
"the reupon" to be corrected to "thereupon" in line 33.

p. 115 "Ibid, p 97" to be corrected to "The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam, p. 97" in footnote 1.
"The Reconstruction of Religions Thought in Islam, p. 7" to be corrected to "Ibid., p. 7" in footnote 2.

p. 118 "avowedlly" to be corrected to "avowedly" in line 24.

p. 122 "varse" to be corrected to "verse" in line 2.
"duriug" to be corrected to "during" in line 8.

p. 123 "poems" in footnote 6, line 1, to be corrected to "poem".
Bracket to be inserted after "Asrar-e-Khudi" at the bottom of the page. "6" to be placed before rather than after the bracket in line 12.

Bracket to be inserted after "Asrar-e-Khudi, p. 3" at the bottom of the page.

p. 124 "Ibid, p 10' to bc corrected to "Asrar-e-Khudi, p. 10" in footnote 1.

p. 125 "Involvcd" to be corrected to "involved" in line 1.
"nnations" to be corrected to "nations" in line 16.
Full-stop to be inserted after "realization" in line 18.
"and" to be interposed between "Rome" and "Egypt" in line 22.
"the New Temple" to be corrected to "The New Temple" in line 26.

p. 126 "wars hippers" to be corrected to "Worshippers" in line 2.
"Paofessor" to be corrected to "Professor" in line 10.

p. 127 pulpitating" to be corrected to "palpitating" in line 21.
"Bang-e-Dara, 126-127" to be corrected to "Ibid., pp. 126-127" in footnote 4.

p. 128 "he" to be corrected to "who" in line 3.
"dvine" to be corrected to "divine" in line 11.

p. 129 "angles" to be corrected to "angels" in line 2.

p. 130 "yours" to be corrected to "your" in line 5.
Inverted commas to be inserted after "exchange" in line 25.

p. 131 "Muezzins" to be corrected to "Muezzin's" in line 7.

p. 132 Double inverted commas before and after "Iqbal" and before "has" in line 11 and after "life" in line 12 to be corrected to single inverted commas.

p. 133 "himsslf" to be corrected to "himself" in line 4.
"knidom" to be corrected to "kingdom" in line 15.

p. 134 Double inverted commas to be inserted after "lancet" in line 18.
"(Asrar-e-Khudi, p. 8)" to be corrected to "(Ibid., p. 8)" in footnote 2.

p. 136 "weakned" to be corrected to "weakened" in line 12.

p. 137 "never" to be corrected to "ever" in line 8.

p. 139 Comma after "said" in line 7.
"malodious" to be corrected to "melodious" in line 9.
"Chenigis" to be corrected to "Chengiz" in line 15.
"fiame" to be corrected to "flame" in line 16.
"(Payam-e-Mashriq, p. 150)" to be corrected to "(Ibid., p. 150)" in footnote 2.

p. 141 "descendent" to be corrected to "descendant" in line 9.
"(Payam-e-Mashriq, p. 240)" to be corrected to "(Ibid., p. 240)" in footnote 3.
Brackets around "Ibid., pp. 244-245" in footnote 3 to be cancelled.

p. 142 "fsum" to be corrected to "from" in line 8.
"Ibid, pp. 255-256" to be corrected to "Payam-e-Mashriq, pp. 255-256" in footnote 1.
"(Payam-e-Mashriq, pp. 254-255)" to be corrected to "Ibid., pp. 254-255)" in footnote 3.

p. 143 "poem" to be corrected to "poet" in line 1.
"allowiag" to be corrected to "allowing" in line 17.

p. 144 "intance" to be corrected to "instance" in line 27.

p. 145 "craftsmen" to be corrected to "craftsman" in line 7.
comma after "effect" to be corrected to a full-stop in line 34.

p. 146 "enamourned" to be corrected to "enamoured" in line 22.

p. 148 "vary" to be corrected to "very" in line 13.

p. 149 "(Bang-e-Dara, pp. 35-36)" to be corrected to "Ibid., pp. 3-5 36)" in line 2.

p. 150 full-stop after "Heidelberg" to be changed to a comma in line 7.

p. 151 "wanderful" to be corrected to "wonderful" and "potery" to be corrected to "poetry" in line 14.

p. 153 "smooothness" to be corrected to "smoothnesss" in line 16.

p. 154 "Jawid Nama" in footnote I to be corrected to "Javid Nama".

p. 156 Bracket before "Asrar-i-Khudi" in line 3 to be cancelled.
"Runuz" to be corrected to "Rumuz" in line 24.

p. 157 "Gulshan-i-Raz Jadid" to be corrected to "Gulshan-i-Raz-i-Jadid" in line 3.
"east" to be corrected to "East" in line 13.
"Shiritual" to be corrected to "spiritual" in line 14.
"Vally" to be corrected to "Valley" in line 21.
"paints" to be corrected to "points" in line 27.
"(Jawid Nama, p. 35)" to be corrected to "(Javid Nama, p. 35)" in footnote 1.

p. 162 "expended" to be corrected to "expanded" in line 6.
"familier" to be corrected to "familiar" in line 21.

p. 163 "devided" to be corrected to "divided" in line 15.
"mira" to be corrected to "misra' " in line 16.
Inverted commas before "this" in line 2 to be cancelled:
Inverted commas to be inserted after "expression" in line 9 and after "bayt" in line 16.

p. 164 "welsh" to be corrected to "Welsh" in line 26.

p. 165 "misra's" to be corrected to "misra's" in line 19.
"Muwashshaht" to be corrected to "muwashshahat" in line 30.

p. 166 "Faerio" to be corrected to "Faerie" in line 3.
"secnod" to be corrected to "second" in line 7.
"cohesian" to be corrected to "cohesion" in line 18.

p. 168 "Mathew" to be corrected to "Matthew" in line 14.

p. 170 "Kharaj-i-Shahr-u-ganj-i-Kan-o-jam raft " to be corrected to "Kharaj-i-Shahr-u-ganj-i-kan-i-wim raft" in line 2.
"mand" to be corrected to "manad" in line 4.
"Barhaman" to be corrected to "Barahman" in line 21.
"guyam" to be corrected to "*guyim*" in line 23.
"(Payam-e-Mashriq, p. 19)" to be corrected to "(Ibid., p.19)" in footnote 3.

p. 172 "shar" to be corrected to "shah" in line 11.

p. 175 "Sufii" to be corrected to "Sufi" in line 6.
"preceeded" to be corrected to "preceded" in line 8.

p. 176 "mnch" to be corrected to "much" in line 28.

p. 177 "themselve" to be corrected to "themselves" in line 8.
"comsletely" to be corrected to "completely" in line 22.

p. 179 Brackets around "(Bang-e-Dara, pp. 115-116)" in footnote 1 to be cancelled.
"*Persian* art 4" to be corrected to "Persian art" in line 23.

p. 182 "rooked" to be corrected to "recked" in line 14.

p 184 "As" to be corrected to "At" in line 13.

p. 189 Brackets around "(Bang-e-Dara, pp. 198-199)" in footnote 1 to be cancelled.

p. 192 Brackets around "(Bang-e-Dara, p. 41)" in footnote 1 to be cancelled.

p. 195 "Keen-ness" to be corrected to "keenness" in line 26.

p. 196 "Mak" to be corrected to "Make" and "share" to "shore" in line 8.

p. 199 Brackets around "(Bang-e-Dara, pp. 93-94)" to be cancelled.

p. 200 "Parvagans" to be corrected to "Pervagans" in line 13

p. 201 "(Bange-Dara p. 51)" to be corrected to "(Bang-e-Dara, p. 51)" in footnote 1.
Brackets around "Ibid, p. 82" in footnote 2 to be cancelled.

p. 202 "narraw" to be corrected to "narrow" in line 5.
"customery' to be corrected to "customary" in line 6.
"Mc Taggart" to be corrected to "McTaggart" in line 8.
"sized" to be corrected to "seized" in line 16.
"cunvenient argumemt" to be corrected to "convenient argument" in line 17.
"sptrit" to be corrected to "spirit" in line 26.
"Abardeen" to be corrected to "Aberdeen" in footnote 1.

p. 203 "acturial" to be corrected to "actuarial" in line 7.

p. 204 "oreintal" to be corrected to "oriental" in line 1.
"Froster" to be corrected to "Forster" in line 5.

"letter" to be corrected to "later" and a single inverted comma to be placed before "I" in line 17.
"absenice" to be corrected to "absence" in line 29.

p. 205 "Propoganda" to be corrected to "propaganda" in line 1.
"unforutunate" to be corrected to "unfortunate" in line 25.

p. 207 "predecessers" to be corrected to "predecessors" in line 22.

p. 208 "malancholy" to be corrected to "melancholy" in line 24.
"end" to be corrected to "and" in line 25.

p. 209 Inverted commas to be inserted before "mathnavis" in line 1.

p. 211 Its fire is like that of a fire which has died" to be corrected to "Its heat in like that of a fire that has died" in line 9.

p. 212 "callected" to be corrected to "collected" in line 17.
"loss" to be corrected to "less" in line 18.

p. 215 "personality-ethice" to be corrected to "personality-ethics" in line 15.
"arts" to be corrected to "art" in line 27.
"Zubr-e-'Ajam" to be corrected to "Zabur-e-'Ajam" in footnote 3.

p. 217 "phrare" to be corrected to "phrase" in line 1.
"pattern" to the corrected to "pattern" and "impases" to "imposes" in line 14.

p. 221 "Pantheistic" to be corrected to "pantheistic" in line 20.

p. 222 "stresd" to be corrected to "stress" in line 2.
"Bang-e-Dara p. 6" to be corrected to "Ibid., p. 6" in footnote 3.

p. 225 "Bange-e-Dara" to be corrected to "Bang-e-Dara" in footnotes 1 and 2.

p. 226 Inverted commas to be inserted before and after "Tasvir-i-Dard" in line 6.
"bronght" to be corrected to "brought" in line 21.
"changad" to be corrected to "changed" in line 29.
"*Bal-i-Jibrils*" to be corrected to "*Bal-i-Jibril*" in line 33.

p. 227 "characteries" be corrected to "characterizes" in line 28.

p. 228 "Bang-e-Dara, p. 109" to be corrected to "Ibid., p. 109" in footnote 2.

p. 233 "presentday" to be corrected to "present-day" in line 13.
Inverted commas to be inserted before and after "Khizr-i-Rah" in line 22.

p. 235 "centrifugai" to be changed to "centrifugal" in line 21.

p. 236 "cor" to be corrected to "Cor" in line 5.
"to" to be corrected to "te" in line 6.

p. 237 "Plantonisn" to be corrected to "Platonism" in line 9.
"one" to be corrected to "One" in line 17.

p. 238 Inverted commas to be inserted before and after "Masjid-i-Qartaba" in line 22.

p. 239 "in 1" to be corrected to "in" in line 1.
"immorality" to be corrected to "immortality" in line 24.
"overnll" to be corrected to "overall" in line 25.

p. 243 "liberatiod" to be corrected to "liberation" in line 14.

p. 246 "schieves" to be corrected to "achieves" in line 3; "dtailed" to be corrected to "detailed" in footnote 4

p. 247 Double inverted commas to be inserted before "The" in line 32.

p. 248 Full-stop to be added after "dance" in line 5; full-stop after "behold" to be cancelled in line 5

Single inverted comma before "kun" to be corrected to double inverted commas in line 11.

p. 269 "pusillianinity" to be corrected "pusilanimity in line 9.

p. 278 Comma after "achieved" to be corrected to a full-stop in line 22.

p. 284 "Iqbal's" to be corrected to "Iqbal's" in 13.

p. 286 "fifteen" to be corrected to "fifteen" in line 22.

p. 287 "distinguised" to be corrected to "distinguished" in line 9.

p. 288 Hyphen between "The" and "meanings" to be concelled in line 10.

p. 289 "Sancturary" to be corrected to "sanctuary" in line 4.

Full-stop to be corrected to a comma after "personality" in line 8.

10

P. 298 "Thc" to be corrected to "The" in footnote 4.

p. 359 "ecstacy" to be corrected to "ecstasy" in line 6

p. (i) Full-stop to be corrected to a comma in line 29

p. (vi) "dils" to be corrected to "details" in line 4

p. (vii) "The" to be corrected to "the" in line 33

p. (ix) "Tarana-e-Hind" to be corrected to "Tarana-e-Hindi" in line 20

p. (xii) "shahow" to be corrected to "shadow" in line 28

p. (xv) "aeceptance" to be corrected to "acceptance" in line 22

p. (xvi) "Modren" to be corrected to "Modern" in line 2

p. (xvi) "to" to be interposed between "led" and "their" in line 19

p. (xxv) Closing bracket to be added after "Over-reacting" in line 32

p. (xxvi) "eonsequences" to be corrected to "consequences" in line 22

p. (xxix) "distributed" to be corrected to "disturbed" in line 33

p. (xxx) "defied" to be corrected to "deified" in line 9

p. (xxxiv) Full-stop to be corrected to a comma in line 32

p.(xxxvi) "elucid ate" to be corrected to "elucidate" in line 3

"Sostrong" to be corrected to "So strong" in line 4

"Garbriel's" to be corrected to "Gabriel's in footnote 1

p.(xxxix) "Sehimmel" to be corrected to "Schimmel" in line 30